



FORTY THOUSAND MILES

OVER

LAND AND WATER

*THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR THROUGH THE
BRITISH EMPIRE AND AMERICA*

BY

MRS. HOWARD VINCENT

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

London:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
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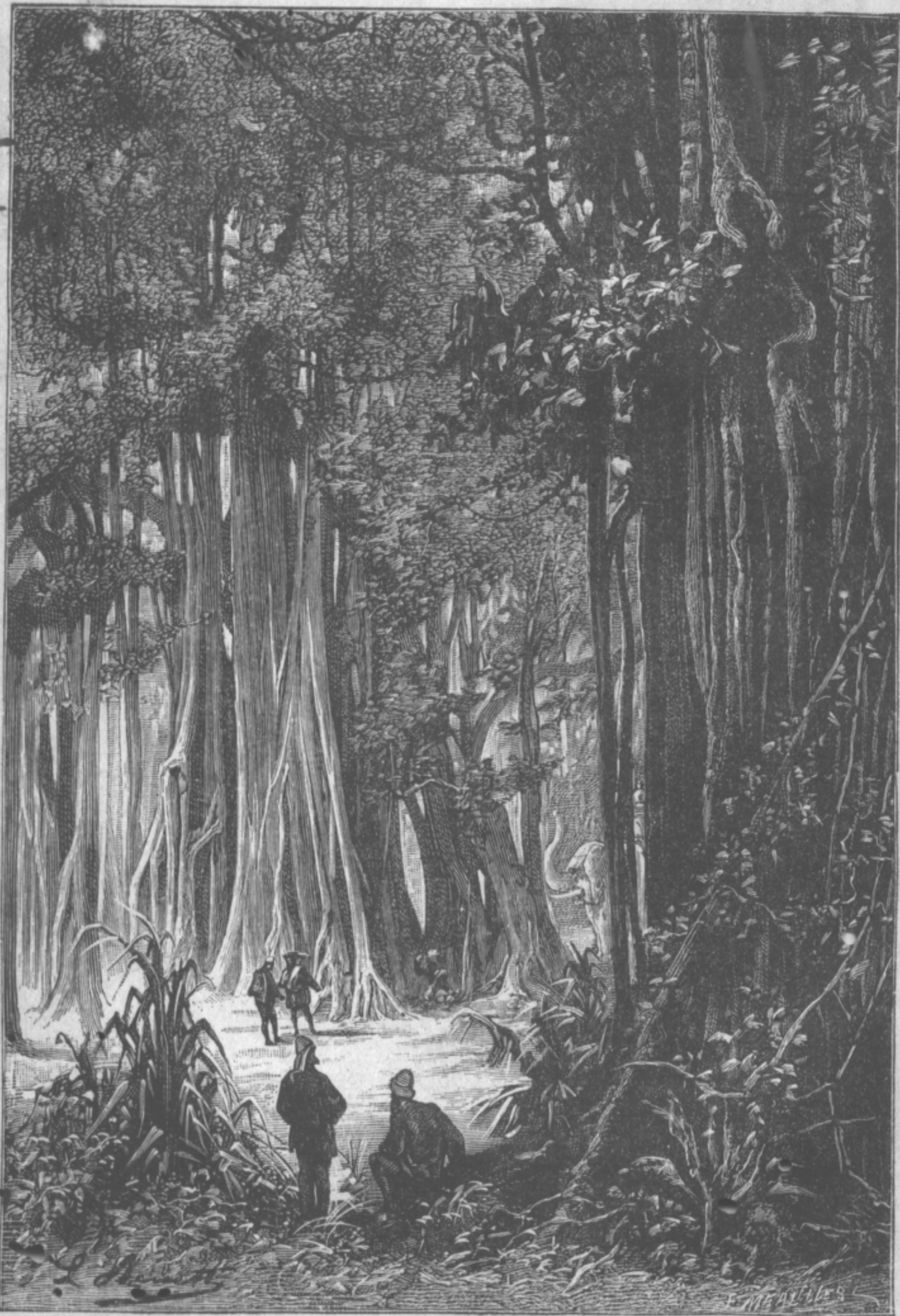
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Banyan-trees, Buitenzorg, Java.



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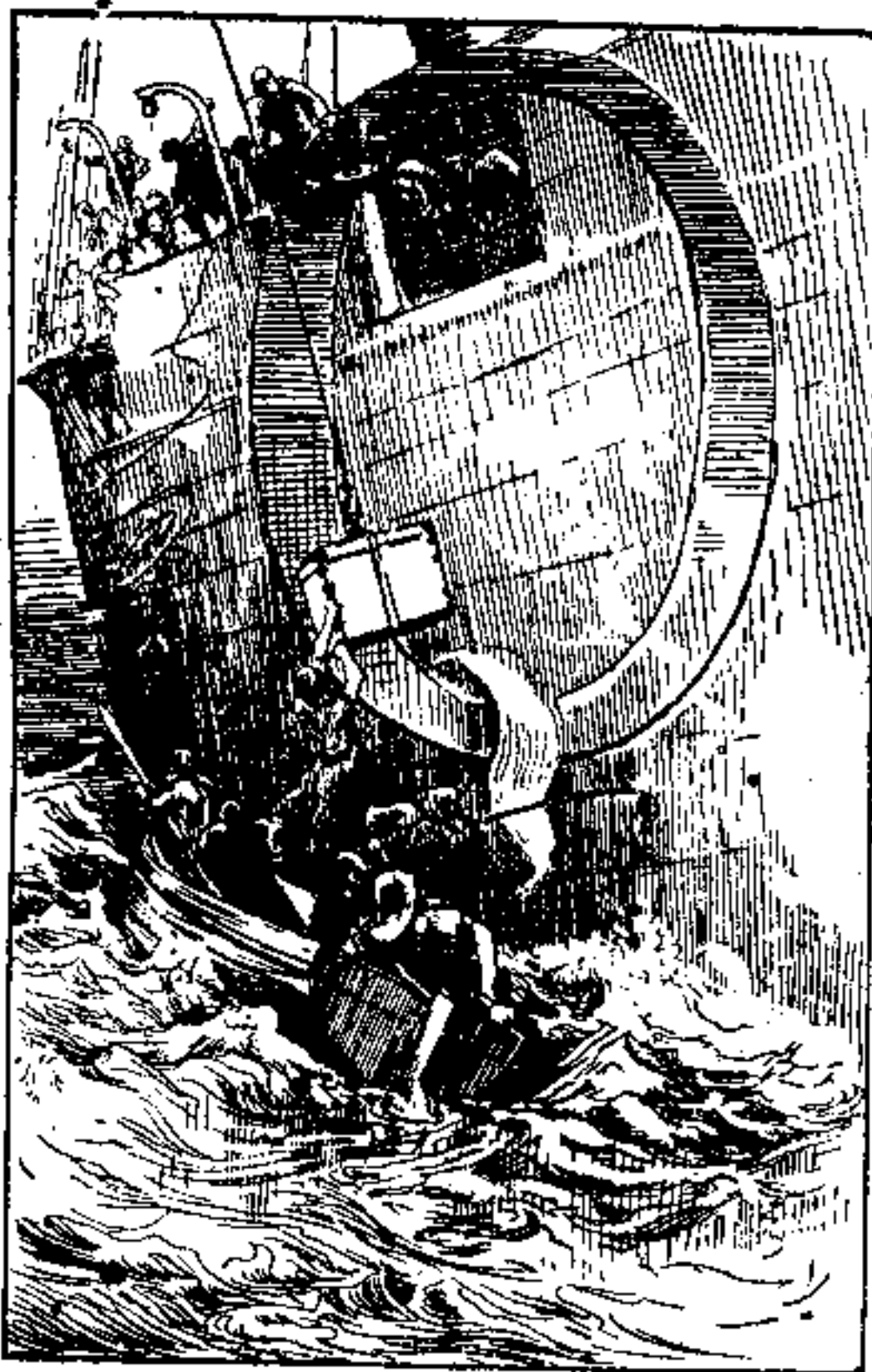
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FORTY THOUSAND MILES OVER LAND AND WATER.

CHAPTER I.

WITHIN THE BARRIER REEF, THROUGH TORRES' STRAITS TO
BATAVIA.



QUEENSLAND, farewell! A hurried breakfast, a hasty departure from Government House, and we were down at the wharf and on board the tender, hardly realizing that we were leaving Australia's shores for ever.

It took us nearly two hours to steam the thirty miles down the river, to get out to the open sea, and the breezes kept ever

freshening, and the tender ever more heavily rolling. The banks grew flatter and uglier, tapering off to the sandbanks of St. Helena, where the low buildings of the convict station are seen. The grand circular basin of Moreton Bay opened out before us.

Two miles out at sea lay the *Merkara*, one of the British India Steam Navigation Company's ships, seeming steady even in the heavy sea, which was making our little tug jump about. It was enough to make some of the friends who had come to see the passengers off suffer for their devotion. Luncheon was ready for all as we came on board, and when last farewells and tears had been gone through, and a cheer given by those in the departing tender, the deck was clear, and we were left to ourselves, a very small party, consisting only of Lord and Lady Henry Phipps, and their four children, and two other passengers. The Royal Mail steamship *Merkara* is intended for, and sacrificed, as far as the comfort of saloon passengers is concerned, to the emigrant service, bringing out as she does from 300 to 500 each voyage to Queensland. The saloon is shortened for the quarters of the single women aft, and narrowed by having the cabins ranged on either side. On the return voyage, when there are no emigrants, and the deck is clear, there are plenty of quiet places for reading and erecting deck tables and chairs, and a camp bed, which we have brought with us, in the event of sleeping on deck. So smooth was our passage that we only once had the opportunity of testing the *Merkara's* sea-going capacities, and that was in the heavy sea now running as we left Moreton Bay. She was perfectly steady, and, though the measuring machine in the

engine-room told us she could roll eighteen degrees, we never experienced one severe roll. Her steadiness is attributed to her extraordinary length, of nearly 400 feet, which enables her to ride on the top of two or three waves at the same time without pitching up and down in their troughs.

We had a curious mixture of races on board, with Portuguese stewards from Goa, converted to Roman Catholics, a deck crew of Hindoos, and Mohammedans in the engine-rooms. The "boys," or stewards, were most excellent, and there was nothing to complain of in the *cuisine*. The exploration of a ship which is to be one's resting-place for three weeks is always a matter of some interest.

By 4 p.m. we were out of the shelter of Moreton Bay, and Captain Phillips (who did all in his power for the comfort of the passengers) pointed out to me the curious low range of conical-shaped hills called the "Glass-houses," from their sparkling appearance when the sun shines on them, and which is caused by the mixture of micah with the quartz; but to-day they were veiled in mist. The last of the sandbanks to our starboard disappeared, our course was altered, but for the next nine days we shall still have land on the port side as we coast along, calling at various ports in Queensland, and waiting for the mails at Cooktown.

Wednesday, December 3rd.—Everybody felt languid and unsettled on the first morning. I managed some writing, however, in the course of the day. We passed the group of Bunker Islands, near one of which there was a wreck, and by 4 p.m. we were inside the great Barrier Reef.

stretching along the coast of Queensland for 1300 miles, varying in depth from 600 to 1000 feet.

It has been ascertained and deduced from the depth of the soundings that originally the Barrier Reef formed part of the coast of Australia. Under the level of the lowest tide, but exposed to the force of the wave, these coral polyps and reef-building zoophytes extract by their tentacles the corpuscles in the surrounding water necessary for their existence, and separate one by one the atoms of lime, either in the form of sulphate, chloride, or carbonate, held in solution in the ocean. With these they hold up their beautiful submerged ocean gardens of trees, and flowers, and plants, or structures with domes and towers, forming a world within the world of ocean life. The lifelong struggle between the living mass of coral and the breakers of the ocean for ever continues; "myriads and myriads engaged from age to age" in repairing the damage to the outer wall by the action of the ocean. Each zoophyte possesses tentacle, mouth, and stomach, but here their individuality ceases, and a calcareous tissue forms the means of living communication and nutrition to the whole community, and it is this interior stalk by which they are united, of a bright red colour, which forms the pink coral. Various swarms of fish or mollusci, chief among the latter being the Holothuriæ, or *bêche-de-mer*, are formidable enemies to the polyps.

As we sat on deck at dusk there was a beautiful effect from the chain lightning, which was supposed to be either the reflection of a storm elsewhere or the phosphorescence of the sky, the same as that we were looking at on the water over the side of the ship. We passed the

revolving lighthouse on Cape Capricorn, just opposite which we were crossing the line of the Tropic of Capricorn. We had a grand scene here, for the sea was wild and stormy from the break in the Barrier Reef, and there were banks of black cloud lying on the horizon, with the frowning brow of Capricorn coming out into the sea, lighted by the bright spark from the alternating beacon of the lighthouse.

We hung out a limelight from the bridge as a signal for them to telegraph our approach to Rockhampton, and then describing a very wide circle round an unseen reef, and going some nine miles up the Fitzroy River, we anchored there at 10 p.m.

Rockhampton lies forty-eight miles further up, but the river is unnavigable for large ships, and the passengers come down in a tender, and the cargo in lighters.

A terrible night we passed from 3 a.m., when the lighters came alongside, and the steam-winch worked over our heads; and worse was it when morning came, and the heat of the sun beat down on the far-extending mangrove swamps. The last bale of wool was stowed away in the stern hold after breakfast, and order was restored to our deck, but several hundreds still remained for the hold forward. Vainly the captain offered the lightermen two bottles of "grog" to go on working during the dinner hour; they were proof against the bribe, and it was late in the afternoon before we weighed anchor and went out to sea again, in a storm of thunder and lightning. The evening was intensely close and oppressive, for with the decks and double awning dripping from the deluge of rain we were all obliged to crowd into the deck.

house. We began to dread the heat of the Torres' Straits route, of which we had been previously warned.

Friday, December 5th.—As I awoke at 7 a.m. I found we were going half-speed, and almost immediately afterwards we stopped and swung round to our anchor in the Pioneer River, some miles below Port Mackay. How annoying it was waiting there till twelve for one passenger, because the tide was too low for the tender to come down! During the afternoon we were passing a succession of pretty little islands, called the Blacksmith, Goldsmith, Silversmith, Tinsmith, Bellows, Anvil, Forge, &c., all the names connected with the trade, and later on a mountain called Mount "Merkara," from the *Merkara* having once sent help and provisions to some lost surveyors.

Towards evening we went through part of the beautiful Whit-Sunday passage, but to our disappointment not the most beautiful, because of the dark clouds and the lateness of the hour. There the channel is so narrow that you almost touch the wooded banks on either side, but Captain Hannah, the pilot provided by the Government for the Queensland coast, is well known for his prudence. The mainland on one side, the long wooded island of Whit-Sunday with its solitary white lighthouse on the other, while peninsulas of other islands, meeting in the sea, and forming quiet backwaters, shut out the ocean. We imagined ourselves for a short time in a landlocked lake, with beautiful shoal-green water. Further on we passed the remarkable rock called Pentecost Island, which resembles a lion couchant, and both this island and Whit-Sunday Passage were named so by Captain Cook, who probably sighted

them on the Day of Pentecost and Whit-Sunday. We had one of the most gorgeous sunsets I ever remember after dinner this evening.

A pale blue, melting into opal, when again it merged into pink, and the pink into purple. Then a delicate saffron suffused the sky, gently effacing the other pale hues, before becoming a glorious golden red sky. A sea of fiery liquid gold, floating over the dark purple range of hills, flecked with tiny cloudlets, like ships sailing over the moulted gold. A flat plain of shimmering moonlight blue was the sea, and in the foreground rose two huge pyramidal islands of rock, densest black, against the yellow background. We watched it silently, and still sat on long after it had faded, and the remembrance only remained to us.

Saturday, December 6th.—We touched at Bowen during the night, and anchored again at Townsville in the afternoon, about nine miles from the town, in the open roadstead. Townsville is the most rising place of the north of Queensland, and, should it secede from the south, will become the capital. The town lies in the little plain at the foot of the hills, Castle Hill rising 1000 feet in its rear, and the surroundings of our anchorage were very pretty, wooded hills and shoal-green water. The Custom House launch and the lighters came alongside, but no launch or boat for the passengers to land, and we were all disappointed of our previous intention. It seems the most shortsighted policy and want of enterprise on the part of the townspeople providing no facilities or encouragement to strangers to land. We were again and again disappointed, in this in the Torres' Straits route, for we had hoped to be able to

land and thus see the Queensland towns and ports. The heat was awful, the saloon for dinner almost unbearable even with the punkahs working briskly, and we sat on deck gasping and wearily wondering where to sleep, with the heat in the cabins up to 100 degrees, and the deafening whirring of the steam-winch on deck.

Sunday, December 7th.—A fresher morning to my own especial and every one else's delight. It has often been a hard struggle to persevere with my writing when the saloon and cabins were out of the question from a degree of heat indescribable, and when the glare and heat, and frequent interruptions on deck were very harassing.

Our 800 bales of wool and many little bags of silver ore were shipped, and we waited only to take on board one passenger, the American lady doctor, Dr. Anna Potts, M.D., who has been delivering lectures in Australia to audiences of 6000 with great success. The lightermen at these ports are well paid, earning from 15s. to 17. per day. They get 2s. extra for loading on Sunday, or working over hours—after 6 p.m. I pitied the crew and officers, who were up all night loading without extra pay, particularly those who were down in the hold. None but a lascar crew would work as these do all day and all night without complaint.

There was no service on this Sunday, as we were in port in the morning, but we sung some hymns in the evening.

Monday, December 5th.—Very early in the morning we passed Cape Weary and Cape Tribulation, and rounding the hill of granite and sandstone rock, called Mount Cook, we anchored opposite Cooktown and the celebrated Endea-

your Beach. This part of the coast is fraught with great interest in the travels of Captain Cook. It was here at Endeavour Beach, in 1769, that he beached his little vessel, having run on some of the reefs. Again she stranded at Cape Tribulation, and yet once again at Cape Weary, which must have seemed to them by this time but too truly named. An obelisk is to be erected just above the beach to the honour of Captain Cook, Government having just voted 1000*l.* for this object. It is a tardy recognition of his indomitable courage and perseverance, but, with the exception of Sydney, Australia and New Zealand seems to be singularly ungrateful to the great explorer and founder of their country.

It was curious to remark on the surrounding hills the bare patches of earth, showing where the violence of the wind destroys all vegetation.

Until 1874 Cooktown remained in the possession of the aboriginals, and as Cook had found and left it, but gold diggings discovered then on the Palmer attracted the white man. Thousands of Chinese, as being the first port of call in Queensland, landed here, there being at one time 20,000 of them at the Palmer Diggings.

A boat took us ashore to Cooktown in the afternoon. There were no carriages to be had, and after struggling half-way along the dusty road which forms the town, the heat was so intense that we sunk down on a bench (I fear it was outside a public-house), the few people about of the population of 4000 looking indolent and oppressed by the heat, which is too great for the white man in the North. The few aboriginals that we saw were repulsive in the

extreme, and our sense of smell rendered it desirable to keep at a distance from them. Strange that they should say and do the same to all white men. These aboriginals are not allowed to live in the town, but are turned out at sundown, when they swim two miles across to the opposite shore to the aboriginal settlement. We were glad when, after two hours' "tacking" against a contrary wind, we reached the steamer again, feeling we had had a fruitless and vexatious afternoon's expedition. Inspector Fitzgerald came off the next morning with a sub-inspector of native police and six black trackers in neat blue and scarlet uniforms. The skill of these trackers in scenting a track in the bush is marvellous, and where a white man will see nothing they will be able to tell the mark of a foot, even the colour and sex of the imprinter. In the settled country they are valueless, but in the wilds of North Queensland, their powers, which excel those of the bloodhound, are invaluable in tracing stolen cattle, and tracking and bringing to justice the wild, intractable natives, thousands of whom still remain, and who are all of a predatory character.

We tried some shark-fishing, many of the green monsters having been seen swimming around the ship. One was hooked, but being six feet in length, we failed to land him on board. It is a curious fact that sharks never eat the blacks.

Since 2 p.m., the earliest possible date of the arrival of the mails from Brisbane (which come up in a fast steamer in two days), we had been constantly on the watch for her rounding the Cape.

It was not till 5 p.m. that we were released from our anchorage, the little boat in three journeys bringing the

mails to us from the steamer, and as the last bag was thrown on board we steamed away. After dinner we had another blue and crimson sunset, and when that had died away we saw the light of two bush fires burning in the darkness along the coast.

The mail boat has brought us a most agreeable addition to our party in the Rev. C. Barton, chaplain to the Bishop of North Queensland, and a clergyman at Townsville. The Church of England has no dissent to contend with in Queensland, but we gather that drink is the curse of the country, sixty per cent. being "hard" drinkers.

Wednesday, December 10th.—Up on deck at 8 a.m., when the captain called me up on to the bridge to see some of the coral reefs of the great Barrier. It was low tide, and we could see the formation of the reef by the lovely blue-green water inside. How we longed to go and paddle about, peering down into their wonderful forests! At high-water mark they are hidden, but the spot is marked by posts.

The passage between these shoals and reefs is so intricate, that the pilot refused that night to go through them in the dark, and we anchored at 11 p.m. till the moon rose at two in the morning.

Thursday, December 11th.—We were summoned hastily on deck, all the ladies appearing in deshabille, and the gentlemen in their many-coloured pyjamas, to see the Albany Pass. The mainland is flat and ugly, as are the islands which form the pass, but on all there were curious bright red cones, from four to five feet in height. These are huge ant-hills raised by the ants in the red earth. We

could only judge their size by comparing them to a white horse which was feeding by them, and which they completely dwarfed.

Mr. Jardine, one of the partners in the great pearl fisheries, has a house in this lonely pass; he lives there surrounded by the aboriginals. He ran up a flag on the flagstaff in front of his house to greet us as we passed, and we saw his little yacht buoyed in the cove below the house.

Almost immediately afterwards we passed Cape York, the northernmost point of Queensland. It is only a strip of land, for the Gulf of Carpentaria describes a deep circle in the coast on the other side, leaving Cape York jutting out in lonely grandeur into the sea.

It makes us realize the vast size of Australia when we think that, during the last nine days, it is 1400 miles of the coast of Queensland *alone* that we have been travelling along, and South Australia and Western Australia are equally remarkable in their proportions.

At twelve we anchored off Thursday Island, opposite to the three or four white houses called the village. All round the bay is dotted with small settlements, and it presented a very bright scene, boats of all kinds putting off to us; for the arrival of a steamer at Thursday Island is hailed with peculiar joy; and why? because by begging and praying they hope to be able to obtain a few pounds of fresh meat. There are 100 English living in Thursday Island; they have no sheep or cattle, for there is nothing in this sterile spot for them to feed on; no fruit, no milk, no vegetables. There is neither church nor clergyman; but the Roman Catholics have founded a convent, testifying to the activity

of the Church of Rome. They have no doctor, and ours from the *Merkara* went off to extract a bullet out of a man, who had been shot three weeks ago, and after dinner a lady came on board to have a tooth extracted! The climate is atrocious,—always the same tropical sun, winter and summer, without the charms of tropical foliage and life. The children suffer dreadfully from prickly heat, but indeed all children in Queensland are more or less disfigured by this rash. There is no water supply, and they are entirely dependent on the rainfall. A shower sent its blessings on them yesterday for the first time for six months, and did something towards replenishing the empty tanks.

We landed at four o'clock, being carried ashore from the boat by the crew. The sandy beach was over our ankles and there was nothing to be seen but the wooden pier running into the sea, and a few corrugated zinc houses belonging to the motley nationality of Thursday Island, Cingalese, Malays, Kanakas, Chinese, and Japanese. To escape from the intense heat of the sun we went into Burn Phelps and Co.'s large store. They have a small schooner, the *Elsie*, which trades between Thursday Island and New Guinea, and we were fortunate enough to get some New Guinea spears, bow and arrows, and one of the celebrated New Guinea birds of paradise, with the long feathery orange tail and blood-red breast.

Thursday Island lies in the midst of the Torres Straits, and is only distant sixty miles from New Guinea. There exists little doubt that originally Australia and New Guinea formed one continent, for as it is, they are now nearly con-

nected by the reefs of the Great Barrier, the soundings never exceeding sixty feet in depth.

A great trade is carried on in the *bêche-de-mer* which is found on the coast of New Guinea and transported to Thursday Island for export to China. This holothuridea, or sea-cucumber, trepang or *bêche-de-mer* (a corruption from the Portuguese *bicho-do-mar*, or sea-worm), is a slug about six inches long, and "effects its locomotion by rows of ambulacred-tubed feet, or by the alternate contraction and expansion of its worm-like body." The natives are employed by the colonists in diving after these slugs, and after being boiled, they are dried by the heat of the sun. The *bêche-de-mer* is considered in China the same luxury as the edible bird's nest, and 100% to 150% a ton are given for it. I was shown a piece of it, which looked like black leather, with a disagreeably strong ozone smell.

Thursday Island is also the centre of a great pearl-fishery. The pearl-shell, when brought to the surface by divers, is sent to London to be manufactured. To each ship there is allotted one diver, who can generally obtain from three to four tons a month, each ton being valued at 180%. These divers go down to a depth of fifteen fathoms; but they are well paid, often making 500% a year. It is supposed, too, that they often extract the pearl out of the shell before returning to the surface.

When in port, ship-life becomes sadly disorganized. Every one had friends on board to dinner, and the piano was moved out on to the deck for music afterwards. The steamwinch kept up a running accompaniment. The culminating point of heat and patient endurance were

reached that night. The saloon *was* the black hole of Calcutta, all ports in the cabins were closed, and the smell from the discharging lighter most noxious.

We were gasping and panting on deck, and could hardly manage to stay ten minutes in the cabin to undress. Of course we all slept on deck; the skylights and deck were strewn with mattresses and figures lying at full length. We all suffered and passed a terrible night, sleep being for the most part out of the question, with the shouts of the lightermen and the groaning of the winch.

Morning, in the early grey dawn, found us weary and unrefreshed. We loitered about on deck, not daring to venture downstairs until the ports were open, when the second officer ordered us down, as "against all orders," and very much aggrieved we felt as we descended.

Things assumed a brighter aspect when, at 7.30 we steamed out of the bay, with a refreshing breeze, thankful to see the last of Thursday Island, and the last of the Queensland ports.

We soon lost sight of land going out into the centre of the Torres Straits, or Arafura Sea. I cannot help thinking that every one is happier now that we have entirely lost sight of land, and settles down better to the routine on board ship.

At noon we stopped opposite the Proud Foot shoal lightship, to send off provisions to the three men who live here, in the centre of the Torres Straits, thirty miles away from land.

Saturday, December 13th.—Dull and threatening, with more swell on the sea. We have grown so much accustomed

to the lake-like aspect of the sea, that we consider it a hardship now to see a white horse, or feel a little swell. Our "run" was 317 miles.

Sunday, December 14th.—A most miserable day. We had no service, though Mr. Barlow offered to read one with the captain's permission. Tropical sheets of rain came down, driving the gentlemen into their smoking-room, and the children to make a pandemonium of the deck-house. To add to the general depression and misery the sea got up, and all ports had to be closed, the waves washing over the port side of the deck. There can be nothing more wretched than being on a ship where there is no quiet or dry corner to sit in. Though it was such a stormy night we were obliged to sleep in the music-room: I think we should not have done so if we had heard the story told the next morning at breakfast, how once on the *Merkara*, in the Bay of Biscay, this deck-house had been washed bodily away, and two passengers who were in it drowned.

Tuesday, December 16th.—Tons of lava ashes have been floating by us all day, still the remains of the great eruption of Krakatau, eighteen months ago. Just before dinner we passed the *Koma*, another of the B.I.S.N. ships, and dipped flags with her. Her decks were black with the crowd of emigrants.

Thursday, December 18th.—Yesterday we passed the island of Rotti (Hindustani for bread) and the islands of Sandalwood and Timor, a possession divided between the Dutch and Portuguese, and which supplies Java with a good breed of small but timid ponies. To-day we seem in sight of land again from the succession of islands—Sumbawa,

Lombok, and Baly, all belonging to the Dutch. In the two latter we saw very high mountains, ranging in Lombok to 12,000 feet, and in Baly to 10,000. It is a continuation of the great volcanic range that runs through the entire islands of Sumatra and Java. Mr. Alfred Wallace, the great naturalist, divides the islands of this archipelago into two distinct divisions—those that from their characteristics and productions are identified with Australia, and those that may be classed as belonging to Asia. The line is distinctly drawn between the islands of Lombok and Baly, which are divided only by the narrow strait of fifteen miles. After dinner, and against the apple-green sunset, we saw the dark line of the coast of Java. Night after night we have been having these most glorious sunsets, gorgeous in their Eastern magnificence of colouring, and the phosphorescence of the water is far more brilliant than when we were in the tropics crossing the Pacific. Shoals of flying-fish have kept us company during the voyage, not counting sharks and porpoises.

At 10 p.m. we sent up a rocket, and waited at the entrance to the narrow Straits of Baly for the pilot to come off from Banjoewangi. We passed through the narrow passage at midnight, not seeing the tropical jungle, which here touches the water's edge, nor hearing the roar of the leopards and panthers who infest the shores.

Friday, December 19th.—We are in the Sea of Java. Numerous kattamarangs and canoes, with their outrigger frames that keep them steady in the water, tell us we are within reach of busy life again. Bamboo rods, with several lines attached for fishing, protrude out of the water, and speak of hungry humanity once more. In the afternoon we

lose sight of Java, going on the outside of the island of Madura, as the water is not deep enough for us inside.

On the last evening of our voyage we went down to the engine-room. The two cylinders sliding up and down as fast as the eye can follow them are wonderful, but more interesting is the tunnel, running quite aft, containing the revolving cylinder of the screw. None but Orientals could stand the intense heat of the furnaces, the normal temperature being never less than 120° .

We went half-speed towards evening, so as not to arrive at Batavia before daylight to-morrow morning; and we shall be able to leave the ship immediately after breakfast.

There *are* voyages in which one is sorry when the journey is nearing an end, but this may not be counted as one of them.

The advantage of the Torres Straits route is that you may insure a calm sea usually as far as Aden, whereas in that by South Australia it is always as rough as in the Bay of Biscay in the Australian Bight; but the heat in the Torres Straits is intensely great, travelling as you are for days on a line with the Equator, and but few degrees removed from it.

CHAPTER II.

NETHERLANDS INDIA.

OUR first voyage across the Atlantic began the fate which has since pursued us, of arriving at our destination on Sunday. We have landed at New York, at Auckland, at Wellington on Sunday, and now, after our three weeks' voyage through the Torres Straits, the Arafura Sea, and Indian Ocean, we find ourselves at anchor early on a Sunday morning inside the little breakwater of Tandjong Priok, the harbour of Batavia.

The scene which greets me as I go up on deck is truly Dutch. I see low stretches of flat, marshy land, barely redeemed from the ocean, with a group of red-tiled roofs, hidden among some tall, straight trees in the foreground, and the peculiar watery-grey sky so dear to the Dutch landscape painters.

Terrible confusion reigns on board as we leave. Hatches are battened down, ports closed, skylights carefully covered over, for a dozen lighters are alongside preparing for the dreaded operation of coaling. A little steam-tug is bringing them up as fast as it can, lashed together in single file, with

ten more barges, with cargo and provisions to be taken on board, on the other side. The natives—Javanese and Malays—have paddled out in their canoes, bringing contributions of fruit and vegetables “on spec,” and are climbing up the side of the ship or swarming on the decks.

All on board the *Merkara* envy us deeply as we say good-bye to them, for they have the present prospect of the horrors of coaling, and prospective ones in the five weeks’ voyage, with the tossing in the Bay of Biscay that still remains to them before arrival in England. The tender takes us off and lands us opposite the station, a bamboo shed, by the side of the single line of rails. We find here a group of Fathers and Sisters, but just landed from the ship which came in and anchored after us this morning, from Holland.

The railway-carriages are painted a dismal grey, and two doors lead to the three seats running lengthways down the carriage, the additional one being placed in the centre. The carriages were so dirty that even a Javanese wiped the seat before sitting down. The new docks at Tandjong Priok have recently been made by blasting the land away with dynamite to the required size, when the sea was allowed to rush in. We travelled along by the side of the canal, which has been made for the carriage of merchandise from the docks to the town. Dense jungle—our first sight of real tropical jungle—skirted the towing-path, along which barges were being towed, while boats, with their one clumsy sail, passed up and down. We arrived at another bamboo shed—the station of Batavia.

Batavia is the capital of the Dutch East Indies, and with its 1,000,000 of

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inhabitants, 80,000 of whom are Chinese, is second in importance and size only to Calcutta, and therefore may be called the second town in the East. It is also the chief city of Netherlands India, or the Dutch East Indies. Their possessions in this Eastern Archipelago are numerous, including as they do the west coast of Sumatra, part of the coast of New Guinea and of Borneo, the four islands of the Moluccas and Celebes, the islands of Madura, Sambawa, Lombok, and Baly, and part of Timor, the five latter of which we passed in the Torres Straits, and Banka and Riou, near the Straits Settlements.

Outside the station there was a crowd of little two-wheeled carriages, or victorias, drawn by the funniest little ponies, that could only be dignified by the name of "rats." They are about the size or smaller than our Shetland ponies, and are nearly all imported from Timor. They go like the wind when once they are fairly off, but they jib horribly at starting. You often see the ridiculous sight of two or three natives standing helpless before the obstinate backing of one of these rats, when you know that they could lift them up with ease.

A drive through China Town by the side of a canal brought us to the "Hotel der Nederlanden." Here, under the circular portico, was a marble floor, with chairs and tables arranged in groups, where John the Chinaman never wearies of coming with his wares for sale, tied up in large pocket-handkerchiefs, day after day, showing you the same bright-coloured cotton pyjamas, and sarongs, or cambric handkerchiefs, with gold-embroidered slippers, soap, or carved ivories, scent or sandalwood boxes. It matters not that you

frown and scowl, or push the things away, he still persists in thrusting them under your nose, and when he goes his place is immediately taken by another, not discouraged by his non-success and the identity of the wares. The prices asked are exorbitant in the first instance; one-fourth is, however, gladly accepted in the end. On a centre table stands gin-bitters (without charge), as a welcome to new arrivals. Upstairs we found musty corridors, dark and rambling, untidy and uncarpeted, with native servants squatting outside their master's doors, blacking boots, or playing at games amongst each other. The dining-room is a kind of loggia, built out, with the roof supported by pillars, leaving the sides entirely open to the courtyard, and these are protected by green and white blinds. Round this courtyard, under the low red-tiled roof and *pavé*, the Dutch ladies and gentlemen spend their day, lounging, writing, and reading, whilst their "boys," or Javanese women, are washing or busy around them.

We sat down to the "reis tag," or midday "rice meal," at a long, bare table. A deep soup-plate was put before one, into which you lay a layer of rice two inches thick; then in succession are handed to you eight or nine dishes containing little messes—strips of omelette, kromeskies, gherkin, hard-boiled eggs, chicken, dried fish, an orange sauce (which I never ventured on), lobster salad, fried potatoes, and pickles. A round tray with many divisions is also offered, with chili, chutney, cucumber, and cayenne pepper, caviare, and relishes of all sorts. You see a Dutch lady sitting with the rice before her, and choosing leisurely first from one dish and then from another, and when she has done so

mixing and chopping it all up together. The custom of the "reis tag" prevails throughout the whole of the Netherlands India, and though it is not a purely Dutch custom, the curious mixture has its origin from Holland, and the rice and fruit which follows from the East.

Between the hours of 1 and 5 p.m. life at Batavia pauses. Sleep settles down on the community ; no sound is heard in the house, and the streets are deserted. A general awakening for the enjoyment of the cool of the evening comes with the tea, brought at five o'clock. The heat in Java, situated 6° from the Equator, is always tropical, and never varies from one end of the year to the other, beyond that, in the rainy season, which lasts during December and January, it is more oppressive and unhealthy. Java in general, and Batavia especially, bears a very bad name for malaria. In Batavia it is greatly increased by the canals which the Dutch could not fail to introduce from the mother country. The canals are freely used by the natives for bathing and washing in, and even the horses are brought down here to be cleaned. The dark, brackish water was also formerly used for drinking purposes. Artesian wells have been lately sunk all over the city ; since then there has been no epidemic of cholera, which constantly prevailed in Batavia to a terrible extent up to that time.

Mr. MacNeill, the English consul, was most kind in sending his carriage for us in the evening.

We drove along under the broad avenues of trees, overhanging the canals, and shading the pathway of red tiles. All is scrupulously clean, and the roads well kept and care-

as brilliant as whitewash and paint can make them, they have all the same high pointed roofs, covered with red tiles, that seem out of proportion to the one storey of the house below, almost hidden under the shade of the projecting verandah. A gravel drive, with a grass-plot and one bed of brilliant and variegated crotons in the centre, forms the unvarying approach. A marble post at the gateless entrance bears the name of the owner, so that every visitor easily finds the house he seeks. The doors and windows stand always open, and you have such charming glimpses of the cool, dark interiors, and take away some little incident of domestic life within as you pass along. People go away for months, we are told, and leave doors unlocked and windows shutterless, for robbers in Batavia are unknown. In the marble verandahs stands the familiar round table, with the four rocking-chairs, in their dear old-fashioned white dimity "nightcaps," set primly round. In the evening they are brightly lighted, and tenanted with people receiving their friends.

We drove along the Königsplein, or park, bordered by the palace of the Governor-General and many of the prettiest houses, to the Zoological Gardens. They are really bare and ill-kept ; but the beauty of the tropical vegetation reigns supreme everywhere, and we were charmed by all the curious shrubs and plants, trees and flowers, near to us—so common here, with the rich pink and crimson of the huge hybiscus bushes, and the purple and yellow of the allamandas, so like the gloxinia, that I mistook it at first. The collection of animals includes some of our common brown ducks, guinea-fowls, and deer. We saw an albino idiot monkey,

that chattered and mumbled to himself, gesticulating from the corner of the cage; also a shed full of cockatoos, and two splendid orange-colour orang-outangs. Their name of orang-outang is the Malay for "The Man of the Wood."

There was a pretty tropical scene looking down the stream with jungle, where some natives were tumbling and splashing about in the water. We passed the marble palace belonging to the commander-in-chief, the principal Dutch church, with its dome and latticed window, and drove on to Waterloo Plain. The Government buildings, a row of ugly whitewashed houses, without so much as a projecting cornice, or scrap of ornamented plaster-work, forms one side of the square. Just opposite is the hideous thick pillar, with the stunted beast at the top, erected to the joint memory of the Dutch and Belgians who fell at Waterloo. The inscription and joint dedication is intended as a "sop" to the pride of the Belgians, and as a false exaltation of themselves as a nation before the Javanese, for no mention is made of English or Prussians. The barracks are here; and the officers' quarters—pretty bungalows—surround the other three sides of the Waterloo Plain. As we came home the Königsplein was crowded with smart victorias and landaus, drawn by the fine carriage-horses that are imported from Australia. The native coachmen and footmen wear liveries of black and scarlet-striped cottons with turbans, two syces standing up behind, with fly-wisps, and ready to rush to the horses' heads at the slightest sign of restiveness. For instance, they always jump off at the approach of a steam tram (for there *are* steam tramways in Batavia), and the native coachmen invariably look afraid of their horses. A

few people have been foolish enough to put their Malay coachmen into tall hats, with gold lace, when the turban and black face peeping out from underneath looks utterly ridiculous. The Dutch ladies never think of driving or walking in hat or bonnet, and the smartly dressed ladies that we passed, with their round, pasty, goodnatured faces, were all bareheaded. The gentlemen, too, go about with gloves and stick, but no hat.

As we passed the Weltevreden Station, there was a hearse waiting outside for the arrival of the train. The driver, with "ducks" and black hat with white band, and the six little "rats," covered entirely by long black clothes, produced a somewhat curious effect. Gay crowds were strolling along the shady canals, which are the "boulevards" of Batavia, as we returned home, forming a bright parti-coloured stream and strange mixture with the vivid colours and olive skins of the Javanese and Malays, and the white faces and ordinary European clothing of the Dutch. There are only forty-five English in Batavia, but they are very energetic amongst themselves with their racing, cricket, tennis and theatrical clubs; they also have a pretty church, but no clergyman at present.

I cannot say much for the domestic comfort produced by the combination of Dutch and Malay customs. Our room is large and airy, with French windows. Bamboo matting covers the floor, but it is not made in strips, but plaited in one piece to the size of the room. A row of pegs on a stand, covered with white curtains, forms a cupboard. The beds are swathed in mosquito-curtains, which are let down from their tortoise-shell hooks early in the afternoon.

Indeed they are sorely needed by the evening, and you only feel safe when within their grateful shelter from the plague of insects, not only mosquitoes, that swarm in when the candles are lighted. They penetrate everywhere, more particularly nesting in one's hair-brushes ; and I have had to give up writing near the light on account of the number falling and leaving their trails in the wet ink of the letters ! But the beds are most interesting. There is not a vestige of sheet, or blanket, or counterpane on them, but in the centre of each bed lies the "Dutch wife." This bolster is placed with the object of providing a cool substance to lie against, one side being turned over when the other becomes hot.

They do not understand here the true meaning of a bath, but you have to descend to one of the tiled rooms, where there is a wooden tub, with a tin pot with which to throw the water over you. The lamps in the passages are a series of glass tumblers, with a wick and some oil floating in them.

Monday, December 22nd.—We must be truly grateful for the fine morning which we have, as the wet season is now here.

Life at Batavia seems to be a *dolce far niente* existence, a very easy, lazy life adapted to the climate. We could see this in the costume of the ladies appearing at the breakfast-table.

They have the reprehensible habit of wearing the "saronga" and "kabayah." The saronga, or sarong, is a bright-coloured square of calico, with an oriental pattern in black and orange. The natives wear the same to all appearance, but there is really a great difference in their

texture and manufacture, the good ones being woven by hand, and coloured by a laborious process of laying on the colour separately in oil for each line of the red, black, and yellow pattern. I was surprised to learn that these sarongs, which look like cheap Birmingham or Manchester wares — as indeed the common ones are, being specially manufactured for the Malay market—cost as much as from fifteen to twenty guilders. This sarong is wrapped *tightly* round the figure as a short petticoat ; and worn with the kabayah, or loose cotton bed-jacket, with bare legs and feet slipped into heelless slippers. Many ladies wear their hair down in this costume, and when sitting at table they present the appearance of being in their night garments. The sarong in hotels as well as in private life is worn, not only at breakfast, but also at the “reis tag.” The strange transformation that takes place at five, when these same strange *negligés* figures appear with their hair coiled up in the latest fashion, and “clothed” (and “in their right minds,” I might add) is wonderful to behold. Then the ladies go for their drive in the park, and spend the evening in paying visits, going from one house to another as they see their friends are at home by the brilliancy of additional light in the verandah, and the carriages waiting outside. Their life, it seems to me, consists of the very early morning and the darkness of night, for in this equatorial latitude the light is the same all the year round ; there is no twilight, but darkness falls almost suddenly from a quarter to half-past six.

There is a great deal of pleasant society in Batavia. Rich Dutch merchants who have come out in their earlier years

to make money, go home to settle; but the cold gloom of Holland sends them back to warmth and tropical life in Java. Though Java is to the Dutch what India is to us, unlike our Indian officials, who stay in India but to make enough money to go home to England, the Dutchman lives and returns to die in his adopted home.

This morning we had a victoria with a pair of rats to drive down to the English Consulate, some three miles off, and which lies on the commercial wharfs. I sat outside watching the ships being slowly towed up the canals, and the lading and unlading of the merchandise on to bullock-carts. Much of the charm of the streets of Batavia consists in the mixture of races, with their various national costumes.

We drove first through China Camp, that most quaint and picturesque of towns within a town. Wherever the Chinese go—that is all the world over—you find that there they cluster together, and form their own quarter. The different trades of carpentering, shoemaking, umbrella-making, &c., are all carried on on a counter exposed to the streets; even the barbers' shops are open, and you see "John" in the different stages of being lathered, shaved, and of having his pigtail plaited with white, blue, or red cords that fringe and lengthen its wispy end. The top of the head requires shaving as often as his face (which is always kept hairless, and which gives to it the almost childlike look so common to John), because the growth of the pigtail is from the patch on the back of the head, and all round is clean shaven. China Town always reminds me of a rabbit warren, there seem to be so many Chinamen swarming in and out of the little huts, and about the confined quarters. All so active

and busy about their own concerns, all living on a handful of rice—no wonder they succeed where others fail, with their ceaseless energy and thrifty habits. We passed by numbers of fascinating little Chinese tea-gardens, walled round and approached by a drive; the balconies and roofs were gilded and ornamented with porcelain flowers of blue and green, and made to look as attractive as possible. We saw, too, the vague, dark interiors of several joss-houses. Numbers of mangy dogs were snuffing about, and bantam-cocks were plentiful, for cock-fighting is a favourite amusement with the Chinese.

The lower end of the town seemed consecrated to the undertakers, for the curious wooden coffins, copies of the ancient sarcophagi of the Greeks, were lying in piles before the doors. The Chinese devote a great deal of thought and attention to their coffins, and keep them in readiness for years in their houses. Forges abounded too, for the Chinese are celebrated as the best blacksmiths of the world.

The Javanese are distinguished from the Malays by the black locks of matted hair escaping from under the turban; but both Javanese and Malay dress in the same fashion. The bright-coloured sarong is the only garment worn, or sometimes only a short pair of "inexpressibles," when the large bamboo "soup-plate" hat looks ridiculously large by comparison with the slim brown figure beneath its mighty shade. Sometimes the bamboo hat is replaced by an oval piece of wood, with a rim fitting the head inside, and the colouring of these wooden hats is most fanciful, red and green, or bronze with yellow stripes. A Malay of higher rank would add to the sarong a dhoti, a white cloth

turban. These turbans are formed of a gay pocket-handkerchief cleverly wound to the shape of the head, with two corners twisted in front to form a pair of horns. You hardly see a Malay without the pole slung across the shoulder, with the two plaited bamboo baskets or trays, containing anything and everything, suspended at the end. The butcher goes about from door to door with his meat and chopper in them; the baker with his bread; more often you see the bright scarlet of the chili on the tray; and all the marketing is done with these bamboo baskets.

They stagger along, with their long legs bending under the weight of the baskets, always appearing on the point of sinking, and yet managing to struggle on yet a little further, and they really go like this for miles. But the natural walk of the natives, how splendidly free and easy it is, as they swing along the street with limbs unconfined, and free play given to their bare feet! Many of the faces we saw were seamed and wrinkled with such characteristic lines and marks, and all have rather a wild, fierce look. What wonderful combinations of colour, too, we saw in the streets—such daring blendings of sage, green with orange, pink with crimson, scarlet with purple; and I see that after all our latest fashionable colour, “crushed strawberry,” has long been a prevailing hue with the Javanese.

There were the bright sarongs of the Malays, with the dark indigo-blue workaday suit of active John Chinaman, the long robe of bright green or blue of the Armenians (for there are many of them here), with the delicate pink and green of the Chinese ladies daintily picking their way along shaded with their paper umbrellas.

The Malanese and Javanese women wear the sarong equally with the men. A loose calico jacket of bright colours (cherry and pink being preferred) is worn over it, open at the throat and waist. They are small of stature, and have a nut-brown skin, with almond-shaped eyes, black and twinkling. Their shining black hair is worn in the smooth knot at the back, that is deftly twisted in such a way that no hairpins are required to secure it. Many of the married women have their front teeth cut off at the roots, and this is done by a careful husband when his wife is inclined to become "fast," to remind every one that she is a married woman.

Men and women alike have the disgusting habit of chewing and spitting betel-nut, which dyes their teeth and lips a bright vermillion. This explained to us the red marks on the tiled pavement, which at first we thought was blood. This habit is not confined to the lower classes, the native princes and nobles are addicted to it, when it is rendered none the less repulsive by the use of golden spittoons.

The Dutch use the Malays exclusively for their servants. They are very patient, waiting outside their masters' doors for hours, squatting in the peculiar manner habitual to them; and which was formerly the attitude of respect they adopted when in the presence of a superior. Even now in the interior of the country the natives come and squat before you as you pass along. I never saw a Malay or Javanese sit; they always crouch or lie. They make by no means faithful servants, appearing to possess no feelings of attach-

month, and the custom is for their families to live in the courtyard which usually surround the houses. The master does not concern himself about their maintenance, but then any native can live comfortably on a penny a day.

Since the evacuation of the English, in 1813, Java has remained stationary as regards the progress of civilization. The Netherlands Government discourages education, and prevents the natives from learning Dutch. A policy of reducing the natives to a nonentity as regards having a voice in the government of their country has been successfully followed. They are a happy, ignorant people, but a conquered race, governed with a hand of iron as regards the payment of taxes and levies of contributions. To such an extent is this repressing policy pursued, that should any native official or prince learn Dutch, the Government official is strictly forbidden to speak any other language but Malay. Thus it follows as a natural consequence that before receiving any Civil Service appointment, however low, the Dutch official must have passed the examination in Malay, which is part of the accepted curriculum of Breda College in Holland. The Malay spoken here is a different dialect to that in use in the Straits Settlements.

Afterwards when we came to visit India, it was most curious and interesting to see the results of the different policies pursued by the two nations towards the conquered race. Ours, the enlightened policy—the education of the native, raising him to a state fit to govern or participate in the government of his country. That of the Dutch, a policy of repression, reducing the native to the part of the hired labourer, making themselves into simple tax-gatherers.

It is to Governor-General van Bosch that Java owes its great prosperity. He it was who developed the magnificent resources of the rich island by the introduction of the culture system. I would refer any who are interested in this subject to Mr. Money's excellent book, "Java; or, How to govern a Colony."

We suffered much in Java from the inconvenience of Dutch and Malay being the only two languages spoken. No interpreter was obtainable, and even at the booksellers which we went to in the afternoon there was no guide-book to be found in English, French, or German.

Sauntering along the canal, we saw the primitive mode they have here of watering the streets. A man with two large watering-pots slung over each shoulder runs along with the rose inclined forwards. I need not say that the watering-pots are soon exhausted, though the supply is always at hand in the canal; but it struck us that the man spent most of his time in running up and down the steps to the water. It must be so pleasant to have a bath whenever you feel inclined, as the Malay women do by stripping off the loose jacket and plunging in, washing the sarong at the same time as themselves in the stream. When we got home, "Ali," the old Malay servant assigned to us, with his cock-eye and pleased grin, brought us five o'clock tea—as great an institution in Java as England. The cups and saucers stand always ready in each bedroom, and the water and milk (for it is always hot milk) are boiled at the cooking-stove, round which the "boys" are busy in the passage. Ali does not know one word of English, but quickly guesses our signs, and with the Malays in making

oneself understood it is more often than not a question that "there are none so deaf as those who won't hear."

The Governor-General, Herr von Rees, gave us an audience at the Palace in the evening. The Palace gives us an idea of oriental magnificence, with marble halls and galleries, and reception-rooms hung with costly upholstery. The balcony is lighted with crystal chandeliers, and crowds of servants in the scarlet uniform of the Government are waiting about within call. The Governor-General is an exceedingly shrewd, clever man, who has raised himself from the lowest position in the Civil Service. The salary is 14,000*l.* a year, and the position of Governor of such great possessions as the Netherlands Indies is one of so much importance that it may be compared to the Vice-royalty of Hindoostan. Java alone sends home a surplus revenue of 3,000,000*l.* yearly to the mother country, or has done so, I ought to say, until now, for the interminable war in Acheen has swallowed up her surplus this year, and bids fair to do so for many more. The interior of the country is governed by Dutch residents, who give their instructions to a native prince or regent, who carries out the details. Coffee, tea, cochineal, and sugar are the chief produce and exports, though there has been great depression in the latter trade during the last year, which has given rise to a commercial crisis, when several very old-established houses have been included in the general crash. Cinchona calisaya, or quinine, is also largely exported.

We dined with Mr. MacNeill, the English Consul, in his pretty house. We had not been seated at dinner above a few minutes before the white tablecloth was covered with

every species of insect in the animal world—moths with yellow wings, ants, mosquitoes, beetles great and beetles small. Tortoiseshell covers were provided to keep them out of the wine-glasses, and many green lizards capered on the white wall opposite. Blessed above other countries is England in this much, that with her cold moist atmosphere, one is not troubled with the invasion of a plague of insects. It surely is the great drawback to the charms of tropical life, enjoyed mostly in the cool of the evening, when the insects are also most actively enjoying themselves.

We tasted a mangosteen for the first time this evening. It is a dark purple fruit with a thick rind, the size of an apple. The fruit inside is white, and has the most delicate flavour. I should call it an insidious flavour, for you hardly know in what it consists, but it is most delicious. Better than the mangosteen I like the mango, a long pear-shaped fruit with a yellow skin, full of juice, and most luscious. The taste reminded me of the fruit of the passion-creeper, which when ripe and shrivelled is excellent, only much more acrid than the mango. Another fruit which is very common here has brilliant red hairy bristles, and contains inside a white fruit, the size of a plover's egg, but I am ashamed to say I never mastered its name. Pine-apples, cut into lumps, and bananas, very different in their size and taste to the little shrivelled bananas of export we are accustomed to at home, are served at every meal.

Mr. MacNeill after dinner took us to a representation of "Il Barbière" by an Italian opera company subsidized from Italy with Government help. The Governor came in

state, and on his entrance the Dutch national anthem was played. The doors of the theatre stand open on to the broad piazza, where people promenade between the acts, and some have their servants waiting with wine and refreshments. Ladies wear morning dress, but with the gentlemen a black coat is *de rigueur*, though "ducks" may be worn underneath. The galleries were full of half-castes, who here take a good position, the Javanese still continuing to wear the native costume. Beginning at 8 p.m., it was eleven before the ballet was over.

Tuesday, December 23rd.—We left the Weltevreden Station on the Königsplein at ten in the morning. The stations are large and whitewashed, tiled in blocks of wood, since tiling of some sort the Dutch must have. The carriages are on the American plan, save that the first-class have morocco-covered armchairs. We passed through a portion of the native quarter on the outskirts of the town. The mat huts are made of plaited palm branches, and thatched with the same unplaited. Bamboo poles form the framework and support the projecting roof, which gives shade to the house. These huts lay hidden in a jungle formed of bamboo groves, whose straight spiky branches look like the fingers of an outstretched hand pointing downwards. Banana-trees there were, whose palm leaves, fringed and jagged, are only distinguished by this from the ordinary palm, and cocoa-nut groves. These had their golden halo of fruit under the shade of their fringing, feathery arms, and notches cut in their slender stems by the natives, who climb up by them to gather the fruit.

for rice-fields, which we saw in their different stages of development. The ground is made into terraces, every one a little lower than the other, and carefully fenced round with earthwork. Each one is a bed of water, in which the rice is growing, some already coming up in tender green shoots, and others like a field of grass growing some feet high. The water is kept trickling over from each little dyke into the next bed. Some we saw being ploughed by dun and smoke-coloured buffaloes, with their humps and straight black horns turned back, that gives such a blank and idiotic look to their faces. The colour of the earth was in some parts such a brilliant red, that in California it would be said to denote the presence of gold.

We arrived at Buitenzorg at noon. This place is noted for the Botanical Gardens, which are thought to be the finest in the world. It is the mountain resort of the Batavians, but is really only 300 feet higher than the town. One of the high two-wheeled carts drawn by one pony, whilst another is roped outside the shafts to help in pulling, took us up to the Bellevue Hotel.

At the Bellevue from the verandah at the back there is a celebrated view. It is certainly one of the most enchanting and superb views possible to imagine. I will try to describe it.

The mountains are in the distance, tropical jungle creeping to their very summits, though always hidden during the rainy seasons by clouds. Jungle, jungle, varying only in depth and shade, till we begin to distinguish yet in the

their graceful heads quite near, swaying them gently in answer to the soft summer breeze. Away over there in the corner there are red-tiled roofs, in the midst of the cocoa-nut grove, with dots of colour flitting about. In front of us the muddy yet silvery waters of the Tjidani River come flowing straight towards us, till the stream suddenly turns at right angles to itself, and hurries away in its changed course. A little bamboo house, belonging to the cultivators of the cocoa-nut grove, forms the apex of the triangle. Shouts and merry laughter come up all day from the brown figures who swim, and dive, and duck about in the shallow water beneath.

It was very beautiful, and we sat out in the verandah all the afternoon, talking with an old Dutch naturalist, who was delighted with his bottles containing a lovely chameleon and some scorpions newly captured. Meanwhile the strange afternoon stillness reigned round the lifeless courtyard.

In the evening we had a lovely drive in the Botanical, or Palace Gardens, as they are now called. We drove into the shade of a mighty avenue, the trees meeting at the top, and leaving us a perspective vista that faded into green dimness. The stems of the trees were not seen, for ferns and creepers grew up them, and tropical parasites circled and hung in festoons from the branches of one tree to another. We came unexpectedly at the end to the palace and the lake.

The palace with its little squat dome and turrets, produces a general effect of black and white. How fond the Dutch are of black and white, whether in their marble pavements,

or in the stripes on the wooden flower-pots in the garden, whether in the shutters of the houses, or in the lines on the sashes and skirtings of their houses. At the side of the palace we left the carriage, and were told to wander through the bamboo grove. Here we found hidden away in a garden some old monuments, weather-beaten and stained, of an English officer and one or two of the Governors. It seemed a strange little burying-ground.

A Malay boy hovered around us, and offered by signs to climb a tree, as we thought, taking us for that purpose down a secluded path. At length, after much fruitless gesticulating, he took the petal of a leaf I had picked up, from my hand and laid it against a tree. Then we understood. It was the famous orchids of Buitenzorg Gardens that he was offering to show us. He led us to a retired spot where there were some leafless stumps of shrubs, and on to these, after careful examination, we discovered, engrafted and growing in bamboo baskets, about 4000 of the finest specimens of orchids. True that few were in flower, but those few we should have treasured under glass cases at home. We came back to the carriage by a bye-way where there was a fountain playing over a pool of water-lilies in the midst of a green thicket. And so it is at these Buitenzorg Gardens, one beautiful spot after another, unsuspected before, can be discovered in lengthened wanderings.

A broad park, bordered by a curious row of palm-trees, that grow in a descending and ascending scale, forming a perfect zig-zag, surrounds the front of the palace, and here there were a treasured herd of deer feeding. By the park-gates are a group of marvellous banyan-trees,

Branches were growing down from them like the stem of another tree, or clustering like a ring of small trees around the trunk, and swelling it to enormous dimensions. In other trees we saw the roots hanging down from the branches like a network of fibres or strings that reached to the ground. Again we saw the roots of the same trees grown outwards from the ground, and forming a rocky network round the base of the trunk.

Another magnificent avenue tapers away from the entrance of the park, ending in a black and white marble obelisk, with the Netherlands arms upon it, and the mystifying initials of T. T.

We drove past the barracks and officers' quarters, and stopped at the Roman Catholic Cemetery, where the handsome monuments are all protected by zinc covers.

We noticed that many of the houses, with their neatly-clipped hybiscus hedge, had the stable as part of the house, the two or three stalls being open along the front. Crossing over the bridge, we looked down into a scene of great beauty, the jungle closing in the banks of the howling river, and then we came back to the gardens once more.

How utterly impossible it is to describe "tropical vegetation." A string of names (even if I knew them) conveys no idea of the extraordinary beauty and curiosity of the many new-shaped leaves, and plants, and shrubs, and trees, and parasites of a jungle. I know we wished the drive could have lasted very much longer than it did, for we were amid the scenes read of in all books of travels—groves of

tropical beauty. With the exception of some roses, with the outside petals a dark crimson, shaded to pale pink inside, there are no beds of flowers in these gardens. There are plenty of brilliant shrub flowers like the crimson hybiscus (which when crushed yields a kind of blacking I am told), but no garden or cultivated flowers. It is the same throughout Java, no flowers, only tropical creepers and shrubs.

I tried to do some writing after dinner, but the insects forbid it; an ant, a large animal with gauzy wings, being particularly troublesome. This is really the white ant grown to a harmless size. In its earlier stages (when it is eaten by the black ant) the destruction it works in a single night is terrible. Literally it "eats you out of house and home" by perforating the timbers of the house with holes till they become rotten. It eats through a box, and leaves no trace of any clothes ever having been in it, or penetrates through the corks and drinks up a cellarful of wine. There is no finality to the mischief the white ant can and does work in a house. Safety against it is only obtained by a daily inspection and airing of anything and everything.

A very curious custom prevails throughout Java, which we only found out this evening. We frequently passed gardos, or watch-houses, a white building by the roadside, open on all sides. From the centre of the house hangs a billet of wood partially hollowed out, which, when struck, gives forth a piercing, mournful sound. Day and night a watchman is stationed here, sounding the watches every hour. It is a wonderful thought that throughout an island as large as England and Wales, these watches are re-echoed

throughout the country every mile, and every hour becoming later and later as it reaches the interior of the country. It is cheering in the stillness of the night, hearing the sound of the watch struck from the gardo nearest the station, taken up by the next one, and so on all through the town, spreading and dying away into the country. The Malays and Javanese are not allowed to be in the streets between the hours of 8 p.m. and 5 a.m. without a passport to show to the watchman, who calls and demands it as they pass. The watchman is provided with a two-pronged, upward-toothed fork, with which he can "run in" any refractory member of society by the neck; and he has the power to detain any one not giving satisfactory reasons for being about at that hour. If a robbery or crime occurs, the first thing is to give notice at the nearest guard-house, which, by a code of signals, is able to pass on the news to the next guard-house, and so it spreads through the country. Each watchman knows what passports and on what business every one has passed during the night, and suspicion thus often falls on the right person. The services of these watchmen are unpaid, it being the duty of each village-chief to allot the hours to each member of the community, who may provide a substitute if he please. Java is divided into campos or villages, governed by chiefs who are responsible for the good conduct of each individual of their division: any complaint of man, woman, or child is referred to the chief of the campo. Thus the government of the people is done by themselves, and there are but a very few native police, irregularly parading the streets in their blue and orange uniforms.

Wednesday, December 24th.—We got up very early in the morning, not from compulsion, but for pleasure, to enjoy to our utmost the delicious first freshness of the morning air; but early as it was, blue as the mist lay over our glorious view of the valley, ladies in their sarongas were coming in from their morning walk. I went down to the bath, or rather the well, where you throw the bucket of cold water over you, picking a purple gloxinia from the hedge close by. Alas! it was like too many of the tropical beauties in flowers and plants, spoilt by the nest of insects hidden in the delicate waxwork of its recesses. Breakfast is always going from the very early hour of 6 a.m., so we had no need to order it specially, and at 8 a.m. we were in the hotel break, driving past the gardens to the station. We felt very much tempted then to wait a week for the French mail, instead of taking the Dutch boat to-morrow, and making an expedition up into the interior of the country to Samarang or Soerbaja.

By 10 a.m. we were back in Batavia, and we drove from the Weltevreden Station to the Museum.

The green lawn in the front of the Museum is ornamented with a white pedestal, on which stands a black marble elephant. The circular temple, barricaded with black and gold gates, that faces us as we enter, contains a grotesque collection of Hindu gods found in the island, for the natives were formerly Hindus; now they are Mussulmans. Other rooms are full of Borneo and Sumatra weapons, collections from the South Sea Islands, of medals and signet rings, Chinese earrings and images. There is the model of a curious saddle covered with black cloth, formerly

in use in Java; and musical instruments of all sorts, including tom-toms, cymbals, &c.; but the two things that interested us most were a guillotine and a Chinese chair of torture. The framework of the latter was of scarlet wood, but the back was formed of three swords with the edges placed outwards; three more of the same formed the seat, and three were placed at each elbow, and three for the foot-board; and the victim was strapped into this chair, sitting on the blades of the swords, being cut deeper with every movement. It was in the library that we came upon some curiously interesting documents, copies of the *Java Government Gazette*, an English newspaper brought out during our four years' (1811-15) occupation of Java before its restoration to the Dutch. We very cautiously opened the ant-eaten pages, which are nearly destroyed in some places, and a few years hence will have disappeared entirely unless some precautions are taken against their ravages. On the first page that we opened on by chance I read the following, dated from London, July 6th, 1814: "The *Gazette* of yesterday announced the appointment of the Duke of Wellington as Ambassador to France, and Lord Fitzroy Somerset as Secretary of the Legation." A following paragraph contained the account of the Duke's formal farewell to the House of Commons previous to his departure for Paris, and tells "how the members remained standing, with their hats off, and cheered whilst he left the house." The news then took seven months to reach Java, whereas now the mail arrives in twenty-six days. Further on the *Gazette* had an account of the discussion before the House on the Princess of Wales' letter, asking that her Royal Highness' allowance

might be reduced from 50,000*l.* to 34,000*l.*, "in order that the burdens of the people may not be increased," as she says; and again, "The Emperor of Russia, previous to his quitting London, wished that Dr. Jenner should visit him. His Majesty presented him to his family and made him a present, styling him the benefactor of Russia, for vaccination has produced the most happy results in the empire, where small-pox has often made great havoc."

In the poet's corner, for even a *Government Gazette* in 1815 was allowed that interesting journalistic feature, we found a little poem by Mrs. Opie, on "The Death of a Hero who died in Action;" in another a poem by Lord Byron on the death of a Sir Peter Parker. One verse from an anonymous writer I cannot resist giving, prefaced by the following letter:—

"MR. EDITOR,—Should you deem the following effusion on shooting a brace of ring-necked doves worthy a place in your paper, you will greatly oblige

"COMICUS."

It began as follows:—

"The amorous dove, with ardent love,
Expects her gentle mate;
But * * * * keen, with eye serene,
Decides her hapless fate."

Inserted between the issue of a later copy of the same paper was a reprint of the conditions of the Treaty of Paris which had just been signed by the Allies, and a triumphant leading article on the "Great Tyrant's" downfall. We dared not

becoming impatient, and evidently suspicious of the copious extracts we were making. I resigned it with a sigh, guessing how much more of interest we might have found with a longer perusal.

We had a pleasant drive in the evening to the outskirts of Batavia, passing country houses, which I suppose called themselves so because they stood in their own grounds, with some attempt at an avenue or drive up to the house. It was our last evening in Batavia, and we were regretfully sad.

December 25th.—A delicate rosy flushing sunrise, with saffron and pale green tints on an orange sea, where the sun was presently to rise in the majesty of tropical heat, was the strange sight which greeted us on this Christmas morning; for we were getting up at 5 a.m., and, leaving the hotel wrapped in slumber, were driving through the already busy streets of China Camp to the Heimraden Plein Station.

A gay scene met us there, for a company of soldiers in marching array and some officers were being sent off to reinforce the army at Acheen, in the north of Sumatra, where the Dutch have a war of some years' standing. A crowd of officers in their pretty dark blue uniform, with orange scarves, the stars on their collars denoting the rank, had come to see their comrades off, and the general himself was superintending their embarkation. A file of convicts, in their prison dress, under the charge of their jailors, were being taken in the train to work on the line. The carriages that hold eighty-seven even under

and the heat and fumes of tobacco were very trying. We altogether had a weary waiting of nearly two hours in them, standing stationary at the terminus.

A still gayer scene was awaiting us on arrival at Tandjong Priok, for crowds of natives were sauntering about under the bamboo station; and a ship, moored alongside the wharf, was swarming with soldiers, European and native, who had just arrived from the west coast of Borneo; their band was playing on the deck in honour of the general. The *Governor-General Meyer*, the mail of the Netherlands India Company, lay anchored further away. Whilst we were waiting to start my thoughts recurred to Christmas morning and church, with snow on the ground at home, but it was hard to keep up any semblance of recollection among the strange surroundings. Four natives, such weak specimens of humanity, coming along staggering under the weight of my Saratoga trunk, which one man had always shouldered before; officers were having a last bottle of champagne with their departing comrades, the treble shriek of the warning whistles, the bright medley of Malays, Javanese, Soudanese, Hindus, and Chinese, all rendered it impossible, and Christmas Day this year will only be remembered by us by the inconvenience occasioned by the uncertainty of the vessel starting at all on that day, and the Sunday train not leaving the station nearest the hotel as usual.

The flat coast-line was behind us by 9 a.m., and we were passing the sandy dots upon the ocean of the 1000 islands of the Eastern Archipelago. We came upon a bed of scoria

is still the remains of the great volcanic eruption on the island of Krakatau, in the Straits of Sunda, eighteen months ago. The island was totally destroyed, and 70,000 lives were lost. On the 20th of August, 1883, total darkness reigned in Batavia, though 2000 miles distant from Krakatau, from the density of the shower of ashes falling, and terrific claps of thunder from the cracking of the explosion. Ships had to alter their course after the eruption, and even a year afterwards passed through a thick sea of pumice ashes stretching as far as the eye could reach. When five days out from Java, in the *Merkara*, it was this pumice ash floating by on the sea that made the captain think there had been a fresh eruption.

A most interesting phenomenon is now in process at Merapi, a mountain in Central Java. Government surveyors are there watching the rise of the lava in a volcano from day to day, and it is calculated that in about three months from now it must burst. Should it be a powerful eruption, it is feared it will divide the Island of Java into two parts.

Merapi is in the same volcanic range that extends through Sumatra, Krakatau, Java, Lombok, and Bali. It will be very curious to see what really happens.

After passing the Island of Lucepara we left the Sea of Java, and were for a short time in the Straits of Sunda.

The *Governor-General Meyer* is very slow, only going between six and eight knots an hour. The foredeck is curtained off, leaving an archway in the canvas through which we get a picturesque glimpse of the Malay and

and eating rice with their chopsticks. The Dutch officers are our only companions, and two of them speak a little English. Most amusing instructions are hung up in the saloon as to the wearing of the sarong and kabaya. A literal translation from the Dutch says: "It is allowed to the ladies to wear them at breakfast and the 'reis tag,' but after 5.30 p.m. it is requested that they will be dressed till after dinner." Certainly the Dutch hours of seven o'clock dinner on board ship is a great improvement on the six o'clock English one. I slept the afternoon away, and a Christmas cake and some mummying among the Dutch sailors gave us a final reminder of Christmas evening.

Friday, December 26th.—We are coasting along by Sumatra, which looks a very flat island. Sumatra is celebrated for its tobacco plantations, which supply the outer leaf for Havana cigars, being of very fine quality, and burning white and clean. The tobacco is exported to Amsterdam, which is one of the greatest emporiums in the world for this article. We enter the Straits of Banka, which are formed by the island of this name (belonging to the Dutch) and the Island of Sumatra. The water here is a curious colour, olive-green, growing more muddy as we approach the entrance of the Talemjan River, on the Sumatra coast. We reached Muntok, the chief town of Banka, at night, where we had some cargo to put off. Muntok is the centre of a great tin track, worked by Chinese, who are brought there under contract.

Saturday, December 27th.—Last night we were stationary

tremendously strong current running there, and this morning we are catching a breeze from the north-east monsoon which prevails at this time of the year in the China Sea, and are being further delayed. In the Indian Ocean and China Sea the monsoon or strong trade wind usually blows from the south-west from April to October, and from the north-east from October to April. Typhoons and cyclones, or circular hurricanes are frequent during the former in the Indian Ocean, and during the latter in the China Sea.

We crossed the equator this afternoon. The novelty of this feat has passed away after the first performance of it in the Pacific. How strange it must be living in a town like Pontianak, in West Borneo, where the equator passes through the main street! "The house on the line" must be quite a show place to the inhabitants. The heat in the afternoon was very great.

Sunday, December 28th.—We were at anchor before Rhio (or Riow in Dutch spelling), a settlement among the palm-trees. Rhio is a port of some importance, the Dutch having made it a free port, contrary to their principles, when Singapore was thrown open by the English, hoping thus to attract some part of the commerce of the Eastern Archipelago.

We are passing through the pretty Straits of Rhio, with its wooded banks and straggling cocoa-palms. A terribly dangerous reef is marked by a curl of foam. The date of our arrival in Singapore has been growing steadily later,

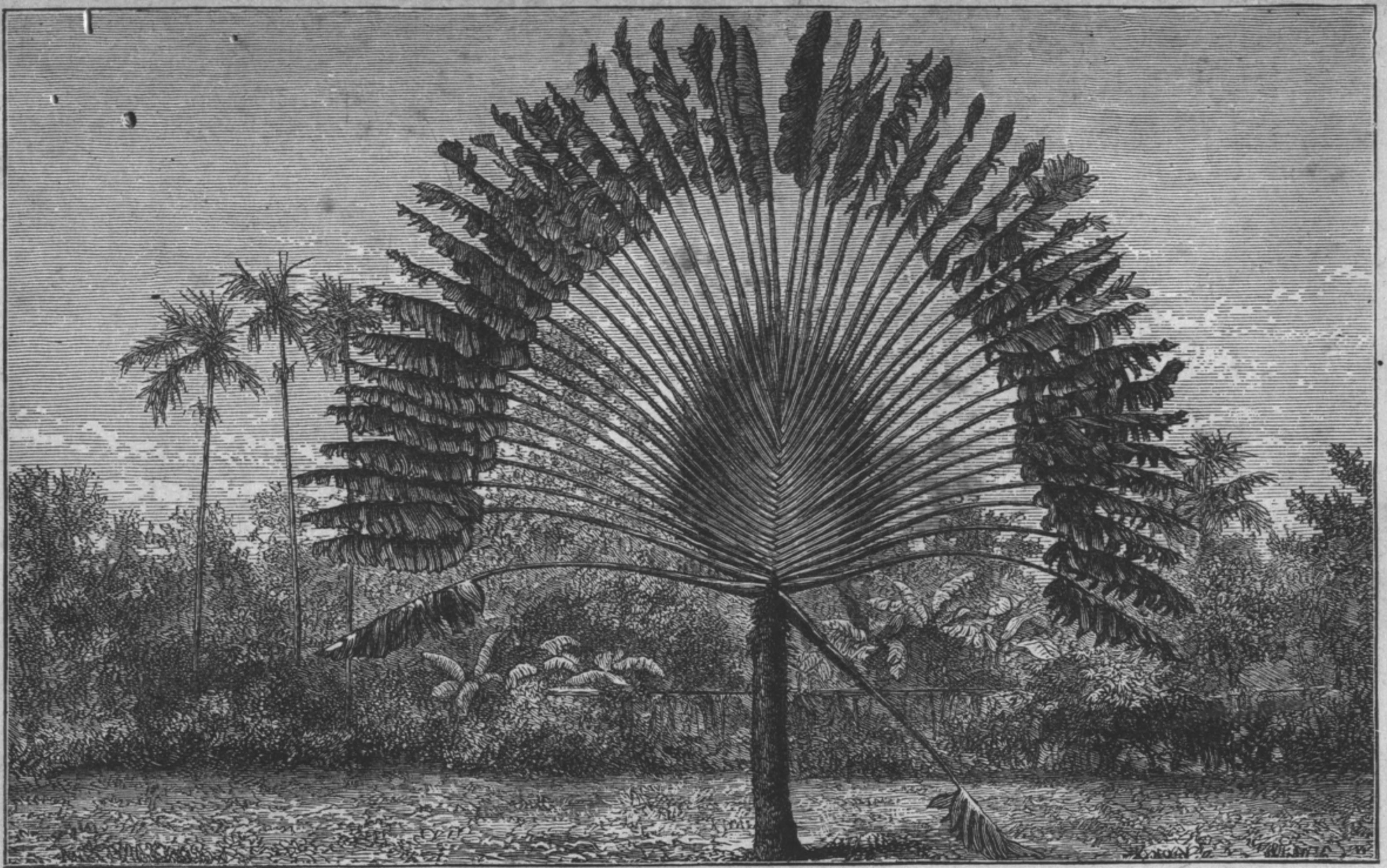
CHAPTER III.

THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

THE Straits Settlements, which comprise Singapore, Penang, and Malacca, besides the protected states of Salangore Perak, and Sungeilljong, contain about 1500 square miles, and nearly half a million of inhabitants. They were transferred from the control of the Indian Government to that of the Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1867. Singapore is an island about twenty-seven miles long, situated at the southern extremity of the Malay Peninsula. It is a port of call for *all* vessels to the east, and 100,000 tons of coal are always kept in readiness on the wharves of the coaling stations.

The approach to Singapore through the Straits of Rhio gives you a very disappointing idea of the town, which looks flat and ugly. Very different are the first impressions,—which count for so much when travelling, and perpetually seeing new places, when Singapore is approached from the western entrance to the harbour.

We took one of the little gharries, that may be called the carriage of India and its dependencies, to drive to the



Traveller's Palm, Singapore.

wheeler, only in place of glass windows there are venetian shutters. The small ponies are driven by Malays, who sit generally not on the high box seat, but on the footboard of the carriage.

We found ourselves driving through another Chinatown, for the Chinese swarm and predominate in the population as much in Singapore as they do in Batavia. The Hôtel-de l'Europe, with its rambling succession of houses, is well known by many hundreds of travellers, for Singapore is a great central depôt where travellers meet going from Europe to Australia, China, and Japan.

We drove up to Government House, passing through its park of lawns studded with shrubs and the beautiful Traveller's Palm, of which each branch spreads itself out at the top to form such a perfect fan shape.

Government House stands upon a hill, and though a very handsome building, it produces a curious combination of colours. I suppose the primary colour is the buff of the stone, but it is hidden by the chocolate of the shutters forming the upper part of the very lofty windows, which below are shaded by green venetians. The effect is uncommon and pretty. The entrance also is striking, the marble steps of the hall and staircase being bordered by palms, the blue and yellow stripes of the carpet showing out between. Several peons, in their long white tunics, with the gold scarlet cords wound round the waist, and scarlet hats, were waiting about. The Governor, Sir Frederick Weld, is at present away, but Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Smith received us very kindly and asked us to stay at

I looked forward to evening service in the cathedral, for three Sundays had passed without any service for us. The cathedral stands in a quadrangle amongst trees, and has a pretty tower and nave, but the stone is not weather-proof, and has turned mouldy in dark patches. Outside there were rows of men standing round the building pulling the cord that passes through the hole in the frame, and inside I saw that comical effect of punkahs in a church for the first time. Through the length of the church the punkahs were swinging alternately on either side, and those in the chancel were only waiting for the entrance of the choir to begin waving likewise. We heard the sermon on the approaching death of the old year, and caught glimpses of the clergyman between the flying backwards and forwards of the punkahs. The Bishop of Singapore and Sarawak was there, arrived that morning from a distant part of his diocese, which extends into Borneo.

The heat in Singapore varies but little throughout the year. Lying on the Equator we should imagine it was terrific, but in those hot climates there are all kinds of arrangements for draughts and currents of air, which we forget when thinking about them in England. Nearly all the rooms are only partially partitioned off from the passage outside, allowing a free current of air to pass over the top of the screen. Some have a wooden shutter that folds back *under* the window and gives another draught. Curtains are hung before the doorway, or shutters half-way up, so that the door need not be closed. Abundance of servants, even in small establishments, take away the necessity

of doing anything for yourself. Punkahs are hung in different parts of the room, and the punkah-wallah, specially kept for that purpose, keeps you in a fresh current of air whilst reading or writing.

Monday, December 29th.—A gharry took us into the town in the morning. The plain is a broad belt of park flanking the seashore, and round it cluster the hotel, the High Street, the cathedral, the Raffles College, and the handsome grey stone court-house, with the traditional elephant in marble in front. Round the little square of Raffles Place lie the shops. The streets of Singapore are narrow, and very foreign-looking. They have a peculiar way of circling round the corner, that is to say, the houses are built so as to "round the corner." The upper story has a projecting balcony, which forms with its many arches a piazza. Underneath here the wares of the shops are displayed on counters in the street, and it forms a cool and shady promenade.

There is a great charm about these streets in the wonderful mixture of races, and their characteristic costumes. You see the Hindu with his white muslin dress and turban; the Cingalee with a bright saronga and tortoiseshell comb in the hair; the Parsee with his peculiar black conical hat; Arabs and Hadjis, recognized by the long flowing robe that evidences a pilgrimage to Mecca; "Chitties," or money-lenders, with shaven heads, dressed all in white; Klings with their lank black hair; Japanese and Chinese in their indigo dyed tunics. All were dark, but

ness of the scene by some bright bit of colour, particularly the Chinamen with their red and purple paper umbrellas. Drays drawn by bullocks, gharries, and many jinrickshas, of which there are some 2000 in Singapore, flocked the streets.

I had plenty of time to observe all this while waiting outside the shipping agencies for C., who was trying to obtain some definite information about a steamer to Rangoon. We found we had, after all, to give up British Burmah and the temple at Rangoon, inlaid with sapphires and diamonds, because we found it entailed six days' waiting at Moulmein, three days at Rangoon, and three changes of steamers, besides a great expenditure of time.

We drove to the Botanical Gardens in the evening, which are celebrated for their beauty, but I was decidedly disappointed in them. We saw there the sago palm, which has such a beautiful grey fern leaf. When the branch is cut open the seeds are found inside that form the sago. Also the betel-nut palm, which has the thin grey stem with a tuft of palm leaves at the top, and hundreds of those green berries hanging down, which the natives love to chew. We saw a clove-tree, which is about the size, and has the same shaped leaf as the orange-tree. These leaves when bruised have the spicy smell of the clove. Amid all the calladiums, crotons, and maidenhair ferns, it seems so strange to see no real flowers. The Malay Peninsula has none except those like the alamander, bugenvillea or pathodœa, and hybiscus, which are large blossoms, and grow on shrubs and trees. All the vegetables in Singapore

We drove home by the "Ladies' Mile," an avenue of palm-trees extending for one mile.

Disappointed of seeing China proper, I am anxious to see all I can of Chinese customs, in some of their camps. It had been arranged for us to go to a Chinese theatre after dinner. Mr. Maxwell, the head of the police, and a son of Sir Benson Maxwell, of Egyptian fame, very kindly accompanied us.

The drive through Chinatown was so bright and picturesque, the streets being alive with hundreds of jinrickshas, whose lamps flitted by us, in a procession of ladies taking the evening air in a drive round the town for the moderate sum of five cents. Flaming torches displayed the wares in the streets, and lighted the temporary stands whereon were laid the symposiums or suppers, for sale.

Arrived at the theatre, we went through a dark entrance up a ladder to a gallery where carpets and chairs with refreshments were laid out. Two little Chinese maidens with flattened noses and rouged and powdered cheeks, with curious bead head-dresses, were told off to fan us. The stage was lighted by five gas lights hung over the stage, and the general tone of brown and gold colouring was sombre and handsome. But all illusion is cast to the winds at once by the orchestra, in blue trousers and nankeen coats, sitting in the centre of the stage, smoking and talking between whiles. The great feature of the evening is the noise. The tomtom, the drum, and the chopsticks are made to deafen, and now and again when the scene reaches

When we entered a Chinese lady who was about to become a priestess, was clasping her hands together in prayer on the stage, and singing a doleful song.

Again and again during the hour we stayed the mournful wail reappeared at different periods, and we were told that it was the favourite opera air of the Chinese. The dialogues and singing are carried on in falsetto, and the high-pitched nasal twang is most unpleasant to hear. The dresses are very beautiful, all made of valuable embroideries, and those that were brought up to us to see had no tinsel about them, but small looking-glasses instead, let in to brighten them on the stage. All the time during the nasal song of the priestess lady, which lasted an interminable time, people were walking casually across the stage, and the imagination has to be highly exalted to recognize that a man throwing his leg in the air represents mounting and riding on horseback. The Chinese are great adepts in tumbling, and certainly it was difficult to conceive how the man we saw, mounted on the top of three tables and one chair, could throw himself over backwards, turn a somersault in the air, and land on his feet without breaking his back. The tumbling was interpolated in the middle of the play, but it did not matter as there were no acts, and no dropping of the curtain.

The story rambled on about an emperor that was taken captive. A lady who was about to become a fish and return to the sea, gave her husband a charm by which he would be able to release the emperor. Then followed his appearance and the declaration of his mission before the

and it is wonderful how the interest is maintained, especially considering that the play is spoken in Mandarin, the dialect of the upper classes, and which is not understood by the lower. The dark and dirty pit, with one light, was empty, but it would fill up towards twelve o'clock, we were told, and the play is going on from the afternoon till two or three in the morning. Most of the theatres are now "starring," or giving public performances in the streets. The last we saw of the play was a free fight with a man left dead on the stage. Some one considerately went and fetched a pillow to place under his head to make him more comfortable, and after a decent lapse of time he got up and walked off the stage!

In an inner room off the gallery we were taken to see some opium-smoking. The process of preparing the opium is lengthy. It is held over a lamp on a piece of wire till it frizzles and swells into a bubble, and it is then manipulated on the outside of the ivory, before being plugged into the small hole. The woman, who was one of the actresses, drew at it gently, exhaling the smoke through the nostrils. The Chinese meanwhile stood round in an admiring group. They are delighted when strangers come to see their theatre, as was evinced by the preparations and curiosity shown about us, and by the heads peeping round the corner of the gallery.

We had but a short night's rest, for we had to be up at five the following morning.

By six we were driving out fifteen miles to breakfast with the Maharajah of Johore in a carriage headed by six

us. The road into the country was alive with bullock carts, and natives with their bamboo baskets bringing in produce for the town market. The flat road is hard and smooth, and the cocoa-nut palms and bamboo groves made us feel as if we were driving through a beautiful garden for nearly two hours.

We arrived at the Tibrau, or the old Straits, the route formerly taken by steamers going to China and Japan. The placid sheet of water puzzled us at first as to whether it was lake or river, for the wooded banks and promontories closing in around, made it seem unlike the "wide salt sea." A collection of huts were here, built on piles placed in the water. It seems strange why, with so much dry land at his disposal, John Chinaman should choose to erect his tenement hanging over the water. The low white building opposite with the red-tiled roof was Istana.

The Maharajah's steam-launch took us across the Straits and landed us under the gilded pagoda, ornamented with the crescent and the star, the Maharatic emblems of royalty. His Highness's secretary met us, and we walked across the road and up some steps to the garden, for it is not in any way fenced off from the road. The palace of Istana has two stories, and the broad verandahs and balconies surrounding it give to it many a broad shadow and cool depth. The entrance is a marble hall open on two sides, through which you look down a vista of little domes and arches of a pale blue tint. Up and down the archway on the other side paces the sentry, clad in loose brown holland

age, with iron-grey hair and whiskers, and a full oriental face. He is Maharajah, or Great Rajah, because he governs his principedom of Johore without the assistance of a resident. He was dressed in a loose English gentleman's shooting suit, but wore the silk sarong, twisted round underneath the coat, and a braided smoking-cap. Six magnificent diamond and emerald rings glittered on the fingers of one hand, and six ruby and diamond on the other. The Maharajah has been a great traveller, and speaks English fairly well, though understanding it better. He intends to visit England again next year. Istana was hastily built for the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, but it shows no traces of this. On the marble staircase hangs a portrait of Mr. Gladstone, whom the Maharajah learnt to admire, he says, during his last visit to England. The drawing-rooms are dark and handsome. Rows of lovely Japanese vases, with their own peculiar dull colours of brick-red, olive-green, and dull blue, line the room. A wonderful collection of Japanese spears and swords inlaid with mother-of-pearl, are arranged on the walls of an outside balcony or corridor, and all these the Maharajah brought back from his recent tour in Japan.

In the ball-room are full-length portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with two smaller portraits of George I. and II. over the door. The bedrooms were like any that you would find in an English country-house.

Some marble steps led to the grounds, where, in the space between the tennis court and the audience chamber, some Klings and Sikhs were being drilled. All the

rajah drives a break with four in hand, and has an English coachman and some English grooms. He is fond of shooting, and there is plenty of big game in the jungles of Johore, and tiger hunts are easily arranged. We had breakfast in the long, narrow dining-room. Some Chinese beans were served, and a Singapore dish consisting of sampan or sago, with cocoa-nut milk and sugar-cane sauce—a thick treacle—otherwise the food was completely European.

The Maharanee, a Chinese lady, was in town, for the Maharajah has two houses in Singapore, connected with Istana by a telephone. On leaving, he gave us two pretty sarongs, but we did not say good-bye here, for his Highness drove back into town with us.

We were late in getting home, and had rather a rush to get off our luggage in a bullock-cart, and say good-bye at Government House, to be down in time at the wharf. Up to the last minute we thought we should miss the steamer, for the Malay servants could not find the wharf at which the *Japan* was lying. It was a relief to be on board at last and able to rest. Yesterday afternoon we did not know we were to leave Singapore to-day, and since then we have seen the Botanical Gardens, packed at intervals as we could, gone to the Chinese theatre, and that morning driven thirty miles out and seen Istana.

The agent was late in coming down, and it was five o'clock before we slipped our moorings. The entrance to the harbour on this, the western side, is beautiful. Wooded islands and the little hills above Singapore form a pretty channel. Even the P. and O. and French coaling stations,

ment of huts built on stakes into the water, and the houses nestling amongst the palms. Opposite the entrance to the channel, which is formed of red sandstone cliffs, stands the flagstaff of the signal station, where flags of every nation are run up, showing the departure and arrival of their ships.

A most exciting incident occurred just before the pilot left us. Two Chinese jumped overboard, and swam ashore to escape their articles. Their employers ship them on board, advancing them some money as a pledge, and then, when they are clear of the harbour, they escape by swimming on shore, or by having a boat waiting to pick them up. Their employers have no redress.

The *Japan* belongs to Apcar and Co., of Calcutta, and is employed in the opium trade between Calcutta and Hong Kong. The opium is government-grown in India, and it forms the most valuable of cargoes, 2400 chests being usually put on board, each of the approximate value of 1200 pounds.

The *Japan* has small accommodation, but some Parsees and an Armenian priest are our only passengers. Captain and Mrs. Gardner do the honours of their ship most pleasantly.

Wednesday, December 31st.—We were pointed out the coast of Malacca, but saw it so dimly that I should call it “distinguishing by intuition,” as we knew we were in the straits of that name.

On our port bow were the Heads of Acheen, which we looked at with interest, when papers so lately have been talking about the rescue of the *Nisero* crew seized by the

paltry little potentate, for not only have they had to pay the 40,000*l.* as the ransom for a British shipwrecked crew, but the war is swallowing up the 3,000,000*l.* surplus revenue which we heard so much about when in Java. We passed Pulo Jara, or Broom Island, after dinner, the point of departure, and where ships alter their course 4° for Penang.

We sat up on the deck in the moonlight on this the last night of the old year—and so ended our year of 1884.

January 1st, 1885.—The New Year came in for us at five in the morning, with three prolonged whistles from the funnel of the *Japan* as we came to the lovely entrance to the Penang roadstead. I hurried up on deck in *deshabille*, and found the chill of night yet on the beautifully wooded island where the lighthouse sends forth a brilliant light. The full yellow moon in the dark blue sky was just standing over it, and as we looked a shooting star fell down to earth. On the other hand faint tinges of red and yellow in the east told of the coming morn. With that strangely rapid change of the tropics, dawn turned to sunrise over the sugar plantations of Province Wellesley. We saw the native pilot, with his red petticoat fluttering in the breeze, on the bridge. We passed the large island, which is sacred to the leper hospital, of which there are some 300, chiefly among the Chinese immigrants. Some little fishing-vessels, that had been out all night, with their light still burning in the bows, were hovering about the patches of bamboo stakes. The sun rose, and we saw the red and white roofs of Penang clustering thickly on the flat peninsula, backed by the hill

We had a cup of early tea on deck, and then I went down to dress, and none too soon as it turned out. As we anchored within half a mile of the shore Mr. Harwood, the Registrar of the Supreme Court, came on board, with an invitation from Colonel Dunlop, the Resident Councillor of Penang, to spend the day at the Government bungalow on the hill. All arrangements had been made for us, and by six o'clock the harbour-master's gig had landed us on the wharf. A gharry drove us through the town, past the Roman Catholic church, whose tapers were lighted and bell tolling, along by the green lawn that forms a cricket-ground, bordered by the sea.

The Chinese are as supreme here in numbers as at Singapore. They were driving the patient white bullocks toiling along with the ox-cart, or more strange still, the huge grey buffalo guided by a ring passed through the nose; they were tailoring or tinkering in their open shops, and carrying on the trade of Penang in their bamboo baskets, slung across the shoulders. We saw many a picturesque bit of native life outside the mat hut: Klings or Madrassee women lounging about, with their nostrils pierced with bright gold coins, and wrapped in the thin strip of gauze.

We were driving along a beautiful road, where the palm-trees and cocoa-nuts arched overhead, and it was most delicious and enjoyable in the cool morning air. Arrived at the bottom of the hill, the promised chairs and coolies were nowhere to be seen, and we felt rather blank for a few minutes, until we determined to walk to *the Waterfall*.

We wandered along a shady path passing between the

cocoa grove some natives were laying out the bare ground for a garden. The Waterfall is the celebrated beauty of Penang, and when we only saw some streams of water trickling down the side of a mountain between the jungle, we were greatly disappointed.

Our chairs and coolies were waiting for us on our return, the leaders being distinguished by their white vests. The coolie proper wears nothing but the sarong folded like a short petticoat, and caught up in front in the belt when walking. It is to be noted that these natives, who consider so little ordinary clothing necessary, invariably have the head covered by a heavy turban or cap. We got into the chairs, and six coolies prepared to carry us up the hill: two in front "tandem" between the shafts, which they support by a bamboo pole slung between their shoulders, and two in the same manner behind; one walked on either side to steady the chair. The motion is so easy and pleasant, and the coolies swing along at a great pace, though not attempting to keep step. We enjoyed a very charming two hours, being carried round the zigzags of the hill, in the midst of jungle that might be called virgin jungle, so tropical and dense was the vegetation. It was an ideal of the Indian life we read about—the early morning, the jungle, and the coolies! Sometimes the coolies would accomplish one of the steep gradients by a sudden run, but at all times they worked patiently along, perspiring from every pore, and some of them blowing lustily.

It was becoming very hot as we reached the top of the hill, and we found that Colonel Dunlop was not staying at

further on. Here on the verandah he welcomed us, with Mr. Justice Wood, an old Westminster; Major Coffee, in command of the detachment of the Inniskillen Fusiliers, stationed at Penang; and Mr. Maxwell, another of Sir Benson's sons. Mr. Maxwell is Commissioner of Lands, and was recently sent over to Acheen to arrange for the release of the *Nisero* crew.

Jaded officials and business men from Singapore and Penang come up 2000 feet to one of these bungalows on the Hill, and recruit amid the perfect stillness and beautiful monotony of life up here. Beneath lies ever a most superb and glorious view of Penang on its peninsula, separated by an arm of the sea from the cocoa-nut groves and sugar-canes of Province Wellesley. Below and around them are hills of varying size, showing in places the poverty of the soil, but for the most part covered with jungle. The two islands in the sea look almost artificial, so unnaturally glassy is the water around them. In the garden at the back, where our coolies were sleeping in the blaze of the sun, after their struggle up the hill, we see a repetition of the view—the hills and the sea, but without Penang. In the centre of this garden a huge block of granite, on which trees and ferns are growing, raises its Druidical head. Some "Goth" the other day proposed to blast it away, for it destroys all prospect of lawn-tennis.

After "tiffin" we went for a stroll in the woods below the bungalow. In the jungle there we saw many new tropical specimens; the wild cocoa-nut palm, which bears no fruit; the monkey's cup, which is something

shut with a lid, a small quantity of water. A black rock, with a tree growing out of it, without any apparent hold for the roots, was marked with roller indentations, that seemed to indicate the glacier action of past ages. We also saw the atap, a creeper which is the dread of the jungle explorer: it throws out a shoot with thin, green leaves, resembling a straggling branch of palm, but when seen near there are three sharp little claws, which tear and cut pitilessly when brushed against. This jungle is full of monkeys, who sit chattering on the branches of the trees in the early morning and evening, but we saw none now, as they were resting during the mid-day heat.

On returning to the bungalow we had a feast of English newspapers, reading and resting in the verandah. Dr. Hampshire, the colonial surgeon, telephoned up from Penang an invitation to dinner that evening, which we accepted through the same medium. Remembering the shortness of the tropical twilight, we collected our troop of coolies around us about five o'clock, and walked a little way down, accompanied by the gentlemen, to see a magnificent view.

The descent in the cool of the evening was very pleasant, the coolies swinging down hill at a great pace, whilst the two supporters acted as drags round the steep corners. The road is splendidly made, with ridges to prevent the rain washing down the sand. The light did not last, and ere we reached the bottom of the hill we were wrapped in the gloom and great stillness of the forest.

Hére a similar disaster to the non-appearance of the

The coolies, however, made signs to us to get into the chairs again, and that they would take us on, but only, as it turned out, to the first hotel. Here they rebelled, and refused to go further, and we were powerless to remonstrate, not speaking the language. The hotel was small and ill-looking, kept by a Chinaman, but we entered in the hope of finding some one who would understand us enough to send off for a gharry. It was quite dark, and Dr. Hampshire's house a long way off. Two German gentlemen were inside; they said there were no gharries to be had, but they volunteered to give us each a seat in the two traps that we had seen waiting outside, and to deposit us at our destination. It was a happy way for us out of our dilemma, and we were much indebted to our "friends in need, friends indeed."

We dined and spent a very pleasant evening, suffering from the heat of Penang after the cool air of the mountain. A gharry took us to the landing-pier, and so late as it was, we had no choice but to take a "sampan" to row across in the moonlight to the ship. The tide was running very strong, and the sampan is but a frail bark, propelled by the native standing up. We first narrowly escaped striking the rudder of the ship in coming round to the further side, and then the current swept us away from the gangway. However, we were landed safely on board by eleven o'clock, very tired after a day beginning at 5 a.m. Nevertheless we felt we had thoroughly enjoyed a very novel and pleasant New Year's Day.

Friday, January 2nd.—We went off with the captain in the ship's boat directly after breakfast and were fortunate

current language of the Straits Settlements, among the variety of nationalities which gather in their towns. It is an easily learnt language, and from its soft, sweet accent is called the "Italian of the East."

Beach Street is very narrow and picturesque, gay with the wares displayed on counters in the street, and the motley crowd of variously coloured skins. I went with C. to the bank. The large, whitewashed room, with the green cloth table in the centre, has not exactly the business-like look of our banks. All the cashiers are Chinese, who count out the heavy silver dollar pieces with great rapidity. The dollar here is worth three shillings and sixpence, but they suffer much in the Straits Settlements from having only twenty, fifteen, and ten cent. pieces, and no half-dollar.

It is strange to notice that wherever the dollar or a high monetary unit exists, there the necessities of life become proportionately dear. It is so throughout America, and here in the Straits Settlements, especially at Singapore and Penang, which are very expensive places to live in. The officials are apt to complain that when apportioning their salaries Government did not make sufficient allowance for this. The favourite mode of payment, however, in the Straits is by "chits," or an I.O.U. You give the driver of your gharry a chit as much as you do your tradesman, and at the end of the month they employ a "chitty," who charges some small percentage to collect these chits.

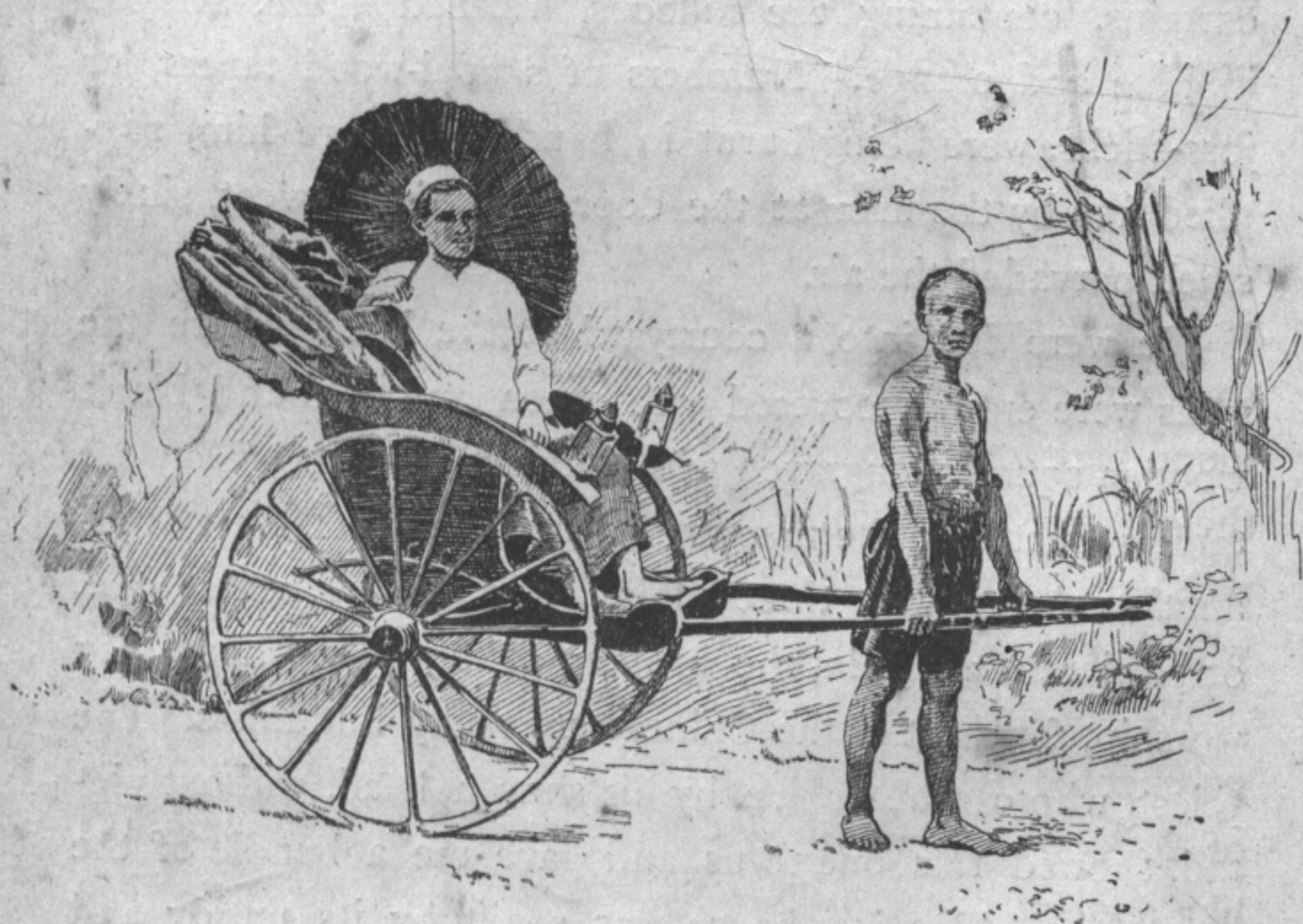
We saw some more of the curious life in Chinatown, that is compressed into the usual nutshell, at Penang, and also went into a Joss house. The roof of a Joss house is usually

and is adorned with blue and green dragons, and other carvings. Inside there was a lofty temple, with a dark oak ceiling supported by gilded pillars ; also a bronze table, with a great deal of gaudy, tawdry decoration upon it, just such as you would imagine the Chinese would introduce into their religion. The Joss, or idol, was guarded by a screen, between which you passed to see the case, hung with green curtains, containing the hideous, wizened figure, arrayed in blue and orange. Numbers of sandal-wood tapers, or joss-sticks, were being burnt in handfuls before him, supplied free by the man at the door, and their sweet, sickly smell pervaded the air.

We were led into a courtyard at the back, where the walls were entirely covered with green and gold and black wooden squares, engraved with Chinese writing. They are tablets erected to the memory of their dead. Here there is another shrine, with three idols. Perhaps the centre one, or patriarch, was Jain, the brother of Buddha, whom they worship, for most of the Chinese are really Buddhists. The priest, who can be known by his shaven head, without pig-tail, showed this one to us, and gave me a bundle of the joss-sticks. The joss-house was spoilt by its untidy and neglected state, boards and planks filling up the courtyard, and showing in strange contrast against the costly mountings of the temple. We passed through a round hole in the wall of the courtyard to the garden of the joss, a little plot filled with marigolds and chrysanthenums. Some trees cut into figures, a wooden head and hands being added, looked

jury and the judge are allowed their special punkah, and buying some photographs, we returned to the pier, not in the gharry, but in a jinricksha. We had some difficulty in finding one, for the cool of the evening, when the Chinese ladies take the air, is the time of their harvest.

The jinricksha is a high bath-chair, and, translated from the Chinese, signifies "pull-man's" car, from "jin," a man,



Jinricksha.

and "rick," to pull. They go along silently and at a great pace. The motion is made pleasant by the high action and regular swing of the shoulders that accompanies the trot of the drawer. Neither Japanese nor Chinese think the work derogatory, unlike the Scotch, who, when a gentleman took home a jinricksha and "puller" to Edinburgh, rose in rebellion at a man being degraded into a horse.

The steamer was to go at twelve, but after all we might have stayed on shore, and had luncheon, as he had kindly asked us to, with Mr. Harwood, for one of the officers had gone snipe-shooting in the morning, and shot a Chinaman by accident. He was arrested by the police, and the captain had to go ashore, arrange the compensation, procure his release, and go bail, causing us a delay of two hours. It was 4 p.m. when we rounded the hill and lost sight of pretty little Penang—which I like so much better than Singapore.

Saturday, January 3rd.—We are in the Andaman Sea to-day, so called from the Andaman group of islands, celebrated as the place where Lord Mayo was murdered. The smoothness of the sea is broken by white horses, which are found here when nowhere else. Captain Gardner holds a theory that the disturbance is caused by an underground passage communicating between two volcanic islands, which are now inactive.

We bought yesterday in Penang a durian, which we experimented upon to-day. Every one was immediately aware of its presence as it came on board. Outside it looks like a green hedge-hog, and inside the thick rind there are about eight or nine custard eggs. The smell is like assafoetid acid and garlic proportioned in equal parts. It is an "acquired" taste, if ever it is really liked as much as people say.

CHAPTER IV.

THE METROPOLIS OF INDIA AND ITS HIMALAYAN
SANATORIUM.

ON this bright, yet foggy morning of January 7, 1885, we find ourselves at anchor in the mouth of the Hooghley—that vast delta and network of channels where the most ancient of historical rivers, the Ganges, loses itself in the ocean.

The sun is struggling through the bank of fog, and as it slowly lifts, it is difficult to believe that the broad expanse of dun-coloured waters, with its dim outline of mud-banks forming a shore, is a river and not the sea. The white tower of the lighthouse of Saugor gleams in the far distance, and the pilot and his leadsman are on board.

It is 156 miles from the mouth of the Hooghley to the wharves at Calcutta, and all through the morning we are making a slow and tedious progress, stopping frequently to take soundings. The Hooghley is well known as a most “ticklish” piece of navigation, and altogether three pilots take charge of the ship in its upward course. The pilot with his accompanying leadsman, who after five years’ apprenticeship

and then hands over the charge to the harbour-master to take her into dock and the moorings.

For the first hundred miles the Hooghley is exceedingly ugly, being merely a succession of mud-banks, the deposit of silt and sand left by the river as it struggles in various channels across the flat plain of the delta ; but after passing Diamond Harbour, the signal station, where the arrival and departure of ships to and from Calcutta are telegraphed, the scene changes gradually. Isolated palm-trees are seen at intervals along the banks, succeeded by groves and a few mud huts. We pass barges or budgeroes laden with cargo, rowed by four natives, who step backwards and forwards, keeping time together. We observe occasionally a group of pilgrims forming a picturesque encampment on the banks, come down here for the religious ceremony of bathing.

Not seldom is a dead body seen floating down the stream, with vultures sitting on it and picking at the flesh, for notwithstanding all prohibitions, the Hindu still sometimes puts a corpse in the sacred river.

It was interesting passing here the *Indus*, a ship employed in the transport of Australian horses for the Indian market, and which we had last seen in dock in Sydney Harbour !

I was sitting quietly writing in my cabin in the middle of the afternoon, when I heard a tremendous scuffle overhead, accompanied by a rush to the stern. Immediately afterwards there was that peculiar rushing of water which indicates that the rudder is being put hard-a-port or starboard, and, running out. I saw all the officers and sailors spinning the

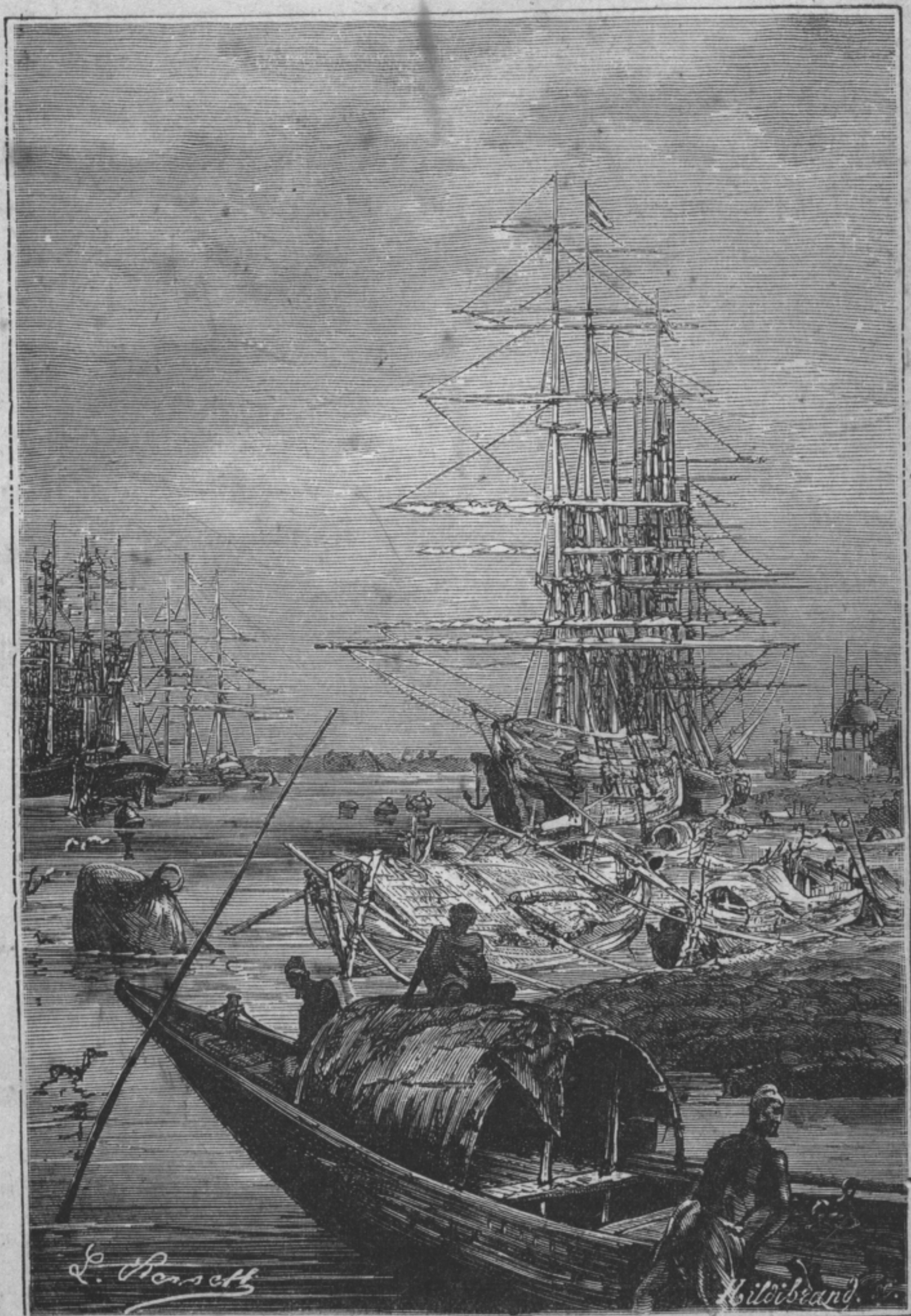
snapped a link in the chain of the steering gear on the bridge, but, fortunately, that at the stern was in order. Intensely anxious was the moment when we waited to see whether she *would* answer to her helm in time. Slowly the vessel's head came round, and we floated away from the sandbank on to which she was fast drifting. The sandbanks here are quicksands, and vessels which strand are sucked down and heard of no more !

The afternoon sun shone brightly as we drew near to the sea of masts and rigging that lie at anchor along the wharves, which border the Maidan of Calcutta.

All around us is a scene of the greatest animation. The river banks are lined with ships coaling or undergoing repairs, while others lie in mid-stream, with "flats," or broad boats with shallow bottoms, piled up with merchandise discharging cargo on either side.

A steamship is passing us on its way out to sea, while behind us an American vessel is being towed up to dock. Hulks, budgeroes, steam-tugs, and dingies are threading their way amongst this maze of shipping, and a goodly crowd of the latter are hovering or clinging on to our ship by means of rope and hooks, making a dash at us with the latter as we pass.

These budgeroes with their painted prows and covered stern resemble the gondola of Venice, but instead of the funereal black of the latter, they are painted in bright colours, blue and red and yellow, and steered by means of an oar roughly fastened by reeds to the stern. Generally the steersman is represented by a picturesque figure wrapped in a gay counterpane or swathed in the graceful



The Hooghly, Calcutta.

folds of muslin, thrown loosely over the shoulders. We pass many factories of sugar, jute, and paper, and some pottery works.

Opposite Garden Reach stands the palace of the ex-King of Oude, with its green jalousies and balconies, and its terrace overhanging the water, guarded at either end by a caged lion and tiger. Long before we approached it, we saw flocks of pigeons, white and speckled, circling in the air. An attendant standing in the tower with a red flag was waving them home, and at the understood signal they were all circling round and setting on the flat roofs of the palace. It was the former residence of Sir Lawrence Peel, but now the palace and the beautiful suburb is abandoned to the eccentricities of the ex-king with his swarm of followers, who lives here on a yearly pension of 120,000*l.* granted by our Government.

Facing the palace at Seebpore is Bishop's College, now used as a school for engineers, and the Botanical Gardens here border the river. Passing Chandpal Ghât, the landing-place, "where India welcomes" and speeds away her rulers; "where Governors-General, Commanders-in-Chief, Judges of the High Court, Bishops, all entitled to it, receive the royal salute from Fort William on setting foot in the metropolis," we anchored for the night. The harbour-master refused to take the *Japan* to her moorings till the morning.

Amid great confusion we embarked ourselves and our luggage in one of the frail and leaking dingies. Colliding and being collided with several times, an unhealthy mist

us, we had a very uncomfortable half-hour's row to the landing-stage.

In the darkness of the half gas-lighted streets, the natives muffled up to the eyes in their long white garments, the bullock-carts, the palanquins, the gharries, all looked so strange and foreign, and the noise and bustle of the streets was oppressive to us after the dead stillness of the steamer.

Of course we went to the Great Eastern Hotel. Alas ! there is no choice of hotels for travellers, and the company, having the monopoly, do not exert themselves for the comfort of their visitors. The table-d'hôte was bewildering from the extraordinary number of servants in the room, there being from sixty to 100 guests. The "boys," or personal servants, made one row by standing each behind his master's chair, and the hotel servants another whilst handing the dishes, not counting those who were hurrying in all directions. The noise in the Great Eastern is a perpetual torment, the doors being only protected by curtains, voices and footsteps echo through the bare, marble-paved corridors. Khitmutgârs and Chuprassis creep in noiselessly from behind the curtains, and you look up suddenly to find them there, and to wonder how long they have been standing staring at you. Ayahs and tailors come to offer their services, and bric-à-brac vendors are always pushing their way into the sitting-room.

Thursday, January 8th.—A fine spring morning to greet us for our first day in India,—not too warm, for we are fortunate in being here during one of the only three

but now it is called the "City of Palaces." I should say that the former name well applies to the native quarters and bazaars, which lie in such close juxtaposition to the handsome buildings and are so unusually narrow, crowded, and dirty. The latter speaks truly of that splendid range of buildings around Dalhousie Square, and that block facing the Maidan, formed by the High Court and Government House.

Dalhousie Square is the old Tank Square, or, earlier still, was called "the green before the fort," for the ancient fort stood on the spot where now we see the magnificent dome of the Post Office.

Inside an arched gateway, at the side of this building, there are some remnants of the old walls of the fort. A plain square of pavement here shows the exact size and spot of the Black Hole of Calcutta. A short and business-like inscription is placed over the archway recording "how 123 victims perished during the night of June 20th, 1757, only 23 being found alive in the morning, confined there by order of the rebel, Suraj-ud-Dowlah."

There are besides in Dalhousie Square the block of government buildings occupying the entire length of one side of it, built of dull red brick faced with yellow stone and ending at the corner with an octagonal tower; also the Telegraph Office, and the Dalhousie Institute.

Government House is a vast yellow structure, with a small dome, standing within railed gardens. The approach is very handsome, with a broad flight of steps leading to the entrance under a portico with Corinthian pillars: but

are driven up to the unpretentious doorway *under* the entrance. Four roads with lion-guarded gateways lead up to the four entrances, there being one to each side of the house; and the Sepoy sentries, the mounted escort waiting in attendance, and the chuprassies running hither and thither—scarlet messengers with the royal insignia that you meet in all parts of the city, form a truly Vice-regal surrounding.

The houses in Calcutta have a very Eastern appearance, being painted a pale pink or buff colour, contrasting with the bright green of jalousies and balconies. Added to this, there is the strange, vivid-coloured flow of life going on in the streets below. There are Mohammedans with short-waisted linen tunic, tight trowsers, and huge unwieldy turban; Hindus with the wisp of hair at the back of the head, and the hideous caste mark or patch of clay smeared on the forehead, wrapped in the square of variegated cotton, the corner thrown over the shoulder; coolies naked, save for the single strip of muslin. A few Armenians, Chinese, and Parsees, the latter with the curious semi-conical hat peculiar to that sect, mingle in the heterogeneous crowd of a great Indian metropolis.

The women look so graceful in their flowing "sari," draped loosely about the figure and drawn over the head, with the bright pieces of metal in the forehead or the chin, with rings in noses and ears, and silver bangles worn above the elbow—in masses on the wrist, and circling round their ankles, jangling with each movement. All the women and nearly all the men wear rings on their toes. Generally

but sometimes also it is of pink or green or even of a bright yellow gauze—a single strip that is wound round so deftly as to form an entire covering for the figure.

Gharries, ticca gharries (or a gharrie of the second class) ply the streets for hire, looking with their closed, sliding doors like a miniature Black Maria, so grim is the appearance of this windowless carriage. There are many palankeens, the familiar “palkee,” painted black, and supported by four hurrying, staggering coolies. Through the half-closed doors you see the full-length figure of a luxurious native swell, smoking his hookah. Many private carriages, broughams and victorias, are about the streets occupied by the Anglo-Indian in his never-failing solar topee or tirai hat, for *no one* thinks of walking the length of the street in India. As you drive along, you are much bothered by natives with a miscellaneous collection of goods, beginning with Japanese trays and peacock screens, and ending with shaving-brushes, soap, and hair-pins, running along and thrusting their wares into the carriage.

In the afternoon we drove through the native quarter of Calcutta, through the Burra Bazaar, on our way to visit the Maharajah of Tangore.

The bazaar in every Indian town is a never-failing source of interest. It is always narrow, dirty, crowded, the inhabitants popping in and out of their filthy dens, in numbers like swarms in a beehive. But the wonderful eye for colour, and the inborn taste of architecture that belongs to every Indian, makes them marvellously picturesque and interest-

into the chowk, or narrow street, where no carriage can enter ; the curiously wrought overhanging balconies with scarlet striped blinds, from behind which peep out dark-eyed nautch girls. There is the minaret of a mosque in one corner, and the carved remains of a Hindu temple in the other. Here a group of men and women squatting over a hole in the earth, where they are pounding millet ; there some children gnawing a stick of raw sugar-cane. Donkeys, goats, and sacred bulls with bead necklaces hung around their necks wander at will about the streets. Sometimes you see a school, with the scholars squatting around their moonshee under the balcony, sing-songing in that curious monotone the Hindustanee lesson. All the manufactures are carried on in the open street, whether it be spinning or dyeing, tinkering or tailoring, or that elaborate kincob work of embroidering in gold thread. All the goods are exposed for sale on the raised step along the street, whilst the owner sits cross-legged, keeping guard over them, never in the least anxious to sell. Here you find all Indian treasures, such as Cashmere and Ramudpugger shawls, exquisite embroideries in silk and gold, Benares work, and gold and silver ornaments and bangles. I was disappointed not to see a greater variety of the latter, but it was explained to me that the women generally bring their own silver in rupees to be made into bangles, thus ensuring the true weight of the silver. You see quantities of the coarse millets, such as goar and bajra, which form the chief food of the natives, spread out to dry in green and yellow heaps in the street. Rice is too expensive in Bengal and in many

and on these millets a native subsists on an average of one penny per day.

In the chowk, family women are allowed to walk, because down this inner street of the native quarter or bazaar no gharrie can come, but even many of these cover their faces when abroad. Young married women and girls are only allowed to go in a "sedan" chair, which is a small seat carefully curtained, suspended in the shape of a tripod from a pole. Sometimes these latter peep cautiously out, but modestly withdraw at sight of us; or, again, standing at the door of their huts, women cover and flee at the approach of the "Feringis" (Europeans).

The bustees, or native villages, are a collection of mud huts, cramped together on the damp earth, devoid of ventilation and drainage. They are often built round a tank or pond, which serves as a deposit for their filth and refuse, the water being used at the same time for cooking and washing purposes. During the rains the natives suffer much, their mud huts, without foundations, settling about them, and the miasmatic vapours of the over-populated village causing a yearly epidemic of cholera. The baboos, or wealthier class, live in two-storied houses, built so as to form a hollow square, the upper story being alone used for the living-rooms, and the lower one as a stable for goats and bullocks.

The Indian city, if possible, generally lies along a river-bank, and then the bathing-ghât forms a great feature to the native quarter. Men and women bathe daily, and

But to return to the Burra Bazaar. All this and a great deal more we saw, and the entire novelty added to our zest of the enjoyment of the gay surroundings. One sad little scene was taking place in a quiet corner. Under a rude canopy stood the coffin of a child, covered with a pink pall, while some women were busy laying flowers about it, and hanging up tawdry bits of decoration.

The Maharajah of Tanjore's palace is in the midst of this native quarter. We were led through whitewashed passages, where numberless attendants were lounging about, through a balcony into a magnificent drawing-room, but which was swathed even to the chandeliers in brown holland. We thought it a typical exemplification of Eastern life, magnificence with meanness, luxury with squalor and dirt.

The maharajah appeared in morning dress, consisting of a loose drab Cashmere shawl covering him from head to foot. He is a man of about forty-five, speaks perfect English, expressing himself with great ease and fluency, and he takes the most enlightened views on the subject of English administration. The conversation lasted for upward of two hours, for my husband is most anxious during our visit to India to hear as much as possible of the *native* views on Indian affairs. The maharajah is trustee of the vernacular newspaper called the *Hindu Patriot*, whose editor C. went to see in British India Street, which may be called the Fleet Street of Calcutta—so many members of the press are there established here.

and is bordered on one side by Chowringee Road and a succession of fine palaces, and on the other by the Strand Road, the Esplanade and the Hooghley, with its sea of masts and rigging. In the centre of the Maidan stands Fort William. The High Court and Government House looks over its broad expanse. Here, too, are the Eden Gardens, and that collection of statues increased with each outgoing viceroy. The inscriptions on some of them are very fine, and full of patriotic enthusiasm. That on the equestrian statue of Lord Mayo is grand:—"To the honoured and beloved memory of the Earl of Mayo, Humane, Courteous, Resolute, and Enlightened, struck down in the Midst of a Patriotic and Beneficent Career on the 18th of February, 1872, by the treacherous hand of an Assassin. The People of India, mourning and indignant, raise this Statue." So also is that to Sir James Outram, where they say:—"His Life was given to India; in early Manhood he reclaimed wild Races by winning their hearts; Ghazni, Khelat, the Indian Caucasus, witnessed the daring deeds of his prime; Persia brought to sue for peace; Lucknow relieved, defended, and recovered, were fields of his later glories. Faithful servant of England, large-minded and kindly ruler of her subjects; in all the True Knight; 'The Bayard of the East.'"

It is towards five o'clock in the afternoon, when the miasmatic mist that rises daily at this hour, and only lifts the following morning at nine o'clock, that the Maidan is seen to perfection.

Then appear those magnificent equipages, the lumbering

they are horses imported from New South Wales), with their attendant "syces." These native servants in their long coats, girded with a sash of cords, and flat-brimmed hats, are dressed in all kinds of fanciful liveries. Free play is given to pretty combinations of colour, such as brown with old gold, purple with scarlet, green and orange, blue and silver, black and white. The number of these syces walking beside the horses, or standing up behind the carriage, flourishing fly-wisps, gives an idea of Oriental magnificence.

The Eden Gardens, so called after the sisters of Lord Auckland, who caused them to be made, are the rendezvous at that hour for all the children of Calcutta, and you see these pampered little darlings, dressed up in plush and satins, arriving in their own carriages, in charge of their ayahs, with one, or even sometimes two, men-servants in attendance, ready to play at ball or cricket with them.

On the Maidan, too, is seen the familiar sight of the troops of "bheesties" watering the roads at sundown. This primitive way of laying the dust becomes a great nuisance in crowded thoroughfares, when the bheestie is as likely as not to spurt the contents of his skin into the carriage.

Very curious figures these bheesties look as they come up from the riverside with their inverted goat-skin, the outline of the legs still seen, and slung, full to bursting, on their backs. They then begin to run along the road, ejecting the water to right and left of them by opening and closing sharply the small aperture. One would almost think that the municipality of Calcutta might have imported some

It is a very funny sight to see a native squatted on the ground before his horse in a beseeching attitude, holding up to him a handful of hay; or, again, whilst the carriages wait by the Eden Gardens, to see the servants collected around a "hubble-bubble," drawing at it and passing it round in turns.

There is generally a camp near the fort in the Maidan, and polo is played there in the afternoon. Passing the rank and fashion of Anglo-Indian society, we drove to the Belvidere, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henry. Riders Thompson. It is a very beautiful house, and was the favourite residence of Warren Hastings. We came home round the other side of the Maidan, by Chowringee Road. The prison is the first building in this road, "and No. 1, Chowringee" has become a familiar name for it.

Friday, January 9th.—Morning after morning the sun rises in an unclouded sky, and this is the only advantage of the Indian climate. You may depend on fine weather, "may settle," as some one said to me, "the exact date of a picnic two months beforehand," without fears for the weather. The rainfall of the year is condensed into the three months of July, August, and September—the rainy season, the season of malarious fevers.

We went out early, and drove to Fort William. Inside those palisaded defences and once strong walls and towers, you find broad gravelled roads laid out round the quiet quadrangles, with neat barracks and arsenals, magazines, and storerooms. There are six gateways with drawbridges,

the officers. The fort church and the Catholic chapel complete the military and non-bellicose-looking little town. In the centre there is the circular pillar with the sliding boom that daily drops at the hour of 1 p.m.

"Abdullah," our guide and native servant, then took us through the bathing-ghât on the Hooghley, and stopped before a space walled in, from the centre of which issued smoke. It was the "Nimtolla Burning-Chat," or crematorium, where the bodies of the natives are burnt.

In the centre of the square there was a burning pile, on which, face downwards, with the arms crossed behind the back, lay a body. The legs were also doubled up, but as we looked, first one and then the other relaxed with the heat and dropped down. A little further on there was a smouldering pile, where another body had been reduced to ashes, and in a corner a stretcher with a body covered over awaiting cremation. It takes three hours for each body to burn, and after it has been reduced to ashes, they are gathered up and cast into the sacred waters of the Hooghley. The Hindu lays the body on the pile, and places the fire in the mouth, but the Mohammedan (who has no caste) does the meaner parts of lighting and attending to the funeral pile. Government provides the wood and the attendants, making a charge of three rupees, seven annas, for an adult, with a reduced scale for children. Strange and wrong as it may seem to say so, there is no doubt that the horror of seeing the process seemed greatly lessened by the shade of the skin; were it white, we should not get over the ghastly sight for many a

That afternoon we drove out to the Botanical Gardens, crossing the Hooghley on a wooden bridge, and driving through the busy manufacturing suburb of Howrah, and the village of Seebpore. They are five miles from the town, and their beauty is consequently lost to Calcutta. Not one single person did we meet there that afternoon. The triad of noble trees, the banyan, with the peepul on either side, the glorious avenue of Palmyra palms, with others of asoke and mahogany branching off, are truly "wasting their freshness on a desert air."

There are groups of casuarina-trees about the lake, draped with tropical "climbers," or rattans, and a palmetum, or palm nursery, where different species of the family are tended and reared. We went into the cool, shady retreat, where the light struggles dimly through the cocoa-fibre netting on to the festoons of tropical parasites, the orchids and the ferns, forming a beautiful, natural outdoor conservatory. Passing the marble urn which bears an inscription by Bishop Heber to Dr. Roxburgh, curator of the garden, and to which so many avenues converge, we come to a grove. Under this we walked along, looking at the network of trunks, as we thought; but as we came to trace them home, we discovered that they were but gigantic roots, depending from the branches—part of the stupendous banyan-tree, that thus extends its monstrous bulk to a diameter of 800 feet. This grove is very beautiful, formed as it is of a colonnade of branches—of the 170 aërial depending roots.

As we drove home we were overtaken by one of those

through, owing to the smoke of their dung fires being unable to rise through the pall.

Saturday, January 10th.—C. went out to Dum-Dum, the military cantonment of Calcutta, to see a battalion of his old regiment, the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, quartered there. Later in the day we went to the Memorial Meeting at the Town Hall, in honour of the memory of the "Great Hindu Patriot," the late Kristodas Pal. The Maharajah of Tangore assented to my wish to go, but on being led up to the platform, I was not prepared to find myself the "only" lady amongst the thousands, chiefly natives, assembled. However, I was rewarded for the discomfort of the situation by the great interest of a speech delivered by Dr. Mohendra Lal Sircar, a homœopathic doctor, after those of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Chief Justice, Sir Richard Garth, and Sir Stewart Bayley, member of council, &c., which for eloquence and impressiveness was most remarkable.

Kristodas Pal was editor of the *Hindu Patriot*, a member of the Legislative Council, and a man of most brilliant parts and oratorical gifts—respected equally by European and native, as the representative meeting of that day testified, including as it did the highest European officials and members of council, with a large number of maharajahs and rajahs. It was terribly hot, and the meeting lasted for over two hours.

Sunday, January 11th.—To the cathedral for morning service. The exterior of the Gothic architecture is entirely spoilt by the discoloration of the stone by stress of weather, and the interior produces a curious effect in the morning light, which comes reflected through bright, blue glass. The

finest part of the cathedral is the vestry or entrance, containing some beautiful tablets and the statue of Bishop Heber. As no one in India thinks of walking, not even to church, it is here that the waiting crowd, with the police manœuvring at the file of carriages, somewhat resembles the getting away after an entertainment.

We left Calcutta by the Sealdah terminus that afternoon on an expedition to Darjeeling, the hill station in the Himalayas.

The journey across some burnt-up plains, with occasional settlements of mud huts in the neighbourhood of a gheel, or a mango tope, was very hot and dirty. At sundown we were obliged to close the windows, on account of the malarious mist rising from the marshes. A fellow-passenger, an indigo-planter, left the carriage at one of the small stations, who was going to be carried thirty-three miles in a "palkee" by sixteen coolies in relays. He told us he should sleep comfortably in the bed prepared inside, whilst they carried him all through the night "over hill and dale," and across four rivers in boats.

At eight in the evening we arrived at Damookdea, and embarked on a steamer to cross the Ganges, meanwhile having dinner on board. At Sara, on the opposite side, we settled ourselves for the night in the short, narrow carriage running on the *mètre-gauge* line, and which oscillates so very unpleasantly. There are no sleeping-cars on the Indian railways, but with a carriage to ourselves we managed seven or eight hours' sleep—not bad, when we think of the random rolling we experienced. Here is where the *rezai* and pillow

for travelling in India. Every one has them, and not only are they useful for railway travelling, but invaluable also in hotels. Many is the bitter, cold night on which we have arrived, and been shown into a grateless and fireless room, with only a single sheet on the bed.

Chota hazri and a wash at Siliguri the next morning sent us on our way rejoicing, in the little toy-train of the Darjeeling and Himalayan Railway. It is in reality a steam tramway, and runs along by the side of the old cart hill-road, on a gauge only two feet in width. The first class compartments are divided by a trellis-work, and the second and third are open cars. They run along smoothly and swiftly, raised but a few inches off the ground.

This railway is considered a great, by some "the greatest," engineering feat, mounting as it does 7000 feet into the heart of the Himalayas, with a gradient as steep as one in twenty, and radii of one to sixteen. It was undertaken chiefly for the humane purpose of giving work to the natives during the great Bengal famine of 1874. Two years saw its completion, at the moderate cost of 3000% a mile.

Creeping cautiously across the Mahanuddi River, on the crankiest of wooden bridges, we ran rapidly over the plain for nine miles, and then entered an avenue in the forest.

The ascent began through a sâl forest, densely overgrown with jungle, and then proceeded to a forest more varied with birch, maple, oak, and wild mango. The trunks of these huge trees were clothed with epiphytes, a creeper of large green leaves, of much the same shape as our "lords and ladies." It was curious to note how the higher we



one day we were to pass through varying vegetation and varying climes ; from the oppressive heat of the plain to the moist rarified atmosphere of the mountain altitudes ; from the tropical wealth of vegetation to the hardier kinds of trees and shrubs. Strangely enough, in these latter you do not see the pine, spruce fir, or larch, for the hardiest species found in the Himalayan peaks are magnolia, laurel, holly, olive, maple, and oak.

On and on through this forest-clad side of the mountain we travelled, fascinated by the dense tangle of jungle on either hand. These impenetrable depths we knew were the lair of the leopard and cheetah. We longed to see the glare of green eyes in the undergrowth, and to hear the crash of an elephant's approach. But a mild pleasure lay in the monkeys, who crept out in great numbers, and swung on the branches of the trees overhead, jabbering and mocking us as we passed. The gullies were filled with wild banana-trees, yielding a bitter, acrid fruit.

All this time we were rising rapidly above the vast plain of Bengal, that lay like a shining sheet at our feet, melting away into golden mist. We were now coming to the first of the great engineering wonders of this line of wonders—the circle. Passing *under* a bridge, we described a distinct circle round the circumference of a small hill, and, gradually ascending round the further curve, were immediately afterwards passing *over* the same identical bridge.

Here, as with all the Himalayan range, the Sikkim Hills run in tiers, one above the other, rising in the first instance sheer out of the plain. There opened before us one of those

ascent. You come upon an immeasurable hollow, and lying literally in amphitheatrical tiers beneath are ranges of mountains within the mountains, dwindling so far away, down, down, into hills, and the hills again into mere knolls, by comparison with the gigantic monsters of the background.

Frequently looking down into this crater, filled with hill-tops, we saw perched up on one a planter's bungalow and factory, with the tea-garden terracing up and down the side of the mountain—the regular lines of the stunted bushes, with the space of earth between.

Once for many miles we swept round the mighty circle of the amphitheatre, clinging halfway up on the sides of the depthless gorge; then passing from one mountain to another, gradually rising, we described a double curve, one line of rails above the other, and passing away behind the mountains, ascended others higher and farther upwards.

Thus we crept stealthily upwards, through the long morning hours.

After Gyabari, we reached the "Goompties," or long zigzags on the sides of the hill, and then came in quick succession several "reversing stations." Here the train goes backwards and forwards in short zigzags, helping us to rise some hundred feet in a very few minutes. How wonderful the Australians think their three zigzags on the Blue Mountains. What would they say to these? Again, further on, we described a perfect figure of 8. But our twistings and curvings were so wonderful, that at last we seemed to grow accustomed to see the line we were to pass just above us, the line we *had* passed just below.

the carriage was projecting over the precipice, so close the rail was laid to the edge; some were rendered more excruciatingly anxious by the train taking a sharp curve on this precarious foothold.

It is a grand and exalted feeling that takes possession of you now, when you have lost sight of the plain, and the work-a-day life being carried on there, when you are alone looking down into the spur ranges, a tumultuous mass of peaks below, and then raise the eye to the storm-beaten ones above, so near the sky as to be known only to the eye of their Creator. The Himalayas, meaning in Sanskrit the "abode of snow," are the grandest mountain-wall that Nature has ever raised.

It was becoming keenly cold. What was our agony to see creeping down the mountain-side a wall of fog and mist. We passed into the cloud, and gloom and dampness enveloped us. Darjeeling, we are always told, is "up in the clouds," and we anxiously thought how it might remain so in reality during our stay there. Our enthusiasm was suddenly quenched, and our disappointment very keen at losing all the glorious views—wiped out so ruthlessly in those few seconds. For the remainder of the journey clouds swept around us, lifting occasionally for a minute to show us the valley, where more clouds lay floating below.

We had luncheon, at an elevation of 4000 feet, at Kurlong, where the platform runs alongside of the neat hotel. At Sonadah we did not grumble at the fog so much, for at all times the air here is thick and cold, from the condensed

... of the great forests that cover the western slopes of

Up and up we climbed, the temperature rapidly falling and the cold ever increasing. The rails became greasy from the moisture, and necessitated constant stoppages to allow of the zemyndras running in front with handfuls of sand.

Occasionally we passed through the midst of some very dirty bazaar, or settlement of tumbledown huts, crowded together for warmth, and the mutual support afforded to the mud and bamboo-framed walls, which prevail even in these high latitudes. Here live the picturesque and varied mountain tribes belonging to the frontier provinces around Darjeeling, a sturdy, independent population. There are the tall Bhootas, the short and stunted Lepchas and Limboos, Nepaulese, Cabulese, and stalwart Thibetans, dashing by on their hardy mountain ponies. For the time being, with the cold atmosphere, and amongst these hardy northern tribes, we feel transported into Norway, Lapland, or Finland.

The Lepchas, the aboriginals of Sikkim, are the most picturesque among the medley of races. They are of very small stature, and thick-set frame, with a broad, flat face, oblique eyes, and high cheek-bones. The men wear their coarse black hair in one pigtail, and the women in two—often the only distinguishing feature between the sexes. The Lepcha is an arrant coward, but a born naturalist, and has a name for every shrub and plant in Sikkim. Their dress consists “of a robe of blue and white-striped cloth, woven by the women, crossed over the breast, and gathered in with an ornamented girdle.” Into this is stuck the kukerie, or short sword, which none are without. They wear a

altogether their dwarf stature, flattened faces, and excessive dirt remind one of the Laplanders.

The Limboos can always be known by their mass of black uncombed hair, hanging in elfin locks about their yellow faces. They are gross feeders, being particularly fond of pork.

The Nepaulese emigrate in large numbers to British Sikkim, where they find ready employment in the tea-gardens. British Sikkim has been called a "Cave of Adullam" for Nepaul, whose draconian laws cause offenders to flee across the border for safety.

The Bhootea race is chiefly interesting from its woman-kind. Tall and handsome are the Bhootea women, with a circlet of gold or silver framing their broad, beaming faces. They wear magnificent silver girdles, and curiously wrought necklaces, with earrings so massive that the thin strip of flesh, drawn out in the lobe of the ear, barely supports their weight. They have curious amulets set with turquoise-stones which, though much cracked and flawed, suit the quaint setting and design. The Bhootas are followers of the red-capped sect of Lamas, a kind of Buddhism, but they offer propitiatory sacrifices to evil spirits, as may be seen by the array of bamboo staffs about their huts, from which float cotton streamers and rags with type prayers, set up to frighten the spirits away.

These Bhootea women have an enormous capacity for carrying weights, being usually employed as porters at the station. They support the whole weight on their heads,

the weight being balanced round the forehead. It is

from Pukabari to Darjeeling in three days, and arrived quite fresh !

During the winter many Thibetans may be seen, coming through that mysterious and forbidden pass into Sikkim for trading purposes. In their encampments it is common to see one woman in the same tent with five or six men, as polyandry prevails among the Thibetans. Most of those rough little ponies, with their creels balanced on either side with merchandise, that we met toiling up in files, come from Thibet.

Ghoom, the highest railway station in the Old World, if not in the universe, was reached in fog. It is 7400 feet above the level of the sea. From here we ran downhill for four miles, till a turn round the angle of a jutting rock brought Darjeeling in view. A gleam of sunshine, weak and watery owing to the vapoury clouds it pierced through, showed us the hill-side, dotted with innumerable pretty bungalows.

Darjeeling lies partly in a basin formed by the mountains, and here is the bazaar and native quarter. On a mount which you would almost think Nature had purposely thrown up midway in the valley, for it, stands the Eden Sanatorium. Such a pretty, ornate building it is, where people suffering from the fever of the plains come up to be nursed by the clever Sisters of Mercy from Clewer. There is accommodation for first, second, and third class patients, so all degrees can avail themselves of the Sanatorium.

Immediately under the high mount of the Observatory Hill, on the highest ground of all, lies the pretty stone church and the white villa mansion called the Shrubberies.

Darjeeling was originally established as a sanatorium for the invalid soldiers of all the British troops in India. A cantonment was founded at Jellaphor, 700 feet higher than Darjeeling, making in all a height of 7969 feet above the level of the sea. There was a time when for soldiers to come to India, meant it was very questionable whether they would ever return. Darjeeling has been the means of restoration to thousands of England's sons, fever stricken on the plains of Bengal.

Arrived at the barnlike station, the porters—two Bhootea women, carried our luggage up to Woodland's Hotel. The dreariness of this abode could hardly be overdrawn. Dark and chill were the rooms, scant and bad the fare, and great depression ensued under such sad circumstances.

We walked down to the post-office and past the club, saw some of the rows of villas built as a speculation, and which command such exorbitant prices (1000 to 2000 rupees per month) during the season, and then the clouds returned with the close of day and we could see no more. I had got a severe chill and touch of fever from our night journey across the plain, and went to bed shivering, and very miserable.

Tuesday, January 13th.—Everybody comes up to Darjeeling with hearts full of bright promise of seeing the most glorious "snowy range" that exists in the world. Very few but go down sadder and wiser. The view, as seen from Mount Sinchul, of the range is described as almost unparalleled,—a panorama of pure white peaks as far as the eye can reach. And then, rising from among this sea of

—Mount Everest (29,000 feet), lying in Nepaul, about eighty miles away as the crow flies. The small peak takes the appearance of a soldier's helmet without the spike.

It is a lottery whether travellers going for a few days up to Darjeeling will ever have the chance of seeing the snowy range; very fortunate are those few who do.

Thus, on this morning we talked of getting up early and trying the expedition to Mount Sinchul. Of course it is a question of riding, for at these hill-stations there are no carriages, and you must ride, be carried in a "dandy" or in a "palkee," or perhaps be drawn in a jinricksha. There was, however, a thick fog at Darjeeling, and the hope was at best so forlorn of a glimpse, that we gave up the idea.

C. went up to the cantonment to breakfast with an old brother-officer of the 23rd, and when he came back we decided that it was more prudent, on my account (for I was feeling very unwell), to descend to more comfortable quarters in lower altitudes.

The train was full, but the station-master offered to take us down to Kursiong on a trolly. The trolly was attached to the train and we were dragged the four miles uphill to Ghoom. Then, after shunting and getting in front of the train, we were let loose—down the hill.

Oh, the awful sensation of that first rush downhill! We lost our breath. We were blind. We were cutting the air in twain, so sharp was our concussion against the element. We clung on for our lives. We swung round the corners, raising a cloud of dust to mark our fleeting course. After the first alarm it was delightful.

and excitement were entrancing. We scudded down the hill, increasing the speed from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. The break put on just before a curve steadied the trolly round it, and then removed, with fresh impetus we dashed along the level incline. We scattered all before us : affrighted children hid their faces, cocks and hens flew at our approach, and dogs slunk away. The entire population of the bazaars rushed out to gape open-mouthed at us. Ponies and horses shied and plunged violently, being far more frightened by our little Flying Dutchman than by any train. Whiz and whir, and they were all left far behind.

The air was bitterly cold, and C.'s moustache was freezing hard ; but we thought not of this, but of keeping our breath and our seats. Now we were wrapped in a cloud, unable to see more than a few yards before us ; the next instant under the influence of a gleam of sunshine.

We drew up at a signal-box at Toon. The descent to earth was too cruelly sudden, and all that remained to us of our glorious ride on a trolly were the tingling sensations in every limb,—the quickened flow of blood in our veins.

The sudden check came in the form of an announcement from the signalman that a luggage-train had just left the lower station, and we were an instant too late to stop it. We were asked if we were afraid to risk meeting it on the single line. Wound up to a "dare devil" mood, we scorned the idea, and taking on board a man to wave the red flag of danger we started off again. But now we were cautiously creeping round the fog-hidden corners. In the twistings of

the approaching train, and obscured any distant view. We listened with all our might, strained every nerve to keep a sharp look-out, only indulging in a feeble "run" on the straight.

Just as we were once doing this, a man breaking stones on the road sprang forward to stop us, and, pulling up sharply, for the trolley is fitted with a ~~break~~ that brings it to a dead stop within six yards, we heard the labouring puff, puff of the engine quite close upon us, and the black monster loomed through the fog. It was the work of a minute to lift the trolley off the line. The train passed, and we reached Kursiong a few minutes afterwards. We had done twenty miles under the hour, and gained fifty minutes on the mail-train.

This gave us just the time we wanted for a visit to one of the tea-gardens in the valley.

It was too early for operations to be going on, but the whole process was kindly explained to us by the manager in the Kursiong Tea Company's plantation.

After the seed is planted it requires three years before attaining to full growth and production, and altogether six years must elapse without profit to the planter. At the end of this period the stem is from three to four feet in height. It is then pruned during the months of November to February, when the sap is down, to two feet in height, and this is an operation requiring great care. "Flushes," viz. new shoots, will continue to appear at intervals varying from fifteen to twenty days during these months. Each "flush"

for the next shoot to start from. According to the leaves plucked are the different classifications of tea. For instance, in a flush of four leaves, the first would be called Orange or Flowery Pekoe, the second Souchong, the third Congou, and the fourth Bohea or broken tea. The classification varies with the different districts.

At five o'clock in the evening the factory gong sounds, and the pluckers bring their baskets to the withering-loft, where the leaves are laid in thin layers on the floor till the following morning. Then the test of its being dry, by seeing whether the leaf is still green enough to crackle is applied, after which it is put into the rolling machine. This machine is a heavy weight, which moves alternately to one corner of the square slab, and then returns to the opposite one; thus giving the leaf a double twist. It is hand-rolled afterwards if necessary. Then it is left to ferment, the process of fermentation being the most delicate and crucial operation for the tea. Great experience is necessary to know the exact moment when fermentation should be stopped. The leaf is spread in thin layers over a charcoal fire, and finally sifted by means of a machine, which has trays of different degrees of coarseness, allowing the finest tea, or Pekoe, to pass to the lowest division. The remaining, or broken tea, is then put through a breaking machine, and sold as coarse tea. Lastly the tea is packed in lead, and in boxes containing eighty maunds exported to England. There is great depression in the Indian tea-trade, owing to its being found impossible to compete with the cheaper production of China. Darjeeling is one of the great centres for Indian tea, Assam being the other

We got places in the mail at Kursiong, and all through the afternoon were gently descending, thoroughly enjoying the splendour of the views we had missed in the fog coming up. Every 1000 feet of descent brought an atmosphere twenty degrees warmer: very pleasant to us after our sufferings from the cold. The wheels being heavily dragged made a strangely melodious music (impossible as it may seem), like that produced by running the finger round the edge of a glass.

At Teendaria, where the railway workshops are situated, the engine-driver asked us to come on to the engine, and we had a charming ride perched up one on each side of the brakesman. The engine was turned back foremost, that the driver might the better be enabled to see the steep gradients, and we had a magnificent view from our post of observation. Every time that we passed under a bridge, lest any passenger should protrude his head, I blew the whistle thrice; and I was only sorry when we reached Siliguri, and the journey was at an end.

Here we had dinner, and were fortunate enough to get a saloon to ourselves, where we slept soundly till we reached Sara at 6.30 the next morning. Embarking once more on the steam-ferry, crossing the Ganges, and seeing the sun rise over its waters, we reached Calcutta at twelve the same morning.

Thursday, January 15th.—At the invitation of Mr. Rustumjee, the head of a large Parsee family, well known and respected in commercial circles, we paid a visit to his house on Chowringee. We found the members of the family, twenty-three all told, including three generations

gathered under the paternal roof. The Parsee dress for women is very graceful and becoming. A robe of soft material, generally silk, covers the head, falling away from one shoulder, drawn over the other, and descending in graceful folds to the ankles. A white band across the forehead, like that of a nun's, gives a grave and sad look to the face. The colours chosen among the upper classes are usually soft greys, or browns, or purples; but amongst the lower orders you see the bright sea-green and cerise colours peculiar to the Parsee women. The children wear little silk pantaloons; even those of the poorer classes are made of silk, and no inferior material is used; the long white tunic of muslin, the "shasta," which no Parsee is without, the short jacket, usually of velvet, and the embroidered skull-cap. The men for the most part wear European dress, and are distinguished only by that square, receding hat of black or purple satin, that I could not help remarking was useful on one occasion as a pin-cushion, and on another as a card-case, during the few times that we were with Parsee gentlemen.

The daughters of the house spoke English perfectly, and were well read and well informed. Fifteen years ago, Parsee ladies were "purdah women," or confined to the zenana; but the restriction has been gradually lapsing as their views become more enlarged.

We dined in the evening at Government House to meet the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; a state dinner of seventy, followed by a reception.

The next morning we were up at 6 a.m., and drove on to

the whereabouts of the troops was undiscoverable at first. Fortunately it lifted just before the arrival of the viceregal carriage containing the Duchess and Lady Dufferin, which took up its position by the royal standard. In the march past the naval brigade came first, followed by the volunteers, who possess a unique feature in their fine body of mounted infantry, and then followed our troops. But what excited our admiration most was the magnificent marching of the native infantry from the Punjaub. Men of grand physique and carriage ; nothing could exceed the perfect unity and compactness of the line, as with one foot they marched, with one body they moved. Their uniform of scarlet faced with buff, with loose trowsers gathered in by white gaiters, added to their general smartness.

We were home to breakfast at nine o'clock. Afterwards C. went to a meeting of the Legislative Council, and heard the now celebrated Mr. Ilbert speak, and we then visited together the High School on Chowringee for the free education of Eurasians—the name given by Lord Auckland to half-castes, or those whose parents come the one from Europe, the other from Asia.

In the afternoon we drove across Tolly's Nullah, or the canal excavated at the expense of Colonel Tolly, to the very dreary and deserted Zoological Gardens. Every maharajah has his own band, in uniform, which they permit to play in the Eden Gardens and in public places. It was that of the Maharajah of Cooch Bahar that was playing in the gardens this afternoon. The latter, well known in society circles at Calcutta, is considered a most promising young man.

Europeanized ; recites, plays polo, tennis, and cricket, and dances like an Englishman.

Driving home by my favourite Maidan, we saw anchored by the banks the *Palgrave*, 3400 tons, the largest sailing-vessel afloat in the world.

In the evening we went to the ball given at Government House in honour of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the first of the new viceroyalty. The display of costly robes, magnificent jewels, and diamond aigrettes worn by the Maharajahs and Rajahs, both this evening and the previous one, added much to the brilliancy of the rooms. Eight hundred were able to sit down at the same moment to supper in the marble halls, a feat only equalled, I believe, at the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

Saturday, January 17th.—We went to a presentation of prizes at the City College, for natives, in Mirzapore Street. It was interesting to hear the scholars sing a Bengali hymn of welcome, and recite a very lively dialogue, which, after listening to for some minutes, we discovered was a scene from “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” With gesticulation and expression far happier than would be found in English schools, they represented the scene where Topsy is brought before Mrs. Walker as incorrigible. Then a Bengali scholar knelt on the corner of the platform, and with hands clasped, and his large liquid eyes upturned, repeated, “Abide with me.” There was something very curious in hearing thus the old familiar words repeated so earnestly, yet in such strong guttural accents that it was well-nigh unrecognizable.

subject came up after this, obscuring the air, and whirling the dust in a typhoon in the streets. It cooled the air by several degrees, but prevented us from fulfilling our wish of finding out in the churchyard of St. John's the grave of Job Charnock, the real founder of Calcutta.

On the eve of our departure from Calcutta we dismissed the native servant we had engaged for our tour in the North-West Provinces, and whom we had been told was absolutely necessary for travelling in India. We found we were always running after him, instead of he after us, and we determined to adhere to our original plan, hitherto so successful, of travelling without the encumbrance of servants.

We left Calcutta that evening at eight o'clock, that is by Madras time, which the East India Railway follows, or at 8.30 by Calcutta time. There was a great crowd at the Howrah Terminus, on account of Saturday being one of the nights on which the mail-train leaves for Bombay, and we were unlucky in not getting a carriage to ourselves.

CHAPTER V.

THE SHRINES OF THE HINDU FAITH.

THE next morning we awoke to find ourselves on the fruitful and cultivated plain of Bengal. We were flying by mud settlements, and passing through numberless paddy-fields, rice, pân, or betel-nut plantations. Here and there we came upon a field white with the poppy of the opium plant, or with a tall, standing crop of castor-oil shrub. Others again were filled with barley, and those coarse millets on which the natives subsist ; and all the crops were kept alive and green by that terribly laborious process of irrigation. How familiar we became with the inclined causeway, up and down which the yoke of oxen toil, the native riding on the rope which draws the water up in leathern bags, and empties it into the irrigating channels. Each patch of cultivation, each field, has to be watered by this toilsome method.

One unconsciously acquires the idea that India is a country covered with vast primeval forest and jungle.

to Calcutta, without seeing a vestige of either. Often we saw a herd of buffaloes, or a troop of monkeys, while paroquets, the little green love-birds, and other tropical species of the feathered tribe, perched along the telegraph wire. Here and there also a solitary heron, with grey wings and red bill, standing solemnly on the edge of a marshy pool.

The trains are heavy and enormously long, on account of the immense numbers of natives travelling, their rates being as low as one-third the first-class fares. The native servants are locked into a compartment next to the first class, where their masters are. There are outside venetian shutters to all the carriages, and every other window of the long carriage has blue or coloured glass—very charming, doubtless, for the glare of summer, but a great nuisance now, with short days and an early twilight. The refreshment-rooms on all the lines are exceptionally good; we have often dined there in preference to the hotel; but as for the luxuries of Indian travelling you often hear about, we did not find them. True, the Anglo-Indian invariably travels with an army of servants, a well-stored hamper, and thinks sixty pounds of ice in the carriage indispensable, but he is an exceptional mortal. A triangle, or fork of steel, thrice struck, and which gives forth a clear, melodious tone, is the signal at the stations for the “all aboard.” Such is a description which fairly answers to all our succession of long railway journeys in India.

At 1 p.m. we crossed the bridge over the Kurumnasa, a river abhorred by the Indians, hence its name, signifying “virtue destroyer,” and which forms the boundary line

line brought us to Rajghat, the station for Benares, as the city lies away on the further bank of the Ganges.

We crossed the Ganges on a bridge of boats, and from here obtained that magnificent *coup-d'œil* of the river frontage, with its palaces, its mosques and temples, its terraces and flights of steps, that is so striking. Rising above all the confused mass of buildings are the two beautiful minarets of the Mosque of Aurungzebe, slightly turned eastwards to catch the first gleams of the rising sun over the sacred waters.

It is four miles to Sekrole, the European quarter, and to reach it we drove through the narrow, crowded lanes of the native town, clustering most thickly near the river. Mud has been a mighty factor in the making of Benares. It is of mud that the walls of the huts are built ; mud that forms the fence around fields and compounds ; mud that protects the newly planted trees ; and, lastly, it is mud in which the little brown babies in the streets are dabbling to their heart's content.

There are hedges and bushes—rather trees I should call them—of cacti growing in all directions. Here we saw weaving being carried on by the roadside, in a very primitive fashion. A double row of stakes were placed at long intervals, and women, walking up and down, were winding the thread in and out. It produced a very pretty effect when the thread was of bright red, and the simple loom some yards in extent. Then we saw for the first time that comical little native carriage called the ekka. The trappings of the pony are gaudy, and the bamboo shafts are

collar. The carriage itself is like a diminutive gig with a bamboo head, producing exactly the effect of a "curricie" standing on end.

On arriving at Clark's Hotel we found we were just in time for evening service, for which the bell was tolling from the church in the compound opposite.

Monday, January 19th.—By seven o'clock we found ourselves driving down to the banks of the Ganges, to see one of the most animated and picturesque sights of India.

The bathing-ghât is a bright-coloured hive, swarming with a religious people performing the ceremony of bathing in the sacred waters. A "budgerow," or ancient barge, glides slowly with us up and down along this splendid river frontage. For one mile these palaces and temples line the bank, facing every way, joining each other at right angles, with ancient stairways and broken walls hidden under the foliage of some sacred peepul or feathery tamarind.

These palaces take pink or green or yellow tints—those tender shades, those pale varieties, seen only in eastern climes, under the true azure clearness of an eastern sky. The dark weather stains and the crumbling cornices are all in harmony. The basement of these palaces presents a plain surface of wall, and the living rooms are in the two upper storeys, whence spring the arches and the pillars, the fretwork of the balconies, the carvings,—all those varieties and medleys of architecture which render these palaces so quaintly curious. For the most part they belong to the native princes, the maharajahs and rajahs, who, beside their provincial palaces, each have one at Benares where they



of the zenana and the members of the household are brought here also to die.

On the broad steps of the ghât, and on the hundreds of platforms running out into the river, the entire population of Benares are gathered to bathe at this early hour of the morning. A gorgeous *coup-d'œil* the banks present. The steps are bright with the thousands of brass pots which each worshipper brings down with him. Rainbow patches are seen at frequent intervals, where the pink and yellow, green and orange saris, spread out to dry on the beach, form long streaks of colour. And these are repeated above in the same gay streamers depending from the windows and balconies of the palaces, and that are floating lazily in the breeze. A brilliant spectacle it is, which, when examined in detail, presents at every turn some strange picture, some new feature of the Hindu religion.

On the steps are squatted men, with eyes tightly shut, saying their prayers towards the rising sun, laying their fingers to their noses, touching the water with their foreheads three times. An old Shastri up there is chanting the sacred words in droning tones, another is seated under the shade of one of the bamboo umbrellas that dot the banks, selling garlands for offerings to the gods, or ready with his clay to remake the caste mark after bathing. Many, with upturned chins, are having a cold shave; some washing their heads with mud, which lathers up, and does not make such a bad substitute for soap after all. They are using the toothbrush, or substituting a finger for the same. There are Brahmins, generally bathing in batches together, and known by the

preparing their little offerings of leaves and flowers to throw into the river, the whole surface of which is strewn with the orange marigolds thus sacrificed. There are three women coming down the steps, a brilliant study of orange, amber, and russet: here a whole family-party bathing together. From one of the palaces above proceeds forth weird, deep-toned, and monotonous music, sounding forth over the heads of this vast multitude, reaching even to the few coolies who are bathing from the mud banks on the further shore.

Under the gilt dome and square red pagoda of the Nepaulese temple, that lies under the shadow of the King of Nepaul's palace, there are a file of pilgrims but just arrived from their distant border country. In the midst, and not in the least apart from the careless, chattering throng, is the Manikarnika Ghât, the most sacred of all the burning-ghâts of the Ganges. The charred remains of one body are on the smouldering pile, and another, the body of a woman, wrapped in a bright violet sari, lies floating feet foremost in the water. The head is uncovered, for the priests are shaving the hair, and placing the clay in the mouth.

A fleet of budgerows like our own are drifting along the bank, and here and there we see moored a "mohrpunkee," or peacock barge. The head of the peacock forms the handsome prow, while the tail is represented along either side, a very favourite and sacred boat with the Hindus. Here the steps are sinking slantways into the water, and we are shown the Leaning Temple, which is quite out of the perpendicular,

others around it. A huge yellow monster sits propped against the wall, the thankoffering of a paralytic cured by bathing in the Ganges. Numberless Hindu temples, known always by the tower of crenulated *smaller* towers tapering to the largest and crowning one, are seen behind and in between the palaces. They are found in every part and corner of the sacred city. Above all is always seen the landmark formed by the slender minars of the Great Mosque.

We went up into one of the palaces, and you are surprised at the beautiful carving of the pillars leading into the inner courts, the carved doors and lattice-work, the rambling dimensions, and the rabbit-warren propensities of the building.

We then climbed up a mountain by steps to reach the Man Mandil Observatory. Here we saw a most wonderful collection of rude astronomical instruments, constructed 150 years ago. On the flat roof of the building there are several charts of the heavens drawn roughly into the stone, and still traceable. There are some instruments of gigantic size, which include two enormous arcs, reached by a stone staircase in the centre, belonging to the "gnomon," an instrument for ascertaining the declination and distance of any star or planet from the meridian. Then there is the mural quadrant, for taking the sun's altitude, which has walls eleven feet high and nine broad, built in the plane of the meridian. The observatory brought us out by some narrow back streets to the carriage, and we were glad to think of returning home for breakfast.

Before visiting any of these "shrines of the Hindu faith."

mythology, it is infinitely complex, but two great divisions are distinguished, in the followers of Siva and the followers of Vishnu. Under various names, and in varied forms, these are the two gods most worshipped.

Siva is at once the Destroyer and the Reproducer, the emblem of life and death—the god of sound philosophical doctrine. In a more terrible aspect he is worshipped as the Roarer, the Dread One. He is represented with a human head with five faces, and a body with four arms, with a club and-necklace of skulls. His wife is Devi, the goddess, worshipped as the gentle “Una,” or “Light,” or in the terrible form of Kali, or Durga, “a black fury, dripping with blood, hung with skulls.” The Brahmins, true to the higher instincts of their caste, worship Siva as the destroyer and reproducer of life, hanging garlands about the god, and leaving the lower castes to pour out the blood of their victims before the terrible Kali.

Vishnu, or the Unconquerable Preserver, has ten or twenty-two incarnations, or avatars, on earth, which give rise to an almost equal number of pretty legends. He is an easy-going god, very human, and the popular deity. He is worshipped under the various names of Krishna, Ráma, Jaganath or the “Lord of the World,” and Ganesh, when he is represented with an elephant’s head.

Buddhism claims many of the nation as its followers, and its birthplace was at Benares. Gautama Buddha, “the Enlightened,” was born near Benares in 543 B.C. He preached to the low caste, and taught “that the state of a man in this life, in all previous and in all future lives, is the

but great duties, combined with perfect self-control. No wonder that, with a religion approaching so nearly to the true one, he still numbers in Asia 500 millions of followers. Buddhism has more adherents than any other religion in the world.

Very closely connected with the subject of religion is that of caste, which forms the basis of all society and religion in India.

There may be said to be four great divisions of caste. The Brahmins or priests; the Kshatriyas or Rajputs, who are warriors; the Vaisyas or husbandmen; and the Sudras or serfs. The Brahmin in ancient days was the priest, the poet, the philosopher, physician, astronomer, and musician of the people. For twenty-two centuries he was the writer and thinker for the whole nation; he formed its grammar and literature. Even now he is distinguished by his slim figure, fair skin, and long thin hands unaccustomed to work, from the flat nose and thick lips of the low caste.

The Brahmin used to say, that at the beginning of the world "the Brahmin proceeded from the mouth of the Creator, the Kshatriya from his arms, the Vaisya from his thighs or belly, and the Sudra from his feet." The legend is so far true, that the Brahmins were the brain-power of the Indian people, the Kshatriyas its armed hands, the Vaisyas the food-growers, and the Sudras, the down-trodden serfs.

The castes may not intermarry. None of the higher caste may eat of the food cooked by a man of lower caste. The greatest punishment that can be inflicted upon

marks, white stripes across the forehead and breast, or a white and red spot in the centre of the forehead.

In its social aspect, caste divides the Hindus into guilds, each trade belonging to a different caste and forming a guild for the mutual support of its members. These guilds act also as a kind of trades' union, and its members have been known to strike, if necessary. All domestic servants such as syces, kitmutgars, and bheesties belong to a low caste. Caste is a very complex question, depending as it does upon three divisions, viz. "upon race, occupation, and geographical position." Besides the four great castes above mentioned, there are more than 3000 other minor caste divisions.¹

The Mahommedans form an important unit in the population of India. Of the 200 millions of people under British rule they number forty-five millions. The Mussulman may be distinguished from the Hindu by two features in his dress. His coat is fastened on the left side, in contradistinction to the "right side" of the Hindu. His turban is formed of yards of stuff loosely wound round his head, while that of the Hindu is generally tightly wreathed or plaited.

The city of Benares is a "holy of the holies" to the Hindu. Half a million gods are said to be worshipped in the shrines and niches lying in and round about the city for some miles. One thousand temples are within her walls. The streets are full of the aged and dying, brought here to expire, for they think Benares is "the gate of

heaven." Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims come annually to bathe in the waters. Those afflicted with that terrible deformity of elephantiasis take refuge here, and lepers lie about in the streets exciting the compassion and alms of pilgrims. Leprosy is seen in both its forms; that one, the most painful and agonizing, too revolting for description, and the other, when the skin literally becomes "white as snow," presenting a very awful appearance when seen in partial effect on the dark skin of the natives.

After tiffin we resumed our sight-seeing, beginning again with that long dusty drive to the city, of which we were wearying already. Threading our way through a lane of the native quarter, pursued by the hungry crowd of beggars and guides, all greedy for endless backsheesh, we entered a small square. Here, under a red temple in the centre, was a well, into which women were casting flowers. It was the child-bearing well, where childless women come with floral offerings to propitiate the goddess. Just in front stood a huge stone bull, the sacred bull of the Hindu worship. In every part of the city you see tame bulls, roaming about at will, who are still never killed by the Hindu. They live in the temples and mosques, and share with the flocks of goats kept for sacrificial purposes the refuse of the city.

The filth, the dirt, the smells of these temples are indescribable. After passing through one which had a curious cupola and a minaret at each corner, with fine open-work carving, we mounted some steps and stood opposite the Golden Temple. The spire of the central dome, and the four smaller domes flanking each corner, are covered with

of one Ranjeet Singh. The temple is dedicated to Siva, the presiding deity of Benares, and in each division we find a "mahadeo" or monolith, a plain conical stone set upright. The mahadeo is the symbol of the "linga," or creative principle, and is found in every temple or shrine, in every niche set up by the roadside, throughout India. It becomes a familiar object of the Hindu worship.

After this we had a long drive to the Durga Kund, the celebrated Monkey Temple.

The antiquity of everything in India strikes us very much. The women in their muslin draperies drawing water at the wells bring to mind some Biblical picture. Their earthenware jars and pitchers resemble the old Egyptian vessels; while the rude ox-carts, with their clumsy wooden wheels, are like the Roman chariots.

As we drive along we are delighted with quaint carvings over gateways, wayside temples, and rude drawings on the wall, representing hydra-headed monsters, or blue and scarlet elephants, meeting with their trunks in deadly combat.

We are first aware of being in the neighbourhood of the temple, by the monkeys who are perching on the housetops and swinging in the trees. Fed regularly by the attendants, numbers swarm in and about the temple, fat, portly fellows of a rich orange colour, all "living deities" to the Hindu.

The Durga Kund is built in a graceful pyramidal form, quaintly carved with all the animals of the Hindu mythology. It is painted a dark red colour, and the porch at the

a large bronze bell, the gift, it is said, of a European magistrate. The silver goddess is seated inside a shrine, and before the revengeful Durga stands a bowl of blood, mingling with some floral offerings. The fat Brahmins in charge collected a crowd of monkeys in the court by scattering some grain. From all parts they sprang up, mothers with their babes clinging round their bodies, and patriarchal monkeys gibbering and swinging down from the airy pinnacles of the temple. Outside we noticed the wooden block and hatchet, smeared with blood, where the kids are killed for sacrifice ; and the monkey-tree, a hollow tree where all the baby monkeys are born.

There was no time to visit any more of the 1000 temples of Benares, many of which are dedicated to strange uses ; such as that of the Goddess of Hunger, where a large number of beggars are daily fed ; that of Dandpan, the policeman of Benares, whose priest chastises the offender against law and order with a birch of peacock's feathers ; or the Manikarnika, a well of putrid water, held very sacred, and supposed to have been filled in the first instance by the perspiration of Vishnu ; nor the Well of Jali, where the future is seen reflected in the water at noon, the only hour when the sun's rays reach its surface.

Then we visited a bazaar or chowk. It is a picturesque little world, very busy about its own business, and confined in a thoroughfare only a few feet wide. Above, the gables of the houses nearly meet, and the overhanging balconies with wooden carvings obscure the light. Cross-legged on

to the street. Of course we were in search of the Benares brass-work, and with great interest we watched the simple method by which the elaborate patterns are traced. An ordinary nail run deftly up and down, and gently hammered on the brass vase or bowl, forms the fretted ground, while the pattern is picked out carefully afterwards. Quite young boys were employed on this and on the kincob work, the gold and filagree embroidery on cloth for which Benares is also famous. "Up two pair back," and in dark workshops, we found and chose what we wanted.

Whilst the inevitable waiting for the packing up ensued, we were summoned to the balcony by the sound of the tom-tom, and the shrill and plaintive note of the bagpipe flute. Down the narrow mediæval street, carrying us back to the twelfth century, came a gay procession, preceded by a merry crowd, pushing a way for itself. It was a wedding-party returning after the ceremony. The boy bridegroom mounted on a white horse was being led in the centre, the girl bride followed in the same way, and then there came the relations and friends carrying the presents and offerings in kind and produce.

Returning home through the bird-market we saw a disgusting act of cruelty. Four crows were lying on their backs on the ground, their feet and wings tied together, while a fiendish old man with white hair kept watch over them. For two or three days he would have kept them like this, without food or water, trembling with fright, on the chance of some pious Hindu passing by and paying a few pice for their release. We indignantly gave him an

and fly away, though one we feared still had his feet tied together, as he only just reached and dropped on to the wall in safety. The natives are hideously cruel to animals. They twist the tail of a bullock round and round till you hear the muscles and sinews cracking. It is rare to see a cart drawn by a bullock without some running sore where the yoke chafes, and donkeys and horses are so tightly hobbled that they cannot move or lie down.

A gentleman truly remarked to us, "There are three stages through which Englishmen pass when travelling or living in India. First there is extreme sympathy with the native, and surprise at the rough treatment of the Anglo-Indian; this is followed by intense disgust at their cruelty, laziness, and ingratitude; and, lastly, he passes into an indifferent state, accepting the native as he is." This second stage I think we reached to-day, after having certainly gone through the first on landing.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg Schwerin, with Don Carlos, the unsuccessful candidate for the Spanish throne, are staying in the hotel. When we arrived home this evening we found the balcony covered with baskets of fruit and vegetables, bouquets of flowers, with baked sweetmeats, brought to them as offerings of respect by the natives. The laughing of jackals around the house, and the trumpeting of a neighbouring elephant, made night hideous for us.

Tuesday, January 20th.—We had again to be up very early, and drive down to the ghât, where the Secretary of the Maharajah of Benares (the Maharajah himself being

Fort and Palace. Through some misunderstanding we failed to find the boat, but we were just as happy and interested in again rowing up and down the ghât for two hours, seeing a repetition of yesterday's gay scene, till it was time to go to the station for the train to Allahabad.

At the junction of Mogul Serai we saw an amusing scene. Some purdah ladies on a pilgrimage to Benares were hurried out of their compartments, and, with their heads completely covered, hustled across the platform and pushed into a reserved carriage. Here a curtain was hastily hung up over the open grating which alone divides the third-class carriages.

During the afternoon we passed Chunar, celebrated for its quarries of fine yellow durable stone, and Mirzapore, a large cotton-manufacturing town. At five o'clock we were crossing the Jumna on a magnificent bridge, and about to reach Allahabad.

Allahabad, or the "City of Allah," is a very sacred place, situated as it is on a tongue of land formed by the junction of two such hallowed rivers as the Ganges and the Jumna. The Hindus say there is a third river which is invisible, flowing direct from heaven, and adding its waters unseen to the others. We are fortunate in being here now, as January and February are the great months of pilgrimage, and during that time hundreds of thousands come down to bathe. Allahabad is known to the ordinary and non-religious world as the seat of the Government of the North-West Provinces and Oude.

In the dusk we explored the compound, where polo was

Canning Town. Up and down the broad and dreary roads bordering the burnt-up plains of grass we drove in search of Mr. Lawrence's, the District Commissioner's bungalow, which we found, only to be told he was away. Quite familiar we became that evening with the principal feature of Allahabad, the long straight military and civil lines, with their rows of bungalows.

Wednesday, January 21st.—A cold, bright morning. After that indispensable meal of the Anglo-Indian, chota hazri, or early tea and toast, we drove out to the Fort. Such a wonderful spectacle presented itself to us as we emerged out into the open. Across the broad plain flocked thousands of pilgrims, in one continuous stream, all going down in the early morning to bathe at that sacred spot where the Ganges and Jumna effect a junction. They formed a bright ribbon of rainbow colours, streaming across the flat plain, winding with the turnings of the road. For a mile or more the line extended, and the throng was constantly swelled by stragglers hurrying across the plain to join them. As we drew near we saw what a motley procession it formed. Crowded ekkas with the members of an entire family perched up or clinging to its sides, solitary horsemen, children mounted on donkeys, vendors and mountebanks, mingling with the throng of pedestrians,—of men, women, and children, all bound on the same errand, all hurrying to the same spot.

From the earthen ramparts of the Fort we looked down on the curious sight. The delta of sand was covered with a rude encampment, and at the furthest point where the rivers joined, the banks were invisible from the swarm of

along the plain became absorbed in the black moving mass. The pilgrim, on arrival here, sits down on the bank, and has his head and body shaved, allowing each hair to fall separately into the water, in sure belief in the promise of the sacred writings, which tells him that for every hair thus deposited a million years' residence in heaven is secured.

The redstone Fort was built by Akbar in 1572, but it presents but a very modern appearance now, filled with the scarlet coats of our regiments, and the "carkee" of the sepoy, whilst the magnificent bullocks of the Transport Department occupy a corner of the compound. In the centre of the Fort stands a beautiful monolith, surrounded by a garden. The jagged top shows it has been broken off short, and there are two very ancient Pali inscriptions, barely decipherable on the polished sides. It is one of the "three Asoka's columns," dating from 235 B.C.; the second we had seen at Benares, and the other has been recently set up at Delhi.

In one corner of the Fort we saw a group of natives, who were being admitted in parties through a gateway, and conducted by a sepoy through a subterranean passage. Down this we went, and found ourselves in a crypt underground, quite dark, and with walls green and mouldy from the trickling damp. By the light of the sticks, laid in a brass pan of oil, we saw some hideous deformities representing gods, smeared with red paint, and many mahadeos, set up amongst the pillars of this underground temple. As we turned round one of the arches in wandering about, a weird picture appeared to us. Before a burning brazier crouched

caught the reflection of the tinsel and gaudy decoration; lighted up the brass-headed god behind, and showed the branching trunk of a tree. This is the old banyan-tree, at least 1500 years old, and which is still worshipped by the natives. We contributed our quota to the little pile of money already spread out before the god.

During the Mutiny the Europeans took refuge in the Fort, where many of them died of cholera and privations.

Allahabad is a favourite military station, though the heat reflected from the surrounding plains is terrific in summer. Once more we explored its dreary lengths of road, of which we learnt there are no less than seventy-nine miles in the city and immediate suburbs. We passed the Memorial Hall to Lord Mayo, whose tower, with that of the Town Hall now building, are prominent landmarks in the surrounding flatness, and returned to Lawrie's Hotel to breakfast.

We left Allahabad at noon, and travelled through the rich valley of the Doab, 100 miles, to Cawnpore. Leaving Cawnpore to visit on our return journey, we changed to the Oude and Rohilkund miserable line of railway, and arrived at Lucknow late at night.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SCENES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

Thursday, January 22nd.—Lucknow has been given by the natives the pretty name of the “City of Roses.”

It is needless to say that on this our first morning in Lucknow, our steps were naturally directed to the Residency, before whose grand and grim remembrances the gimcrack beauty of the palaces, the mosques, and the tombs, pale into uninteresting insignificance.

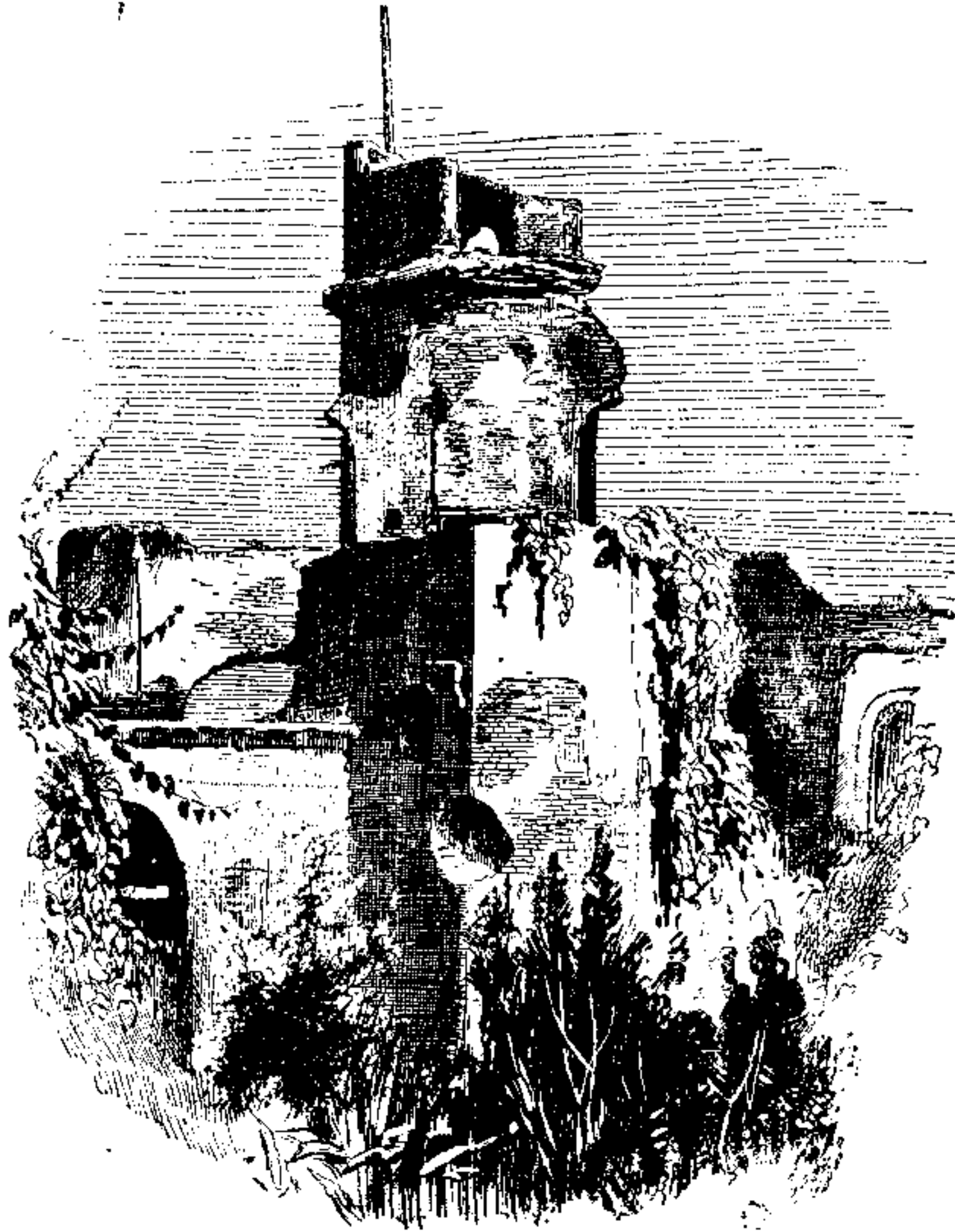
A bright, chill October morning it was, and I say October because, added to the keenness of the air, the leafless and withered branches of the trees gave to Lucknow an autumnal look. The terrific storm of hail which passed over the city fourteen days ago, and which during its five minutes’ visitation played such havoc amongst the trees, has stripped and left them leafless.

The Residency is not in the least disappointing. It is like what we should imagine and picture to ourselves. An unimposing gateway, flanked by two turret towers, with broken walls and ditches. Nothing grand or striking about

walls and buildings riddled with shot, and showing large cavities where a shell has burst, tell its simple but awful tale of bitter suffering. Here for five long months a little band of 1800 heroic Englishmen, with 400 or 500 faithful sepoy, defended themselves bravely, starvation staring them in the face, looking day by day for the relief which so tardily came. So closely invested were they by the ferocious hordes of rebels, that the sepoy within were taunted by the rebels without the entrenchment. Morning after morning the enemy's battery opened fire, weakening day by day their feeble defences, attacking first one position and then another, always repulsed, but always with some ill-spared loss to the small body of defenders. The Residency ruins extend for a mile and a half, and looking round now at the low walls, in no part more than four feet high, and the shallow trenches, it seems well-nigh impossible how the defenders kept at bay the rebels so long as they did. Everything is left as far as possible as it was at the time of "the Relief." At the suggestion of the Prince of Wales, tablets have been let into the walls, and posts erected at all the famous points of defence. We trace thus the position of each regiment, and even the rooms in the several houses in the Residency enclosure, occupied by the officers' wives before the siege.

Grand as the study of the general outline is—of each spot memorable for some gallant defence—of one more life from the heroic little band laid down—the intensity of interest concentrates in certain spots: such as Dr. Fayrer's House, where Sir Henry Lawrence was brought after his leg

(for the roof and floor are gone) of the room where he died. Also the room where the walls, battered with shot, fell in,



The Residency, Lucknow.

burying some soldiers of the 32nd ; the underground apartments where the women and children were kept for safety, and where so many of them died from privation and disease.

In another room we saw the hole made by a shell, which entered the window and exploded against the opposite wall, killing an officer's wife on the spot from the shock and fright. Then there is the world-renowned Baillie Guard Gate, the scene of the deadliest repulses and corresponding deeds of courage.

The flagstaff on the tower of the Residency is the same as was there during the siege. Broken in half by a bullet one day, it was riveted together as we now see it. The flag was kept flying during the whole of those five months. Every Sunday it is now raised again. Adjoining the tower we see the ruins of the cook-house and the well, which was accessible during the siege by a covered way. In the centre of this quadrangle, on a raised mound, stands the exceedingly beautiful Greek cross, erected to the memory of Sir Henry Lawrence and his comrades in arms who fell.

All praise is due, we think, to Lord Northbrook, for having during his viceroyalty added to the monuments which are erected to our soldiers, who only died doing their duty, by presenting an obelisk to the memory of the sepoys who, amid the general rise of their countrymen, remained faithful to the British. The inscriptions on the four sides are in English, Hindustani, Persian, and Oudhee. Another cross has been erected to the memory of the 93rd Highlanders, giving the names and the different entrenchments where their men fell, and engraved with the crests of the regiment—an elephant and a stag.

The grey building, broken and unroofed, where all is so quiet and neat, is soothing after the terrible tale of hardship

The masses of begonia hanging from the tower, the lawns and gardens, the gravel paths, would efface such memories but yet the ghastly reminders always remain in those riddled walls, those sudden gaps, where the masses of masonry have been torn away by shot and shell. It is as well perhaps for them to remain—to warn us of the blood already shed to retain our hold on our Indian empire. It is as well that they should remain, to tell us to ask ourselves, should occasion in the future arise, “Shall we pour out the blood of the nation again to keep that which we have unflinchingly gotten?”

We were more than charmed with the Residency. The complex memories which it leaves with us will linger harmoniously for many a day. It is one of the things which has interested and pleased us most in all our travels.

Passing along the road where the mutineers first gathered in force, and showed a spirit of hostility, we see the iron bridge where their quarters were.

Two unfinished works of Muhammed Ali Shah are before us. One is the Watch Tower or Sut Khunda, of which only four stories of the seven projected were finished. It stands there rotting away, a monument to the finger of death, which respects not the designs or intentions of man. The other is the “musjid” or mosque, intended to surpass the famous Jumna Musjid of Delhi, and which also remains incomplete, the scaffolding rotting away, as it was left eighteen years ago at the time of the Shah’s death.

Muhammed Ali Shah at length succeeded in accomplishing a finished work in the Husainabad, but, as will be seen,

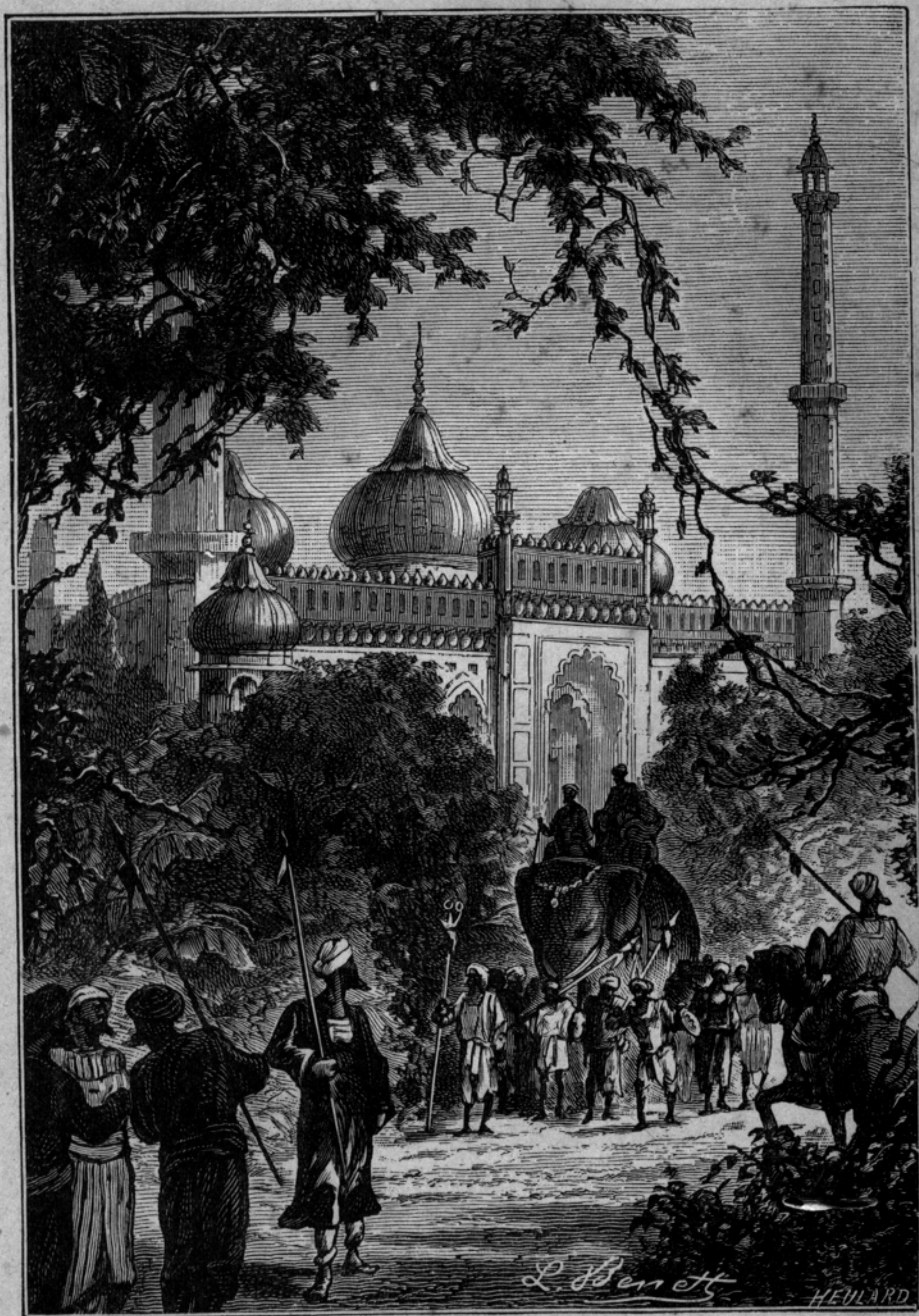
will be handed worthily down to posterity. Entering under a gateway, we are met by the stone figures of two women, holding the chains hanging from the archway, and which is gaudily decorated with green fishes and dolphins against a yellow ground. We find ourselves in a pretty court with a garden crowded with a great variety of buildings; among others a bad model of the Taj, a very terrible object for those who are still looking forward to see the beauties of that matchless tomb for the first time. The tank in the centre is guarded at intervals with painted wooden figures. There are centaur women, soldiers in uniform, like the Highlanders of tobacco shops, and maidens representative of the figure-heads of barges. At the further end of the garden is the palace, containing a wonderful collection of rubbish. There are glass chandeliers swathed in linen covers and priced at 6000 rupees, models of pagodas and temples in ivory and wood under glass cases. A bottle containing a carved figure, suggesting the riddle how it ever got inside, is shown as a priceless treasure. There are gilded thrones and chairs, and the temple modelled entirely in coloured wax, which is carried in procession at the festival of Muhurram and destroyed yearly.

In the midst of these tawdry and gilded surroundings sleep Muhammed Ali and his mother, under their canopied tombs, surrounded by gilded railings. Disgusted with this incongruous mass we passed into another small building. Here we see a collection of full-length portraits of many kings of Oude—bright, realistic paintings, in each of which the artist has flattered the oriental vanity of his subject by

Opposite the Husainabad stands the Musa Bagh, or the "Tomb of the Rat." Two curious origins are attributed to it. One says that the Nawab Asaf-ud-Daulah, when out riding one day, crushed a rat under his horse's feet, and erected this tomb over it; the other says that it was built by a Frenchman, whose name is lost to posterity, but which tradition tries to preserve in the Musa, or corruption of monsieur!

After this we looked into the Jumna Mosque, and I experienced the feeling of disappointment which I suppose nearly every one does on entering a mosque for the first time. The interior is so utterly bare, so cold and uninteresting. I expected to see rich drapings and hanging lights, instead of the bare marble pavement, with the kibla as the only sign of the worship performed there. I admired, however, the delicate triangle device in blue and green, traced on the inside of the three domes, the unfailing characteristic of all mosques.

And then we went to that gem of architecture, the great Imambara. Few things exceed in beauty, in the conception of the design and in execution, the great prize resulting from the competition offered by Asaf-ud-Daulah. The result has been prodigious in the perfection of delicacy. It is as if the imagination of all the great architects of our generation had united together, and each contributing his own idea formed the perfect whole. It is almost impossible to believe that from the brain of one man could have emanated such a multitude of fanciful styles of architecture. I speak of the delicate arches crowning the massive walls, and which, open to the daylight, trace their delicate proportions against



The Imambara, Lucknow.

crown each arch, while these again, repeated in tiers above and below each other, line the three sides of the quadrangle. And again, the walls which support these airy structures are a study in themselves, replete with carving and coloured with pale tints of cream or pink.

The Imambara forms one immense square. Entering under a gateway you find yourself in a court, paved and vast. On this archway we see the green fishes and dolphins, the never-wanting emblem of good luck on all these ancient buildings, and without which the superstitious Oriental would hardly care to continue the work. Three sides of the square are parallel and at right angles to each other, but the fourth is cut slanting-wise by the mosque with its gilded dome, from whence spring those slender minarets, the pride and landmarks of the city. They also add their graceful proportions to perfect the whole. Facing us there is another of those beautiful Saracenic rows of arches, and we think we see the whole. But no, there is yet another court within this court, and this gateway, through which we gain access to it, was used by the harem. Passing through, we come to the last grand conception. Standing on a marble platform, the beauty of the frontage is seen to its greatest advantage. We look wonderingly at the labour expended upon the carvings of the twisted pilasters, the open fretwork of the little galleries, and the coping-stones that crown the turrets. If executed in a model miniature, the fretwork and carving would be delicate enough to form one of those Chinese toy-houses in ivory carving. And

The interior is as grand. One stupendous regal hall, divided by arches on either side to break the otherwise oppressive size. White, vast, and void. White, for the walls are painted a dead, uninterrupted white, and the arched roof is the same, save where delicate lines trace out the successive niches in the form of millions of domes; vast, for the hall measures 300 feet from end to end; void, for the walls are totally without decoration, and stand out to add to the vagueness by their blankness and flatness. There are no mural obstructions, no projections (save those ugly red boxes); but stay—not quite empty. Two objects are in the centre, almost lost amidst the oppressive vastness. Standing slantwise across the hall is a silken canopy, suspended over a silver railed enclosure. It is the tomb of the Vizier Nawab, and the plain slab is covered with a gorgeous pall with flowers laid on it. It is rather gaudy, but yet it strikes one as strange and solemn, such a grand spot as a last resting-place amid such intense silence.

Not far from this is the execrable, the tormenting spectacle of a tazia, a tower literally manufactured out of paste-board and coloured paper, of tinsel and ribbons,—the tazia of the last Muhurrum. This Muhurrum is a religious festival commencing on the evening of the new moon in January, and lasting for ten days. It is observed by only one sect of the Mahommedans. On the last day of the festival the tazia is taken and burnt in the streets, a new one being supplied ready for the following year. The Muhurrum may truly be considered a great evil to Lucknow. The beauty of its palaces and tombs are destroyed

for use during the Festival, whilst gateways and archways are disfigured by the masses of nails left after the illuminations.

In one of the galleries of the hall there is a "priest's chair" of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. But the so-called chair is merely a succession of steps, with a wider one for a seat at the top. The little balconies, or red boxes as they look, hung out from the roof, form a dreadful marriage to the grand beauty. They connect with a gallery running round the hall, and are pointed out as the favourite place in which the Begums played hide and seek.

A fit ending to the grand simplicity of the hall is the octagonal room at the farthest end. Here the moulded archings find a common centre under the apex of the dome, and spread themselves out in a fanlike shape to the floor. This building was commenced in a time of famine, and work was carried on at night to enable the higher class to labour without being seen or known.

We were so delighted with the Imambara that we allowed ourselves the luxury (seldom possible) of a second visit to it. This time it was in the afternoon, and it looked cold and somewhat gloomy in the falling light and shadows. Some priests were sitting around the tomb of the vizier chanting in their musical monotonous tones verses out of the Koran. As one finished the other took up the theme, and the different tones, some shriller, others richer, yet all reciting on one note, repeated by the echo were very effective. I carried away with me a deeper and yet more pleasing

that of the Imambara, is the Rûmî Darwaza, or Turkish gate. In fact, from the precincts of the courts the gate is seen rising so immediately behind, and between the minars of the mosque as to appear to form part of it. An imitation of acanthus-leaves, which radiate above the line of the wall, is the curious feature of this gateway. It is flanked by four minarets, and ornamented balustrades projecting outwardly from several tiers. The whole is crowned by a miniature temple with pillars and dome, and around this the leaves strike out in spikes, forming a halo about the summit, or looking like the shafts of a rose window without the circle.

The red-brick clock-tower erected as a memorial to Sir George Cooper is a veritable eyesore, lying as it does in the midst of these monuments of antiquity.

In the afternoon we drove out to the Dilkusha, a hunting residence and park belonging formerly to Saadut Ali Khan, and called by him "Heart's Delight." It is now a ruin standing in a quiet garden, but was the scene of a terrible struggle in the Mutiny between the forces of Sir Colin Campbell and the rebels. He was advancing to the relief of the Residency, and the rebels made a desperate stand here. Later on it was the death-place of Sir Henry Havelock as the forces were retreating to Alum Bagh. There are the tombs of two officers amongst the ruins.

We drove on to the Martinière, or the Mansion of Constantin. It is a school for Europeans and Eurasians, founded by Martin, a French soldier who came over with Count Lally to one of the French settlements. A magni-

suppose it had been built for the present purpose, but it was the private residence of Martin himself. First of all, in the centre of a lake, which is supplied from a canal from the neighbouring River Goomptie, rises the enormous fluted column, which from the distance one imagines to be part of the building. The whole design of the college is as fantastic as possible. On all sides Corinthian columns, plain or fluted, little towers with crenelated tops, and a mass of kiosks meet the eye. Lions rampant are mounted on the battlements, whilst curious gurgoyles protrude from every corner. From storey to storey we have the rise of the central tower, each platform being marked by the octagonal towers at the corners, and the winding flight of stairs. The dome which crowns the top is formed by the "intersection of two semicircular arches built up with steps and balustrades, which look not unlike arcs boutant or flying buttresses. Each storey seems to reproduce some different style of florid architecture, whether it be Corinthian, or Tuscan, or Gothic. The whole stands on a large platform, and the two wings are built back in a semicircular form, either end being on a level with the central building.

The bell was tolling for afternoon prayers in the chapel, and we joined the boys and choristers who were trooping in. The rich stained-glass window at the east end, which I admired so much, I was told afterwards was only diaphanous paper! Then we went to see the marble bust of General Martin, which stands in the vestibule. It represents a small, wizened face, with the *queue* and silk bow of

shown his tomb, and the large bell he had cast ; but it is very uncertain whether the handsome sarcophagus really contains his bones, as the tomb was opened at the time of the Mutiny, and the four soldiers in mourning attitudes guarding the tomb, and made of brick, were then destroyed. Upstairs we went through storey upon storey of dormitories, the monotonous row of red quilts, peculiar to such institutions, contrasting strangely with the very beautiful Moorish decoration in pale green and pink on the ceilings. There are about 250 boys here, of all ages up to twenty-three. Principals and masters are English. It is a very rich institution, as the sum left by General Martin has always been in excess of the wants of the college, and an accumulated surplus of a million is now in the hands of the trustees. The Martinière forms a village in itself, as we saw when we came away, with its outlying mud settlement where the servants live, the mighty range of bath-rooms, and the gymnasium. It is surrounded by the Martinière Park, where, by the roadside, is the stone tomb of Major Hodson, of "Hodson's Horse."

After this we explored Wingfield Park, a most dreary place of recreation, and then went to the bazaar to buy some of the little wooden figures, so carefully and correctly carved, that show the costumes of the different native servants ; the dhobie with his bundle of linen, the bheestie with his goatskin, the ayah, the khitmutgar, &c. They are quite a *specialité* of Lucknow.

On returning home we found a kind invitation to dinner from the Commissioner, Mr. Quinn, for that evening ; but

experiencing a little adventure. We were driving along in our gharry in the dark with the shutters (viz. windows) closed to avoid the raw fog, when we were thrown suddenly forward, with a terrible shock, and came to a dead stop. We thumped at the door (which of course under the circumstances stuck fast, and kept us imprisoned in pitch darkness), and scrambled out at length on to the road to behold a sad sight. Our driver lay on the ground groaning, thrown some yards away by the force of the concussion; the two horses formed a medley of legs turned uppermost, and lay as still as if they were killed; the forepart of the gharry was stove in. The trunk of a tree, the remains of the storm, lay partially across the road, and against this the horses had come in full force. We were in a difficult strait. It was quite dark, we were on an unknown road, and, worst of all, unable to speak the language. Fortunately we heard some natives coming, and one of them, a baboo, speaking a few words of English, hurried on with me to show the way to the bungalow (which happily was quite close), and from whence I sent back relief to C., who kept guard over the injured party. It was found that the driver recovered quickly on the presentation of some rupees, and the horses were disentangled and got up, much cut about the knees.

Friday, January 23rd.—We are terribly startled and disturbed by the news in this morning's *Pioneer*, which tells of the battle of Abu Klea, in the Soudan, as my brother-in-law, (Major Hon. George Gough), commanding the Mounted Infantry, was, we see, engaged in it.¹ We set to work at a

second day's sight-seeing therefore with heavy hearts and distracted minds. It may have been this which made the places we saw to-day less interesting than those of yesterday.

Najaf Ashraf contains the tomb of the first King of Oude. You pass under a gateway bright with yellow ochre, and which has depicted on it two brown monsters with their paws meeting over the arch. This leads to a "square" building with a "round" dome. Inside you behold a sea of chandeliers swathed in Turkey twill bags (literally), with green and red and blue globes hanging from the ceiling, all remains of the last Mohurram. The king and his wife are buried in the centre, in the midst of the usual decorations of gilt railings, of canopies with silver fringes, and beautifully embroidered silk palls ; but hanging on the walls at the entrance are some very curious frames containing a collection of miniatures of the Kings of Oude, with another set of their wives. The flowers and birds of these frames are exquisitely represented, and the portraits themselves are very perfect, with the different expressions, the jewels and the ornaments very delicately delineated. We felt obliged to go and see Secunder Bagh, for though it is only a small enclosure with high walls, broken in places, every inch of this spot must have been saturated with blood, when the 2000 rebel Sepoys were slaughtered to a man by the 93rd Highlanders and 53rd Foot, a terrible retribution for the ~~fire~~ with which they had been harassing us previously. Its original use, as a garden given by the Nawab Wajid Ali to

commencement of the engagement he had been obliged to leave it

a favourite wife, was very different from the slaughter-house it is now known as.

On the banks of the muddy Goomptie are the Chuttur Munzil and the Kaisur Pusund. The former is used as a club, and the latter as the High Court of Justice. Both buildings are remarkable from the little gilt umbrellas, or "chutturs," which surmount the various towers, and which make them easily known from the mass of other buildings. The club was originally a seraglio. It has a pretty exterior, with a carved belt of stone, painted red to contrast with the prevailing whiteness; and the magnificent banqueting hall inside, hung with numerous chandeliers, must be particularly appropriate to its present use, however wrong that "use" was in the first instance. On the opposite side of the road is Lall Baradaree, or the Museum, whose verandah is supported by the figures of negroes standing with arms folded, and bearing the pillars on their heads. It is painted bright red both inside and out. It used to be the throne-room, where was held the durbar when the president enthroned a new king. Now it is full of glass cases containing rubbish, and only interesting from the large model of the Siege of the Residency, the red and green flags showing in what close proximity the armies were.

The Kaiser Bagh is a very marvellous collection of buildings. Standing in their midst, in the court, whether it be the medley of architecture, or the crudeness of the yellow-ochre walls, relieved with pink, and mingling with the green lines of the venetian shutters, the effect is startling. We see

Corinthian pillars, and these surmounted by Saracenic arcades, or irregular openings of no style whatever.

The Chandiwalli Baradaree, a stone building in the centre, is used now as a town hall or concert-room (I notice that the residents of Lucknow have a very practical idea of turning these ancient buildings, the glory of the city, to their own uses). There is the Jilokhana, or place where the royal processions used to start from ; the Cheeni Bagh, so called because of the China vases that used to decorate it ; and the Hazrat Bagh, guarded by green mermaids. Farther on there are the buildings built by the royal barber, and sold by him to the king for his harem. It was here the rebel Begum held her court, and kept our prisoners confined in a stable near by. Yet further still there is the tree, with the roots paved with marble, where Shah Wajid Ali, clothed in the yellow rags of a fakir (beggar), sat during the great fair. It was the chief work of the present ex-king of Oude. We finished up our morning by a visit to the chowk. Driving there we passed the "House of the Sun" (now the Martinière Girls' School), and which is interesting just now, because at the time of the Mutiny it was captured from the rebels "by a company of the 90th, under Captain (now Lord) Wolseley," with some other troops.

In the afternoon we revisited the Residency and the Imambara. Returning from the latter we stopped to watch a band of prisoners at work on a new railway embankment, in charge of their orange-clad gaolers. They were all heavily chained, and whilst carrying the earth to and fro in baskets and throwing it down at the feet of the overseer, we could

the use of the switch in their hands too frequent, with the often-repeated "chillau." We waited to see them marched away from their work, hand in hand, the road being previously kept clear of the friends who were waiting to catch a glimpse of them at a distance. Some of the men were very old and tired, whilst others only walked with great difficulty, on account of the tightness of their chains.

We drove through the lines of the Cantonment, the military and civil, with their rows of bungalows, all with that untidy and temporary look which characterizes the bungalow. It is very strange, when driving up to one to call, to draw up opposite the drawing-room window in the verandah. Indian society under these circumstances gives you no opportunity for the polite untruth of "not at home." Many of the bungalows we went into in the course of our Indian travels were very pretty with their bright foulquaries and striped purdahs, but I can never grow accustomed to the lazy necessity of ground-floor bedrooms, opening to and separated from the drawing-room only by a curtain. Of course there are all manner of appliances against the heat—a punkah, pulled day and night by relays of "wallahs;" shutter-doors and windows, to keep the rooms dark and yet cool; chicks, or fine wooden venetian blinds; and "tatties" placed in windows and doorways. These latter are formed of the root of a grass, and, kept constantly moist, freshen the air which passes through them into the room. It is also strange, when you wish to buy anything, to be driven by an avenue up to a bungalow—the shop.

We called on General Dillon, who is at present commanding the division here and then driving down "the

Mall," the inevitable accompaniment to "the lines," we listened to the band playing till the malarious mist drove us home. We noticed the church of Christchurch, whose pinnacles were being repaired after the damage done them by the storm as we came home, and the more humble structure of the American Presbyterian Mission Church.

It is said that these missions do far more good than the S.P.G. or C.M.S. Societies of the Church of England, on account of the divisions of High and Low Church of the latter, for the natives come and ask if they are of different religions.

C. went to see Lord Randolph Churchill, who arrived in Lucknow early this morning, and who is having a splendid reception from Europeans and natives wherever he goes.

Every spot in and about Lucknow is marked by reminiscences of the Mutiny, some position of the enemy snatched from them by our troops, some palace or garden more hotly disputed; but you need to be an enthusiastic tactician to thoroughly appreciate the interest which attaches to Lucknow, the city and centre of the scenes of the Mutiny.

Saturday, January 24th.—Getting up this morning at 6 a.m., and dressing by the modest light of one candle, was a miserable struggle. The extreme changes of temperature which one is subjected to during one day's travelling in India is very trying. From the intense cold of the early start we warm into life at 10 a.m., and by noon are suffering from the heat. At sundown the chill creeps on again, and by night the bitter cold returns. Through the day we are alternating from ulster to dust-cloak, and returning at last

We had reached the second state of temperature by the time we arrived at Cawnpore, where we were to spend the day. The Railway Hotel, kept by Mr. Lee, is atrociously bad, and certainly ought not to be taken as a fair specimen of a Dâk Bungalow, as usually, and especially when under Government management, they are excellent. The Dâk Bungalow is an important feature in Indian travelling. Maintained by the Government, a fixed charge is made, and the traveller enters in a book the sum paid, with date of departure and arrival. He is only entitled to shelter for forty-eight hours, in accordance with the postal rules. A miserable breakfast determined us to take refuge at the station for dinner. We had a pleasant rest of some hours, sitting reading in the verandah, before starting.

Cawnpore may be described as a dreary plain, across which in dotted lines run the cantonment barracks, whilst clouds of dust trace the numerous roads which intersect it in all directions. A single bullock-cart raises for the moment an impenetrable wall of sand.

The Memorial Church of All Souls stands out conspicuously amongst a cluster of trees on the plain. It is of red brick, faced with white stone, and looks like a handsome village church. The inside is disappointing. The mural tablets to those who fell during the Mutiny cover the walls, the only fine one in marble being that erected to the Engineers. One cannot help wishing that instead of the usual ugly white tablet in the form of a tomb or urn bordered with black, some great, some beautiful monument had been designed with a grand inscription, like the one

of the chancel is somewhat curious, being intended to represent the heavens, with the constellations in gold. Fourteen memorial tablets form the semicircle of the chancel, giving the name of each and every one who died during the siege. The inscription opens as follows:—
“To the glory of God: and in memory of more than 1000 Christian people who met their deaths hard by between the 6th June and the 15th July, 1857.”

By the side of the church there is a flat slab, paved round with blue and white marble, with the inscription in raised letters, arranged so as to form a cross. Here Major Vibart with seventy officers and soldiers are buried, who, after escaping from the massacre, were recaptured and murdered. We were now within Wheeler's Entrenchment, the small enclosure, protected only by a mud-wall of four feet high, hastily thrown up, and where the besieged maintained themselves for twenty-one days. We could trace the entrenchment exactly by means of the small posts set up, with “W. E.” on them. Then we came to another monument, built on the site where St. John's Church stood at the time of the siege. Here seventy-five Eurasians and natives, with their families, had taken refuge after the evacuation of the entrenchment, and were murdered to a man by order of Nana Sahib. Our interest is yet further deepened when we see the stone well, riddled with shot, yet used, where the oxen still toil up and down the inclined causeway. It lies just outside the entrenchment, and was the only water the besieged could obtain. Every drop was fetched at the risk of life, with shots dropping at random over the open space

Next we go some distance away to the well, where an awful memory still clings of the midnight parties bringing each night the bodies of victims who had died of cholera, heat, apoplexy, small-pox, or wounds during the day. They were thrown into the well as the only means of safe disposal for the survivors ; and Captain Jenkins, who still held the bungalow commanding the position, kept up a covering fire for these parties. The spot is now made into a garden, and marked by a Byzantine cross, with this inscription :—
“ Under this cross were laid, by the hands of their fellows in suffering, the bodies of those men, women, and children, who died near by during the heroic defence of Wheeler’s Entrenchment, when beleaguered by the rebel Nana, June 6th to 27th, A.D. 1857.” And on the pedestal of the cross, —“ ‘ Our bones are scattered at the grave’s mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth ; but our eyes are unto thee, O God the Lord.’—Psalm cxli.” Four smaller crosses at the corners give the names of the officers and the men of their regiments whose bodies were thrown into the well. Captain Jenkins is one of them, and it is told how Private Murphy was the only individual of the C company of the 84th Regiment who escaped.

Then we drove about a mile away to the deep ravine called the Suttee Chowra Ghât. Here were the very steps, shaded by the same peepul-tree, where the men, women, and children went down on their way to embark from the ghât on the river. They had surrendered to Nana Sahib, as will be remembered, on the condition of being transported in boats up the Ganges to Allahabad. The women

pushed into the middle of the stream. The stone platform flanked by two archways was crowded with others. There was a cry of "Treachery!" and the soldiers of Nana Sahib, acting under his orders, opened fire. Volley after volley was fired upon the helpless occupants of each boat; a hidden battery of guns behind a tree being brought to bear upon those on the landing-stage. It became a wholesale butchery. The women and children who were captured and not massacred were taken that night to the Assembly Rooms. Here atrocities were committed such as even the page of history cannot detail, until a century has passed, and the victims and their near relations shall be laid to rest; some cannot ever be mentioned in the ears of ladies, but the world learnt then, if it never learnt before, what our sex can endure. One lady killed the native with his own sword, when he attempted, with Nana's permission, to take her away to his house. Thus they remained for upwards of a fortnight, when, at Havelock's approach, Nana Sahib ordered a general massacre at the Assembly Rooms, the "House of Massacre" as it came to be called. The natives would not hold the Europeans whilst their throats were cut, because it was against their caste, and then Nana ordered his officers to get men to cut or fire them down. One hundred were told off for the men, one hundred for the women. After incessant firing for several hours, whether on purpose or not was never known, only two were found to have been killed. At last Nana found five butchers, belonging to the Bhowrie, or lowest caste of all who undertook the bloody slaughter. For five hours,

few were left. The bodies were cast into a well. This well became so full that, the water causing the bodies to swell, many rose above the surface, when branches of trees were laid across to keep them under.

It is on this awful spot that the most perfect monument, full of beauty and peace, has been so fitly erected.

In the centre of the memorial garden stands the lovely statue of Marochetti. It is a white marble figure, draped, with head downcast and eyes full of tender sorrow. The hands are crossed on the breast, each holding the palm-branch of victory, and the large curving wings are unfolded. The delicate delineation of each feather on the latter shows the perfect finish of the whole. The palm-branches rise over each shoulder, from the declivity of the wings, where they are joined behind, and in the centre there is a white marble cross, against which the figure is supposed to be leaning. The drooping attitude and the gentle expression of sorrow are very beautiful to see.

The angel figure seems to be declaring to us the inscription over the entrance, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes."

The carved octagonal screen, showing daylight between its delicate tracery, is worthy of the beautiful monument it surrounds and guards. The harmony of the whole is maintained by the repetition of the octagonal form. The screen is octagonal, and so are the steps which descend to the richly carved pillar. The three tiers of marble, the pedestal of the figure, are also octagonal. The purity and beauty of the memorial is completed by the inscription :

Christian People, chiefly Women and Children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the Followers of the Rebel Nana, Dhoondopoor of Bithoor, and cast, the Dying with the Dead, into this well below on the 15th day of July, 1857."

The "House of Massacre" is below the slope of the memorial, and is marked by a white cross on a black marble base. The original little cross is shown inside the burial-ground, the base of which marked the well, and the cross at the top the House of Massacre—a poor but touching little memorial, "raised by twenty men of the same regiment, who were passing through Cawnpore" some time afterwards, as it tells us. The burial-ground is on the spot where two bungalows adjoining the Assembly Rooms were found, whose walls were written in blood, describing the agonies of the prisoners. They were destroyed by Havelock's soldiers, and the spot selected for the cemetery as the ground was soft for digging. It took the men four days to bury the dead. Now the spot is enclosed with a handsome railing, and it presents the appearance of a garden of tangled roses and creepers, which cover the graves. There are seventy-two mounds in all, but many of them are nameless graves; and it is known that four were often buried in one grave. Immediately opposite them is another three-cornered piece of ground railed in, where more of the mutilated remains of the women and children were collected and interred.

It is a very noticeable fact that none of the dates on the memorial stones of the "Mutiny" agree. They vary in fixing it as breaking out on the 15th, 17th, or 18th of June.

Garden, is beautifully kept. Broad carriage-drives lead down the palm-avenues, and amongst the bright masses of flower-beds.

We left Cawnpore at six o'clock. Half an hour after midnight we had to change carriages at Tundla Junction, and we arrived at Agra at the ghastly hour of two in the morning. As I sat in the gharry outside the station, waiting for C. with the luggage to appear, for the natives were half-asleep at that late hour, I could see the red battlements of the fort rising opposite against the half-moonlit sky.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CITIES OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

Monday, January 25th.—Agra is essentially the city of Akbar, the great Mogul. Founded and created by him in 1506, it had no previously known history. Here he established his metropolis—his palace within the fort. One looks forward to seeing some of the splendour with which we have always learnt to associate the name of the greatest of ancient emperors, save only Alexander the Great. Nor ought one to be disappointed.

The fort is a superb structure, recalling the days of barbarous warfare in the substantiality of its walls. It is entirely built of red granite—not sandstone as at first appears, for that would be too easy and crumbling a substance for such massive walls and ramparts. The entrance through the Delhi Gate is very imposing. The hill leads up to the gateway, flanked by two towers, and guarded by portcullis and drawbridge, and over all floats a tiny Union Jack. The gates in themselves are curious, being studded with nails and bits of old iron. Under the

at attention as we pass. Amongst all this massiveness the details are not overlooked, and there are some very delicately carved niches and windows filled with fretwork to be seen high up in this dome. A glissade, sunk between high walls, leads to yet another gateway, formed by two octagonal towers, which allow of two domes under the entrance, and then we find ourselves in a barren waste.

The Moti Musjid—the Pearl Mosque—with its three bulbous domes of purest marble, truly appears in the distance like “pearls of great price” set in the red walls. In common with many of these buildings, it stands on a large platform raised high above the road, and ascended by flights of steps. It suggests the beautiful idea of the going up from the street, and leaving its cares behind to go into a purer atmosphere for prayer. As the gates are thrown open a sea of marble against the cloudless blue sky meets the eye. Such is the first impression; and then by degrees we turn our attention to the small courtyard, paved with marble, to the marble cloisters which close it in on both sides, and lastly to the pearl itself, with its gem-like towerets, alternating with the three domes. “It is of the purest Saracenic architecture, though it has the simplicity of Doric art.” There is a vista of horseshoe arches; one, two, three, four, we see receding successively, with the same repeated in perspective by the rows of pillars. These pillars are formed of four single blocks of marble, one block to each of the sides. The inscription in Persian over the arches tells us it was built by Shah Jehan in 1656,

marvellous. Under the central dome you look up to a ceiling covered with a raised device of triangles laid cross-ways, a decoration identified with all mosques. Each of the four pillars with its dome forms a perfect little mosque within the larger one. The marble floor is covered with squares just the size of the Mahommedan prayer-carpet, and 570 can kneel side by side at the same time. The three apart in the Kibla, or Central Niche, are for the Mullah, with one for the King and Vizier, or Prime Minister, on either hand. There is a beautiful carved marble screen at one end, behind which the Begum and the women of the zenana stood when attending prayer. The floriated design of this screen is carved out of marble quite two inches thick. Some one has said, "It is a sanctuary so pure and stainless, revealing so exalted a spirit of worship, that one feels humbled, as a Christian, to think that our noble religion has never inspired its architects to surpass this temple to God and Mahommed."

And then we pass on to the palace, of which the Pearl Mosque is the fitting sanctuary.

Akbar, the Great Mogul, the greatest of barbarian kings, built for himself a palace worthy of his great renown. Quarries of marble were used in its construction, and tons of precious stones. Agate, porphyry, and cornelian were thought not too costly for the inlaying and mosaic of the apartments used by the emperor. It was built within the fort, which thus enclosed the little world gathered about Akbar the Great. Passing along we see the old gateway which led to the chowk, or bazaar reserved for the empo-

Yard. Here stands the Dewan-i-Am, or Audience Hall. It is an open loggia supported on marble pillars, and the decoration of red and gold is still vivid. The slab of marble in the centre is where Akbar sat in judgment, and behind in the wall there is an alcove deep enough to form a room, where the court sat in waiting for their master. This room is exquisitely inlaid with flowers in precious stones, and the recesses, or pigeon-holes in the wall, were used for burning incense and sweet-scented woods. This leads us into the interior, or private courts of the palace, and we find ourselves in a maze of these. Those beautiful marble trellises seem to have been let into every window, or form the grating over every doorway, and the embroidery in precious stones on the marble amazes us with its costly magnificence. Quiet courts, still gardens, abound. All is harmonious and preserved, left just as it was 300 years ago. The rooms are empty, it is true, but one hardly notices it, for these eastern palaces are always cold and void. A few carpet-mats strewn on the marble floor, some looking-glasses and chandeliers, are all the furnishing you look to find in them.

The palace is washed by the waters of the sacred Jumna on one side, and the windows and loggias look down on the river, while frequently we came upon water-gates leading down underground passages to give access for bathing in the stream.

Apart from all the beauty of the palace, it is most precious to us as a living record of the domestic life of those times. In the zenana we see the baths, on which the greatest care has been lavished, the cold bath being in the basin of the

is the mosque apart for the ladies of the zenana, with the court below where a bazaar was kept also for their separate use. We see the walled entrance to the passage, which is supposed to lead underground to the Taj. It was through here the unfaithful begums disappeared, to be seen no more. We can see it all so distinctly that we can repeople the harem with its dusky beauties.

Then we come to the inner court, the Dewan-i-Khas, or Hall of Select or Private Audience. On a platform open to the river there are two thrones, one of black marble and the other of white. It is on the black takt, or throne, that Akbar sat in state. When the Mahrattas took Agra, and the foreign Rajah seated himself on the throne, it cracked (so runs the legend) from end to end, and blood gushed out. When Lord Ellenborough, as Governor-General, seated himself on it, blood again came forth, and two dark stains with the crack attest these "truths" to all good Mahommedans ! On the white throne opposite, tradition says that the king's jester seated himself and burlesqued his royal master. Below this we look down into the arena where the wild-beast fights took place, the king viewing them from the platform above. The emperor's bedroom has a fresco round the ceiling of great beauty. On a gold background are inlaid sprays of flowers in precious stones. A portion of one corner was restored for the visit of the Prince of Wales, but the cost of 5000 rupees was too heavy for it to be continued. Near the dining-hall are the famous Somnath Gates captured by Lord Ellenborough in the Afghan campaign, and which gave rise to a well-

bosses supposed to have been taken from Mahmoud's shield.

The Khas Mahl, or Belvedere, overhanging the Jumna, is a little gem, with its delicate rows of cusped arches, and the niches and groinings of its walls. It is open on three sides, and commands a splendid view over the river, with the snowy domes of the Taj in the distance. It was here that the emperor sat in the rainy season.

Then we go down to the little court, paved in squares of black and white marble, called the Pachise, or backgammon and chessboard. There were no pieces used for this colossal board, but Akbar's wives trotted about at his bidding from square to square, thus performing each move. Above this there is the lovely Jasmine Tower, or the Boudoir of the Chief Sultana, most exquisitely inlaid with turquoise and cornelian. We discovered near here a charming little mosque hidden up some steps, called the "Children's Mosque," and where the children were taken separately to pray. It was in the Anguri Bagh that the British officers and their families were confined during that terrible summer of 1857, and here Mr. Russell Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor, died—worn out with anxiety—and was buried in the marble tomb we saw just now opposite the Audience Hall.

We then descended to a garden, where, in a cool grotto, we found the Shish Mahal, or the Palace of Glass. It is an oriental bath, and the decoration is very eccentric and fantastic. It consists of hundreds of thousands of tiny mirrors covering the walls and ceiling. On entering it is

is made is covered with filagree, and the looking-glasses arranged in rows and patterns produce a wonderful effect. We lighted a match in a dark corner, and the effect was bewilderingly dazzling, the gleam of light being reflected and flashed back in our faces a hundred times. The marble baths all round are much carved, but the most beautiful sight of all must have been the bath where the water from the Jumna fell over some recesses lined with looking-glass, which gave back in radiated colours the reflection of the tiny waterfall. About here we see some entrances to underground passages, where, it is said, during the midday heat, the wives and concubines of the king disported themselves in the original garb of Eve before their royal master, causing the corridors to resound again with their merry shouts of laughter.

The Jahangir Mahal, or Palace of Jahangir, Akbar's son, adjoins the palace. The red courts, particularly that called the Begum's Court, with their massive pillars supported by Hindu brackets, and carvings of birds and flowers, looked coarse and heavy after the chaste beauties we have just been seeing.

As we see so often repeated in history, and in our own times, the great palace which Akbar founded as the abode of his dynasty, was destined to be inhabited but for a very short time. Jahangir, his son and successor, lived and died in northern latitudes, and Shah Juhan, his son, began the palace at Delhi. The race lay under a cloud, for the latter emperor was dethroned by his son Aurungzebe, and under him the fort became merely a citadel and the residence of

war several times, and was finally held by General Lake after the defeat of the Mahratta power at Delhi.

To the founder of the short but brilliant Mogul dynasty, was it given first to call into existence a nationality among the people. On ascending the throne at the age of fifteen, Akbar, by raising the Hindus and refusing to favour the Mussulmans, welded the people into one nation. His latitude in religious matters is shown by the Hindu god and goddesses at Futtehpore Sikri, the Windsor of Agra as it has been called. There is even here a palace called the Palace of the Christian Woman.

It is to Akbar that we owe the most deeply interesting city of India, and to his successors the second, that is, Delhi.

The Jumma Musjid, or Cathedral Mosque, stands opposite, and slightly turned eastwards away from the Fort. It is the second largest mosque in India, but though of vaster proportions, it can claim no pre-eminence to beauty. It stands on the usual platform, and the inside is inlaid with black and red marble. The inscription over the central arch tells us that it was built by Shah Jahan in 1653, in honour of the Princess Juhanara, whose tomb we shall see later on at Delhi. However, the colouring of the three domes is highly peculiar and remarkable. They are of deep red, and the white lines meeting up and down them at right angles form a zigzag, and resemble from a distance the stripes of a zebra.

In the afternoon we drove through a bit of the native quarter to reach the pontoon bridge, and crossing over it

Ghias Beg was the grandfather of the beautiful Muntâz of the Taj, and Vizier to the Emperor Jahangir, who honoured him after death by this mausoleum. He was a poet also, and it is told how, when the emperor visited him on his death-bed, and he was asked if he recognized his royal master, the minister replied by a quotation from a Persian poet:—

“ Even if the mother-Hindman happened to be present now,
He himself would surely know thee by the splendour of thy brow.”

The mausoleum is a little grave set in a green garden, and overawed by four red gateways, quite out of proportion and keeping with it. The front presents the appearance of carved ivory, so delicate is the lacework of the marble tracery. Like the other buildings of Agra the outside and inside are embroidered with stones, but these are not so precious, being chiefly plum-pudding or agate stones. The design and finish of the work are however most remarkable. There is a slender vase in blue and green with serpent handles; a basin in blue and white, resembling the old willow-patterned plate; a cup with a spray of flowers, or vase with an outspread peacock's tail. The ceilings, though sadly weatherworn, still show what a splendid and gorgeous mass of colouring and variegated patterns they were. The mausoleum is divided into a succession of courts opening one out of the other, and each is the death-chamber of one or more. Following the melancholy circle of the building, we see the narrow marble sarcophagi of brothers, sisters, a whole family, descending even to the second generation who find their tombs within this narrow

It is at the top, on the marble chabutra, or platform, that we find the tomb of Itmud-ud-Daulah himself, lying under the canopy of marble, and surrounded by the marble trellis screens.

These Mahommedan tombs always indicate the sex of the person beneath by a very small raised slab, some six inches long by two wide for the man, whilst that for the woman is the same, with the addition of a mitre-like head.

We went home after this, for we were dreadfully tired, and I especially, almost knocked up by another slight attack of fever, brought on last night in the train by a selfish fellow-passenger, who *would* keep the window on his side of the carriage open.

Bright and fresh we rose the next morning, under the influence of looking forward to seeing the Taj for the first time. We all know "that it is worth coming to India, if only to see the Taj;" and we thought of this as we drove down the well-known road constructed during the famine of 1838.

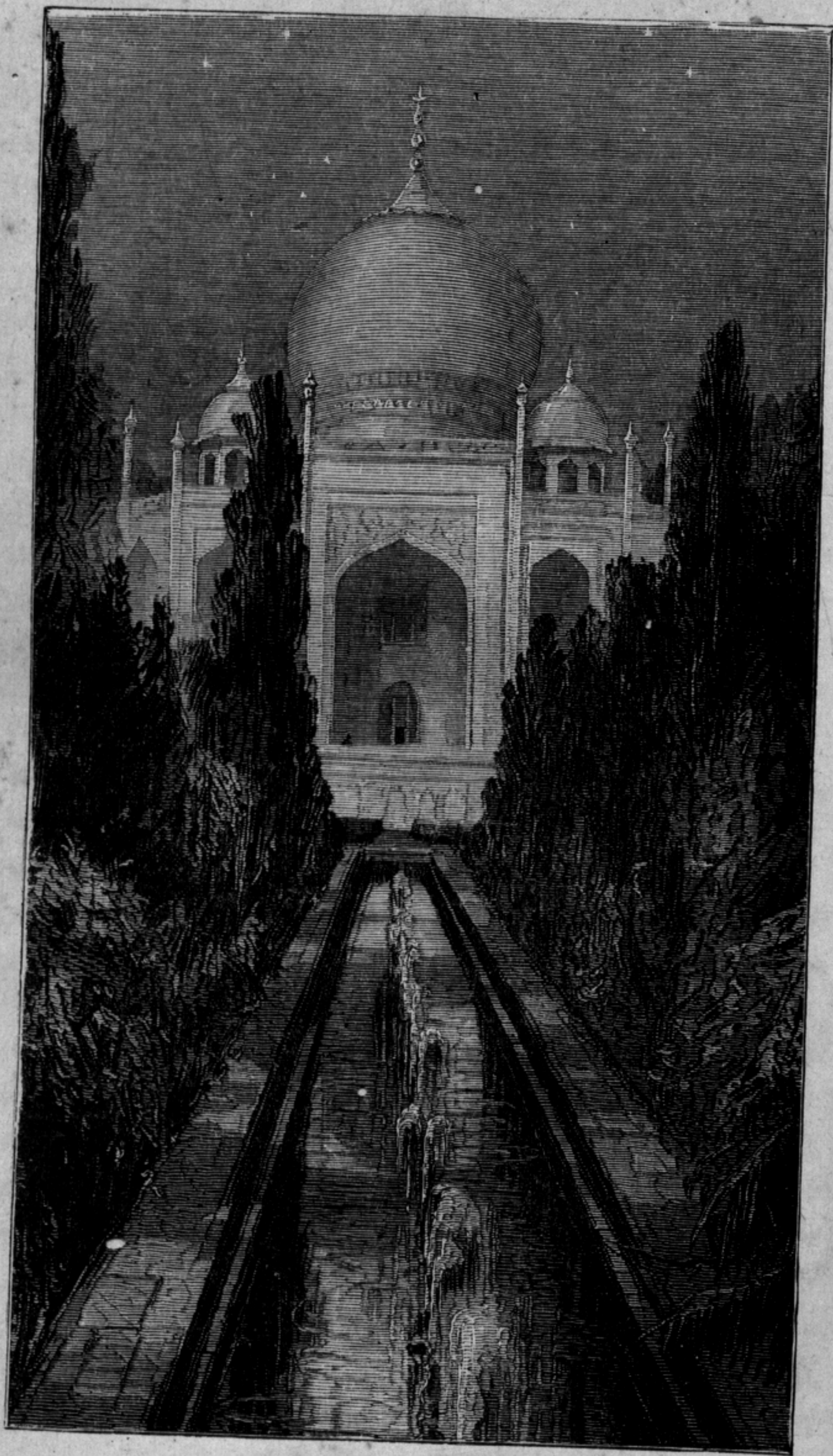
The Taj Mahal is, I think, the most beautiful, the most heavenly of all earthly creations—of all earthly conceptions, of all works raised by the hand of man. In the midst of this land of glorious monuments the Taj shines forth as the one thing of "perfect beauty." Apart from the loveliness of its outward and earthly form, it stands there as "some silent finger pointing to the sky," an intuition of the quiet beauty of death. It is as if Shah Jahan, even in his heathen darkness, conceived some vague idea of a

ring the remains of his loved one to *the* most beautiful resting-place on earth he was lifting her up to a higher sphere.

He seems to have tried to embody some such idea in the monument which will immortalize his name and the memory of the lovely Mumtaz to whose honour it was erected. It was his way of showing the passion of his love, the erecting of this most beautiful mausoleum that the world had ever seen. We may think it was the work of an ignorant and barbarous mind, but after all it is the form of expression of sorrow which is unhappily most common with us until this day.

The Taj was built in 1648. No wood or stone was used in its construction, for it was built *entirely* with Jeypore marble, which still retains its pristine purity of whiteness.

The approach to the Taj by the straight Strand Road, with the first view of the marble dome over some trees, communicates a pang of disappointment; but as we pass under an old stone gateway and find ourselves in a quaint native court, the scene grows more in harmony. This court leads us out before the great red gateway. It is very handsome. Formed of red granite, inlaid with white marble, it is topped with a series of little cupolas or umbrellas, that count the curiously uneven number of eleven. Two slender towers that flank the gateway look spiral from their running zig-zag pattern. The broad square which frames the arch is covered with sentences from the Koran, those being chosen which speak of comfort and consolation to the mourning. The irregular and disjointed letters of the



The Taj Mahal, Agra.

to the arch, and the contrast between the white and red marble is most striking. Passing through we are under the great dome of this gateway, which is covered with the mosque-pattern of crossed triangles. A man with designs of the Florentine mosaic on plates and vases, &c., distracts our attention.

We turn,—and see the mirage of a pure white temple—the glory of the Taj.

The gateway forms a grand frame, the scimitar crossing the dome just touches the keystone of the arch, and the sides seem to widen out just enough to admit of a complete view of the furthest outlying cupola and tower. The first startling effect of dazzling brilliancy is very great, and deep, and lasting. It is here that the Taj became indelibly imprinted on my memory. It is as seen from here that I always recall its now familiar lines.

The stupendous marble dome, crowned with the golden scimitar, is the central object, the first that absorbs the attention of the eye; but gradually the towers and the cupolas around the dome begin to be recognized—to force themselves into the picture. We see that the irregularity of their number is caused by the foreshortening of those on the further side, making them appear in between the fixed four square lines of the others. There are four, like outlying sentries, guarding the marble platform, and four others rise from the platform, from whence in its turn springs the dome.

Then you glance at the exceeding beauty of the idea, that has planned the effect of the arrangement, and the

and lead the eye up to the *chabutra*, or vast marble platform, whereon stands the Taj. There are no steps in this platform, no visible means of approach.

The three archways under the dome are recessed, and in them the carving is so pure and delicate that even from this distance it looks like the carving on one of those ivory caskets from China. The perfection of finish is astounding. Then, even as we look, the picture is enhanced by some specks of bright colour, which stream out of the shadow of the doorway, some women with saris of peacock-blue, and sea-green, and salmon-pink, tender tints giving a flash of life and light to the silent and awing grandeur—almost sternness, I had said, of the cold marble.

As you approach, as you reach a middle distance, the Taj loses in effect; but here the cruciform pavements meet, and your attention is diverted to two red gateways at the ends amongst the trees. Thus you have behind you the great gateway; on either hand these smaller ones complete the square; whilst before you are the still unexplored mysteries of the Taj.

As we emerge up through the opening on to the great *chabutra*, blinded by the dazzling brightness of the sun on the marble, which seems to collect and radiate every ray of sun about itself—it is like the purity of driven snow on mountain heights. As we stand under the semi-dome of the entrance, in its relieving shadow, we are conscious of a work almost too superhuman for humanity.

The frieze of marble is delicately carved in bas-relief with lotus flowers, each pistil and stamen of the flower

exactness. Over this entrance leading into the abode of death is a sentence in Arabic characters from the Koran finishing up the verses of consolation, with an invitation "to the pure of heart to enter the Garden of Paradise."

We pass through the wrought cedar-wood doors.

Through the dim solemn light let in high up in the dome, and struggling through the heavy marble trellis-work, we see the cenotaph—the central romance that gave rise to this "poem in marble."

The beautiful Mumtaz Mahal, the Exalted One of the Palace, was the wife of Shah Jahan, then heir-apparent to the throne. The chosen wife of his youth, the "beloved one" among all his harem, she bore him seven children, and died at the birth of the eighth, when accompanying her husband on a campaign to the Deccan against the tribe of Lodi. Anguish-stricken, his grief found expression in a monument of purity, "after the eastern idea of beauty, which considers as full dress a simple white robe, with an aigrette of precious stones." It has been truly said, "The Taj is not a great national temple erected by a free and united people; it owes its creation to the whim of an absolute ruler, who was free to squander the resources of the state in commemorating his personal sorrows."

The cenotaph is surrounded by a screen of jali, and the entrance to it is just opposite to us. Within the screen she lies, in the centre. The simpler and large tomb of the king has had to be placed at the side, to the left, so that that of the queen is the only one seen on entering. Shah Jahan originally intended to build for himself a similar

the two by a bridge. He ended his reign in captivity, and, "thus," says Mr. Taylor, "fate conceded to love what was denied to vanity." These are the cenotaphs erected, after the Oriental manner, for show; the real tombs are in the vault below.

The screen is a network of "geometrical combination," rare, intricate, and unique in the world, all carved to the depth of two inches out of solid marble. The open-work fringe of lace at the top has been added at a later date.

On this and on the walls around are what calls forth our most enthusiastic admiration, our greatest expressions of delight.

The cenotaph, the screen, the walls, are inlaid with flowers, and designs in precious stones, agates, and coloured marble. Each leaf, each petal, each stalk, is shaded by the different tones and colours of the stones. Each is perfect in the minute details of drawing, shading, and colouring. Every spray stands out from its marble background; not a turn of a leaf, not the shade of a half-open calyx but what is delicately indicated. Thirty separate pieces are used in every flower, and each spray has three of such. We see thus represented the lotus, the lily, and the iris. They are formed of precious stones, of cornelian, coral, lapis-lazuli, bloodstone, jasper, garnets, turquoise, amethyst, crystal, sapphire, onyx, malachite, and agates. It is an Indian *Pietra dura*, and differs from the Florentine only in that the latter is in bas-relief.

It took seventeen years collecting the materials for the building of the Taj, and 20,000 workmen were employed in its

Workmen came from all parts, from Turkey, Persia, Delhi, and the Punjaub. The "head master" was Isa Muhammed, the illuminator was an inhabitant of Shiraz, and the master mason came from Bagdad. Many different countries were drawn upon for contributions of precious stones. The crystal came from China, cornelian from Bagdad, turquoises from Thibet, sapphires and lapis-lazuli from Ceylon, coral from Arabia and the Red Sea, garnets from Bundelkund, plum-pudding stone from Jassilmere, rock-spar from Nirhudda, the onyx and amethyst from Persia; and there are many other stones used that we have no knowledge of, nor name for in our language.

A terrible old desperado was the Rajah of Bhurtpore, who caused many of the gems and precious stones to be picked out of the Taj. Government has replaced many of these, and restored a whole corner which was removed by this regal robber; but, though exactly the same when examined closely, the general effect looks coarse beside the original.

The solemn light that glimmers down gives a holy, reverend look to this chamber of beauty and death, and the lotus frieze stands out grandly in the half light. Up there the dome seems to lose itself in space, and looks intensely blue from deep shadows on the cold marble. Each of the octagon arches is crowned by a sentence from the Koran, and outside and inside the writing is so frequently repeated that it has often been declared that the whole of the Koran is thus inlaid in the Taj.

on the air, dying away as if with retreating steps down endless cloisters—dying so gently that you know not when it ceases. It is a finer echo than that in the Baptistery at Pisa, which is thought to be the finest in Europe. The echo is so sharp and quick that only one note should be sounded, and this will be multiplied in the distance till you recognize not your own single tone. It is this that causes the discordant sound of voices speaking in the Taj, the echo repeating and mixing the different voices.

“I pictured to myself the effect of an Arabic or Persian lament for the lovely Muntaz sung over her tomb. The responses that would come from above in the pauses of the song must resemble the harmonies of angels in paradise,” writes one who has heard it.

We descend into the vault by the long sloping marble-lined corridor. A sweet and sickly smell is wafted along it towards us, the subtle odour of otto of roses perfuming the air. Here is where the royal dust and ashes really rest, and it is very characteristic of the perfection and finish displayed throughout the Taj, that though unseen, and in total darkness, the finish is just as elaborate, the walls, the cenotaph, the frieze of the purest marble; the mosaic of pietra dura as lovely and precious. The tomb of the queen is inscribed with the sentences of praise usual in Persian monuments, but that of the king bears a curious eulogium:—“The magnificent tomb of the King inhabitant of the two paradises; the most sublime sitter on the throne in Illeeyn (the starry heaven), dweller in Firdos (paradise), Shah Jahan Pâdishâh-i-Gazi, peace to his remains, heaven

the year 1076 of the Hijri (or 1665 A.D.). From this transitory world eternity has marched him off to the next."

The two mosques that flank the platform are of red sandstone inlaid with marble, and face east and west. The western one only is used for prayer, and the eastern one was built as a "jawab," or "answer" to the other, showing how strong was the feeling for preserving the symmetry of the Taj.

We wander round the platform, which dwarfs everything with its immense size, and makes us look like little black specks crossing its glistening surface, and look over into the muddy waters of the Jumna, which washes the red sandstone platform of the Taj on two sides. In all distant views this platform spoils the effect of the Taj, appearing like a red brick wall, on which the white dome alone is seen resting. We look over the river to where higher up we see shining the temples and pavilions of the Aram Bagh, or the Garden of Rest.

Bishop Heber truly expresses and sums up the glorious loveliness of the Taj, when he says, "It was designed by Titans and finished by Jewellers."

Four times in all we visited the Taj. Once again in the afternoon's light and shade, and yet once more by moonlight; but I still thought that nothing could exceed the beauty of that *first* glimpse through the red gateway. The defects (for what of human make is without?) appear more distinct each time. One long absorbing visit to the Taj is what I would recommend.

All the same by moonlight, what you lose in detail

of the scene. The pure dome shows out against the dark blue vault of heaven, the brilliancy of the silver-tipped turret towers eclipses the shining of the stars. The Taj looks then truly majestic. You fear to break the silence by the echo of your footsteps as you steal quickly round in the deep shadows, and come out on the dazzling platform, in the glory of the full moon by the river-side. At night you feel it is not a monumental palace, but a burial-place ; the smell of the tomb is close and vault-like, and you shudder at the vast silence as you escape into the open once more. One curious effect is then always remarked. As you approach the Taj by moonlight it seems to dwindle and recede, and you only realize suddenly that you are near, and almost under the platform.

In the afternoon we drove along a road which has been called the "Appian Way" of Agra, from the tombs and mausoleums which we see along the five miles road to the village of Secundra or Sikandria. We are going to the mausoleum of the great Akbar himself.

Entering under a gateway, which is a veritable study in red and white and other coloured marbles, we find ourselves in a small park. The feeling of disappointment occasioned so often by the ruin and decay around these Indian monuments is absent here, for Secundra delights us with a certain finish and completeness. The trees bordering the broad paved causeway form as effective an avenue, as the cyprus at the Taj, to the pyramidal tomb at their end. Four grand causeways coming from four of these marble and sandstone gateways meet at the marble platform on which stands the

original, as will be seen. The semicircular dome of the entrance, which is whitewashed, forms an incongruity which mars the general effect of the façade.

Down a dim, gradually sloping passage we descend to the underground vault. At its entrance, by the pale light from the doorway, we see the plain marble sarcophagus, surmounted by a wreath of fresh flowers which contains the dust of Akbar, the founder of the great Mogul Empire, the mightiest sovereign of a mighty race.

Under the central dome it stands alone, without name or inscription, marking by its simplicity the chosen tomb of the great monarch.

We climb up one after another the four chabutras. Each one has the staircase unseen at first, but discovered in a corner, and which leads up to the trap-hole, through which we reappear on to the next platform. Thus each one you attain to seems to be the last. We are looking down upon tiers of minarets, and upon the four canopies, pillar-supported, which face each way of the compass. At length we climb the last flight, and find ourselves at the summit on the white marble chabutra that crowns the whole.

All is of marble, white and pure. Here, surrounded by one of those exquisite filagree marble screens open to the heavens, stand the whitest of sarcophagi, hewn out of one single block of marble, wrought, and carved, and fretted until it is like the carving of a sandal-wood box. The ninety-nine names of God in Arabic are inscribed within and around the scroll-work of the tomb, and it bears also the

The court is surrounded by a cloister with Saracenic arches showing glimpses of the distant view. Tradition says that the sort of half pillar at the head of the tomb was intended for a setting for the Koh-i-Noor diamond, and that it really stood there for some time.

The *first* view of Secundra brings dissatisfaction. The creator of Futtehpore Sikri, the builder of the Fort and palace of Agra, the founder of the Pearl Mosque, we look to see something more magnificent than this self-chosen resting-place, for by the subtle leading up and preparation we only realize the beauty of the summit, when we look at that jointless tomb, that court of purest marble; its only canopy—that of nature, heaven's blue sky.

On the way home we paid a visit to the prison, which is quite a special sight of India, on account of the carpet manufactures carried on there.

The prisoners sit before a screen, or woof, with the bobbins of coloured worsted hanging in rows above. Each thread has to be tied separately into the string of the woof, cut, combed, or pressed down, and the scissors and combs used are of the rudest order. A reader chants or sings songs out the colours of the pattern at intervals, saying, "So many white threads, so many red or blue," and the ground is filled in afterwards. From fifteen to twenty men are squatted on the bench at work on the same carpet, and an inch and a half is the usual daily advance. The blending of colours and designs of these carpets are very rich and handsome, and the borders especially fine. This prison

much sought after. They are sold to the Magasins du Louvre and the Bon Marché at Paris, and supplied also to a Bond Street firm. One that we saw in progress was an order from the Duke of Connaught for a present to the Queen, and another is being made for the Empress Eugenie.

There are only three European warders in this prison, and nearly all the remainder are good-conduct prisoners. One who accompanied us, holding a huge umbrella over my head, had thrown a man down a well in a fit of temper. In the cook-house we saw them busy baking thousands of chapatties, or flat cakes, of coarse meal, the only food they require. The difficulty of caste is got over here, by the Brahmins, or highest caste, being alone employed for the cooking.

We bought some very pretty ornaments to-day made of soapstone, a clay of a warm grey tint, and which forms beautifully clean raised patterns on boxes, and card-trays, &c.

Monday, January 26th.—We began our morning with a disappointment. We had intended to drive out twenty-three miles to Futtehpore Sikri, to see the village of palaces and princely buildings of Akbar's first metropolis, abandoned for the fort at Agra on account of its unhealthiness; but we were confronted with the tiresome detail of not having given notice the previous day for relays of horses along the road. Hoping perhaps to return to Agra, we determined to leave for Delhi by the midday train.

In going to the station, we saw a touching sight. A

group were squatted resignedly around—mute, not weeping, but looking helplessly and steadfastly at the bier. The chief mourner had taken his place at the head. And this is the sight you often see as you pass down some quiet avenue, or near approach to the river banks—a mournful little party, a few bearers carrying the bier uplifted, and hurrying down towards the sacred river with their burden, crying as they pass along that mournful wail, “The name of God is true. If you speak true, it will bring salvation.”

Eight hours’ journey brought us in the evening to Delhi. We found the “Northbrook” so full of Americans (for we meet such numbers of them travelling in India, come across from “Frisco” to Japan and China, and taking India on their way to Europe, generally bent on arriving in Rome for Easter week), so we took refuge at the United Service Hotel. Here there is the officious, though, be it said, intelligent guide, Baboo Dass, well known to travellers at Delhi.

A word about the hotels. An Indian hotel is the embodiment of dirt and discomfort. There is nothing to complain of in the food, but the rooms are damp and cellar-like, with whitewashed walls, and the barest amount of furniture. Dressing is a lengthy process, when you have to divide your toilette between a brick-floored bath-room, and a dressing-room with one looking-glass and a chair, and a bedroom equally dismal. Moreover, they are built solely with regard to the heat, and in the cold nights and frosty mornings you suffer bitterly from the draught of air-traps from skylights in the roof, and doors and windows that

this there are the multitude of servants from whose incessant attention you suffer much annoyance, no one man doing the same thing. On leaving an hotel a crowd of at least six are awaiting backsheesh—the Khitmutgar, the Sirdar, the Bheestie, the Sweeper, &c. No exception can be made for any one hotel. We found them all equally atrocious, even including those of Bombay and Calcutta.

Tuesday, January 27th.—We drove along the Mall of the civil lines, where was lying the encampment of a collector or other provincial officer travelling on his annual round of inspection. We passed under the battered portals of the Cashmere Gate, so famed for its noble defence during the Mutiny. Just on the other side of this is Skinner's Church. Colonel Skinner married first, as was natural, an English-woman, and built this church; but, secondly, he married a Mohammedan, and then the mosque opposite was built; but, last of all, he espoused a Hindu, when the Hindu temple, a little way off, came into existence. He used to say that when he died he would be sure of going to the heaven of the best religion.

Delhi has a fort, containing a palace, a Dewas-i-Khas, a Dewas-i-Am, a pearl mosque, and a Jâma Musjid, similar and in the same position as at Agra. But all, with the exception of the mosque, are but a feeble reproduction of the latter. Shah Jahan, as we know, founded Delhi, but the works he accomplished were but a feeble and poor imitation of those of his noble grandfather Akbar at Agra.

The four splendid gateways of the Fort, with their grand red colouring and coping of domes, would appear to be

We entered by the Lahore gate, and passed under the vaulted causeway known as the *chattahs*, or umbrella of the king, and where the military bazaar now maintains a certain air of picturesqueness.

The *Dewan-i-Am*, the Hall of Public Audience, is the usual marble loggia. It has only a cumbrous canopy of marble over the marble throne, but the wall behind is most beautifully inlaid with mosaic. The colours are still extraordinarily bright, and show the green plumage of the parakeets, the blue of the humming-birds, while groups of flowers and clusters of fruit complete a rare panel of beauty.

The *Dewan-i-Khas*, or Hall of Private Audience, is at present disfigured by trusses of hay wrapped round the inlaid pillars, whilst the work of reparation is being carried on. Government proposes to spend three laks of rupees in restoring the original marvels that existed of gold and silver filagree work, the pillars having been plated with sheets of gold, and the ceiling covered with silver. It is estimated that this ceiling, which was part of the spoil of the Mahratta Invasion of 1759, produced 170,000*l.* worth of silver.

The inscription in the corner of the ceiling is the well-known and very beautiful, "If there is a Paradise on Earth, it is here, it is here, it is here." The famous Peacock Throne was in this hall. "The throne was six feet long and four feet broad, composed of solid gold, inlaid with precious gems. The back was formed of jewelled representations of peacock's tails. It was surmounted by a gold canopy on twelve pillars of the same material. Around the canopy hung a fringe of pearls, and on each side of the throne

They were formed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold thread and pearls, and had handles, eight feet long, of solid gold studded with diamonds. This unparalleled achievement of the jeweller's art was constructed by a Frenchman, Austin de Bordeaux. The value of the throne is estimated by Tavernier, himself a professional jeweller, at 6,000,000*l.* sterling." The Peacock throne was taken away by the Persian Nadir Shah.

Then we are taken to the palace and into a little room, three-cornered in shape, and with its windows open towards the river. Inlaid in mosaic there is here the sweet little inscription, "Sigh not, for good times are at hand." The scales of Justice are represented in another place in inlaid marbles over the trellis door, which leads into the Zenana. Here every care has been lavished upon the beauty of the decoration of the various rooms, though the red and green flowers and running patterns look coarse and gorgeous to our eyes, so lately accustomed to the delicacy and minuteness of the Agra *pietra dura*. Here again we see how Shah Jahan failed to produce the minute beauty of Akbar's palace. Still the colouring is interesting for being so well preserved, showing out as if it was finished but yesterday, and one is glad to see that any attempt was made to lighten the prison house and the dull lives of its inmates.

The bath-rooms, as in all eastern palaces, are the great feature, and occupy the largest portion of this palace. Running round the centre room there is a shallow channel, inlaid with an ingenious serpentine pattern in black, and the water coursing swiftly over this, produces the effect of

see the children's smaller baths, and the shower-bath formed by a fountain springing up through the floor. The centre hall contains a pool inlaid with jade. It was here the ladies came to drink after the bath, and the water filtering through the holes of jade was supposed to be purified and cooled by it. This was an old Eastern idea, for we are told that kings always had their drinking-cups of jade. The bath in the king's apartments had hot and cold water laid on, and was used by the Prince of Wales when on his visit to Delhi.

The pearl mosque is almost a perfect model in miniature proportions of the Moti Musjid of Agra, but this one was kept only for the use of the king and his family. The paving of this court is very pretty, the squares being indicated by double black lines, and those under the mosque are fringed at the top with three delicate sprays of jasmine flowers. The remainder of the Fort is occupied by the barracks of our troops.

Passing out between the formidable spikes of the Delhi gate, we drive up before the Jamma Musjid, the finest mosque in India.

It is called Jamma, or the Friday Mosque, because Friday is the sacred day of the week according to the Moslem religion. Escaping two Albino beggars—most repulsive objects—we ascend up the magnificent flight of broad shallow steps—those steps which on three sides form such a splendid approach to the imposing grandeur within. The wooden gates at the entrance are interesting on account of their immense thickness, and their age, which is over 200 years. When inside the court we

lines, which has a very striking effect when extended over such a vast space. In the centre there is the usual marble reservoir, where some Mohammedans are washing their feet preparatory to praying. Three cupolas of white marble, crowned by gilded culices, rise over the red arches, and pillars that form the open loggia of the mosque. The centre cupola is partly hidden by the great square of the principal entrance, in which the pointed gothic arch is splendidly described. The cornices of this pointed archway are divided into ten compartments, each ten feet broad, which contain inscriptions in black marble on a white ground. Following the usual construction the two minarets that flank the mosque seem almost of an exaggerated height. They are inlaid with the white and red marble stripes placed vertically, and are as always the pride and beauty of the city. For miles around their graceful proportions can be seen isolated, reaching towards the sky, when all other parts of the city are unseen. A colonnade of red sandstone surrounds the court, and the whole beauty of the mosque lies in the splendid contrast of the rich red sandstone against the white marble court.

To enhance the scene here are a long row of worshippers, bending and rising in union, saluting the earth and crying out with one voice, in response to the priest who is under the portico; and other bare-footed worshippers are hurrying from the tank, after performing their ablutions, to join them. On every Friday some 10,000 souls cover the court of the Friday mosque. The tak, or niche of the kibra, is beautifully carved, and the pulpit, consisting of three panels, is hewn

the priest gives the well-known salutation of the faith: "Allaho Allah!" And the response comes intoned back from the multitude, "Jilli Julali!".

In a corner of the court they opened a casket of relics for us to see—a parchment written by Hussein and Hassein, the grandsons of Mahomet, a shoe of the prophet, his footprint on a stone, left whilst healing the sick; and, lastly, most precious of all, a single hair from his beard. Mahomet must have had a very red beard.

The beggars of Delhi are proverbial for their importunity, and on the steps of the mosque they glean a rich harvest. The maimed, the halt, the blind, pursued us till we were fain to take refuge in the carriage from the armless stumps, the twisted and distorted limbs, that were thrust forward, to excite our pity. Not less troublesome are the hawkers and vendors, who swarm everywhere in the verandahs of the hotels, but nowhere worse than at Delhi. They leave you no peace, pursue you everywhere, and even insinuate themselves in at your bedroom door. They are the pest of Indian travellers.

Driving in the afternoon through the Queen's Gardens, the abode of the horrid yellow pariah dogs of the city, we reached the outskirts of the town, and came to the old fort, made 500 years old. It consists of some ruined walls, so massive that, judging from the aperture of the loopholes, they must be at least eleven feet thick. On the top of a large pile of ruins, nobly placed, stands the Lat, or Staff of Feroz Shah, another of Asoka's columns. It is like those we have seen at Benares and Allahabad, only this one is of more

shaft of sandstone tapering very slightly towards the top. The inscription in Pali, the oldest language in India, is almost illegible, but it consists of "certain edicts for the furtherance of religion and virtue, enacted by a king called Dhumma Asoka Piyadasi," who must have changed his character after ascending the throne, which he only reached by the murder of the ninety relations who had prior claims. A kite perched on its broken summit, looked curiously monumental, and there were others sitting in solemn rows on the ruins around, with heads turned towards the commissariat building below, whence they were expecting their daily meal of refuse. Others were also swooping around the river banks, waiting for one of the dead bodies which are so frequently seen floating down the Jumna.

We returned to the town, and found our way through a very slummy lane to a beautiful little gem, a Jain temple, most exquisitely carved outside, though this was almost hidden and lost in the narrow street and the shadow of the overhanging houses. We pass the passage leading round to the further side of the temple, where the women worship apart from the men. Lately we have been seeing many mosques and temples with cupolas, domes, and minarets of all sizes and forms, but now we see one of a totally different design. There is a kind of cupola with a gilded top, but it is a very squat one, and the effect produced is as by a cushion crushed down by the weight of a crown.

The idol, with legs doubled under him, is sitting cross-legged under the canopy inlaid with gold leaf. Jain, the god, was naked, and in this he differs from the Hindu

to give rise to serious riots on the day in the year when Jain was paraded through the streets in procession, the Hindus pelting him with mud, and a free fight generally ensuing between the different followers. A military force is brought out now on this day of the year for the protection of Jain, at the expense of his believers.

The Hindus also parade their god Ganesh once a year, on June 17th, and we went to see the Juggernaut car used on this occasion, and kept in a stable adjoining the Jamma Mosque. The car is entirely covered with gold leaf, and cost, it is said, 25,000/. We noticed particularly the several railings which surrounded the seat of the god, placed there by the priests to catch the money thrown to him in the streets. It is drawn by four prize bullocks, who have been previously fattened on an allowance of from four to five pounds of melted butter daily, conveyed to them through the trough of a hollow stick.

On our way home we drove through the Chandi Chowk. It is the finest native bazaar in India, the street being a mile long, and so broad that there is room for four avenues, with two roads, and three pavements. In the Chowk there is the Kotvale and the little mosque perched up among the roofs of the houses, where Nadir Shah sat and ordered the massacre in which he killed 100,000 people. Midway the street is intersected, and the harmony of the quaint old houses with their overhanging wooden balconies, much disturbed by the modern red building of the Delhi Museum and Institute, and by the Gothic clock-tower immediately opposite. It was in the Chandi Chowk that we bought

on satin and velvet, for which Delhi is justly celebrated. We saw also some very valuable Cashmere shawls, one being valued at 4000 rupees.

Wednesday, January 28th.—A tremendous thunder-storm, with hailstones as large as beans, kept us awake during part of the night. The lightning shone in from the little windows high up in the wall, and was the most vivid I have ever seen. When morning came, we thought the weather was going to fail us for the first time since we have been in India, so violent was the downpour of rain; but by eleven it cleared, and we were able to start with a fine sky for our eleven miles' drive to the Kutub Column.

There are a multitude of things to be seen on the way, and it would be hard to surpass in interest the drives about Delhi. Endless are the antiquarian remains that are scattered about the plain for miles around. They are all ruins of old Delhis, for nine separate cities have at different times been built and abandoned within a radius of twenty miles of the present one. Thus, as you drive along, the ruin of an old fort, or the remains of a city wall, are pointed out to you as Delhi number four or Delhi number eight.

Our driver chose that we should not stop, as is customary, outside the grand fort of the "old" Delhi, the most ancient of all the ruins, and see the mosque inside the Octagonal Library, where the Emperor Humayoon met his death by falling down the stairs of the tower. A mile further on we come to the tomb of the emperor, a splendid mausoleum, standing in a garden. It is rendered so imposing from the

under the dome is the plain sarcophagus of the emperor, the father of Akbar. As usual, the surrounding rooms forming the corners of the circular room are full of the tombs of the wives, sons, and daughters of the great man, and in one corner, side by side, are the tombs of five mullahs. The trellis-work is shown of one of the windows where it was broken by Captain Hodgson at the capture of the King of Delhi in 1857. The king had taken refuge in the corner pointed out, behind a bronze door, and the window was broken as being an easier access. A bright blue enamelled dome near here is supposed to have been the residence of the Begum's bangle-seller, and a brick one adjoining, that of the royal barber. This might have been the case, for these Eastern mausoleums were often used as palaces, previous to the death of the person by whom they were built.

Then we drove on to a spot which is literally a village of the dead, so closely serried are the marble sarcophagi, and where little courts and mosques and mausoleums are visible in all directions.

Our chief wish in coming here was to see the grave of Jehanara Begum, the eldest daughter of Shah Jahan, whose story is so simple and touching. She became a *religieuse* very young, and declared her intention of never marrying. On her father's disgrace, Jehanara shared his prison and captivity. She is buried here, and her grave is a plain grass one, and the inscription at its head, dictated by herself, tells us the reason. It says: "Let no rich canopy cover my grave. This grass is the best covering for the tomb of the poor

of the sect of the Chistîs, the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jahan."

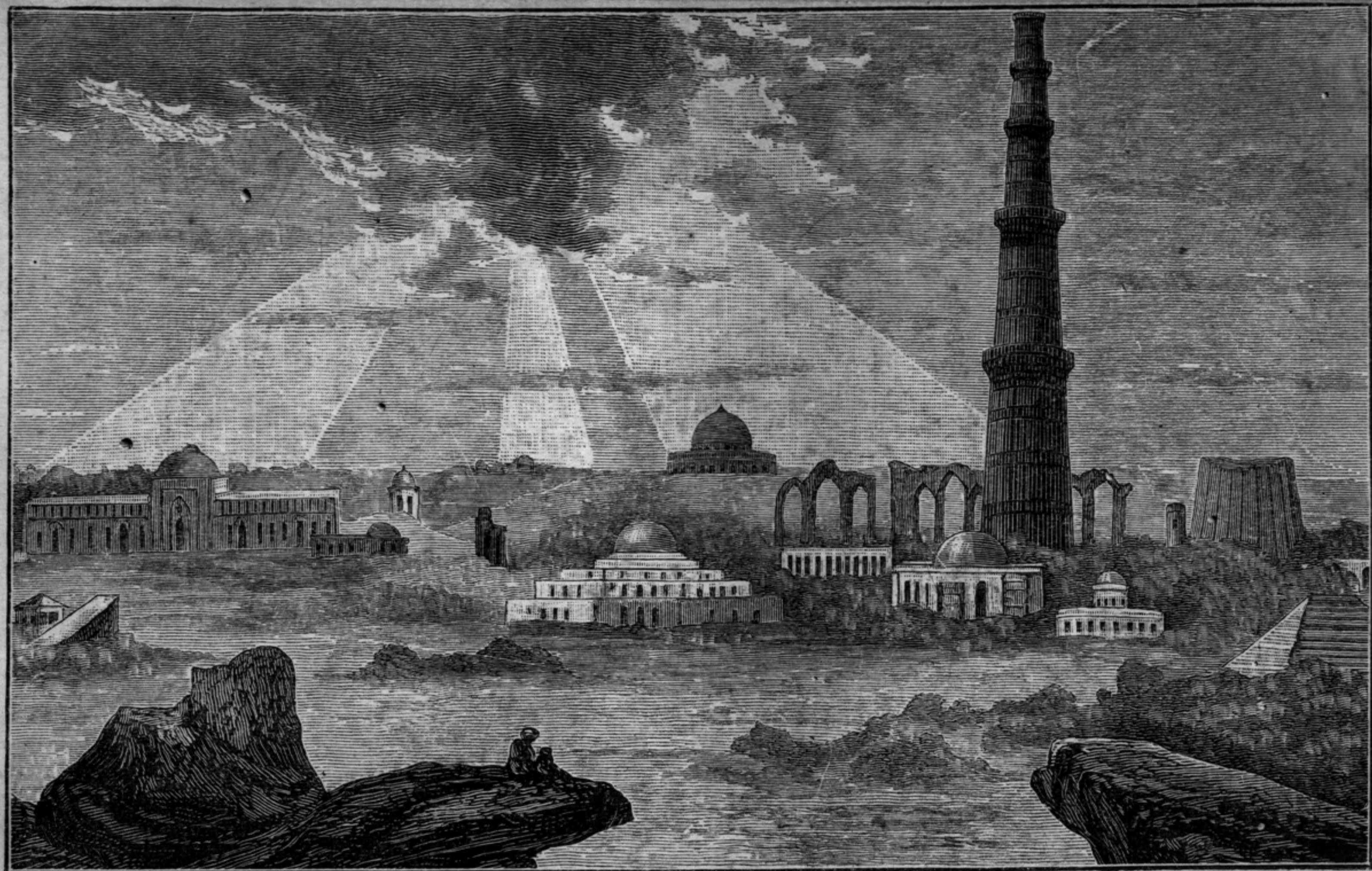
Here also Prince Jehangir, a son of Akbar II., is buried, who was exiled by the English Government on account of his frequent attempts to murder his brother, and who is said to have died from his excessive love of cherry-brandy. He was the favourite son of the emperor, who always believed that he died of "sighing."

The celebrated Persian poet, Amir Khusran, lies near by, and these, with many other tombs, are surrounded by that exquisite marble trellis-work that forms the most beautiful feature of Mussulman architecture. These tombs lie around or *in* a small marble court of great purity, from the centre of which rises a tiny dome of marble, whose octagonal angles are marked with black lines. An open colonnade, with Saracenic arches richly carved, shows us the tomb of that most sacred Mohammedan saint, Nizam-ud-din, within, whose sanctity still draws bands of pilgrims to his tomb. The wooden canopy of the tomb is inlaid with exquisite mother-of-pearl, that in the dim light looked iridescent, with opal tints of blue and green and purple. A row of ostrich eggs were hung around, and a Koran stood open at his head. The mosque, 600 years old, and very quaintly carved, completes this little world, where so much of interest lies gathered into such small compass. The Chausat Kumba is near by, the sixty-four pillared hall, as it is called, which number is only made up by the cunning device of counting the four sides to each of the square pillars. Returning we look into a baoli or well, a deep

The crowd of natives who always accompany the Feringis (Europeans) point upwards, and on the summit of the kiosk of a mosque, forty feet above us we see a man, who, as we look, takes a run and a header into the water. It seems quite a minute that we watch him falling through the air, with his legs wide apart, bringing them quickly together just as he plumps into the water with such thudding force that you think he must be crushed or cracked by the volition of his own weight. He is up in a moment. The tank being very deep, the diver only goes a few feet down, and does not reach the bottom; then he comes up the steps, shivering and with teeth chattering, for his backsheesh. On account of the height of the surrounding buildings the sun never reaches this tank for more than three or four hours each day, and the water is intensely cold.

And now we have a drive of some four or five miles before us. The ruins cluster thickly about the country here, and we see many of the small mosques which mark the site of a Mohammedan cemetery, with their old grave-stones and white pillars, which show, they say, the spot of a "suttee" over the grave. A tremendous storm overtook us before we reached the Dâk Bungalow, where we were to have "tiffin."

We went at once to the Kutub Minar, or Pillar, the loftiest column in the world, or 234 feet high. But its chief interest is not derived from this, but from its extreme beauty and unique character. Pillars and columns there are all over the world, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Monument near London Bridge, but none so beautiful, so



Column. Kutub Minar. Delhi.

In the first place it is built of full-coloured red sandstone, and in the second it is fluted; but the "fluting" does not convey the curious and effective pattern, seen nowhere else I think, of a fluting alternately "round" and "angular." The Kutub tapers, as all such mighty erections must, that the laws of equilibrium may be carried out in their broad base. It is divided into five stories by the balconies which run round in a zigzag, and which are supported by a bracket where each angle touches the column; but "the distance between these balconies diminishes in proportion to the diameter of the shaft, thus adding to the apparent height of the column by exaggerated perspective."

The first storey, or the ground floor, is polygonal, with the fluting in alternate rows of acute angles and rounded semicircles; the second is entirely semicircle; the third all acute angles; the fourth is a circle of white marble (a curious anomaly); and the fifth is just a band of carving surmounted by the railed enclosure of the summit. These alternate flutings give an irregular appearance to the "horizontal" lines of the pillar when seen at a little distance off, and the base also appears to bulge out much at the sides, where it enters the ground. Maintaining the idea of the symmetry of the gradually ascending but decreasing scale, all the delicate Arabic inscriptions, the bands of the Koran surrounding the Minar, are arranged as follows:—Six are on the lowest, two are on the second, and one on the third storey, but none above on the next, where the marble band replaces them. The top band on the lower storey gives the ninety-nine names of God in Arabic, and the remainder are variously

Twice the Kutub has been struck by lightning, once in 1068 and again in 1503, as recorded in an inscription ; but now it is made safe from such damages by the lightning-rod which we see at the bottom and meet again at the top of the 375 steps. Some idea is given of its narrowing proportions, when I say that three men can easily stand abreast on the lower steps, whereas here at the summit one man can with difficulty pass. The view over the plain of Delhi in its utter flatness, reaching even to the horizon, is very uninteresting and disappointing, on account of the weary toil up. The Hindus claim the Kutub as of their erection, and say it was made by Prithie Rajah to enable his daughter to see over the plains to the sacred Ganges. Others think it is Mōhammedan, and certainly the inscriptions must have been added by them. Looking up to the Kutub we noticed a curious effect—that the clouds moving quickly across the sky gave to the tower the appearance of shifting instead. Near the Kutub Minar is a similar column, commenced to match the other ; but, left unfinished, it is now falling into decay.

As usual, minor antiquities cluster round the greater one, and near the Kutub is the tomb of the Emperor Altinash, the supposed builder of the column, and the palace of the Emperor Alâ-ud-din, which has a very beautiful horseshoe arch. This is considered the first specimen of Pathan architecture extant. But the principal interest here is a mosque constructed from the remains of twenty-seven Hindu temples by the first Mohammedan King of Delhi in 1193. The Hindu columns that have been used by their successors to form a thick row of cloisters are most admirably and quaintly

feature; but in one corner we see a bullock-cart, where the tire and spokes of the wheel are very distinct; in another some men pounding millet; while monkeys form the brackets, or the head of a bull the ornamentation for a capital.

In the centre of this ruined temple stands the Iron Pillar of the famous legend. It rises twenty-two feet above the ground, and it has been proved by excavation that its foundation is at least sixty-two feet below the surface.

Rajah Pithora consulted the Brahmins, or priests, as to the length of his dynasty. They replied that if he could sink an iron shaft into the earth, and pierce the snake-god Lishay, who upheld the earth, it would endure for ever. Time elapsed, and the Rajah became curious to know the result of the sinking of his iron shaft, and against all the Brahminical warnings had the pillar uprooted. Great was the consternation when it was found that the end was covered with blood. It was hastily put back again into the earth, but the charm was broken. The kingdom of Pithora was shortly conquered, his life was taken, and no Hindu king has ever reigned in Delhi since.

It was a pretty sight to see the sacred goats living about the temple, looking down over the ruined wall on a caravan of camels, whose drivers had gone up the tower, where some took the opportunity for saying their prayers.

When they came down again, I suddenly thought what a good opportunity this would be to try riding on a camel. Seated on the edge and hindermost point of his back, it was an awful moment when the camel set forward on his front

Then I was at a very acute and ticklish angle, and he took his time, too, to raise his hind-legs and bring me to a comfortable level once more. The motion is easy and pleasant (though it makes your head "waggle" in a ridiculous way) when taken at the slow deliberate walk that the driver carefully led me ; but I can well imagine the agony of the trot, when no action of your body can keep time or swing with such an incomprehensible motion. The worst part undoubtedly is the getting off. Down goes the first division of the animal, the legs to the knees, and then the second, at which the body rests on the ground, when you are in danger of being precipitated over his head. Lastly the hind-legs subside, and you slide off over his tail. At the word of command he performs these various evolutions, but it is generally accompanied by a discontented snort and grunt. I like the deliberate way the beast always walks, with that affected turning of the head from side to side, and the nose disdainfully held high in the air.

In returning home we passed the beautiful white dome of the mausoleum of Sajdar Jang ; but though beautiful outside, there is nothing to see in the interior, and we were fairly weary of mosques, mausoleums, and tombs to-day. Nor did we linger at the Junter Mundir, or Observatory, as we had seen that finer one of Benares. From the distance we traced its gigantic sun-dial, and the two towers exactly alike, with the pillars that mark the 360° , so that one observation could be corrected by the other. Needless to say that we were extremely tired at nightfall.

seeing Ludlow Castle, of Mutiny fame, in front of which was stationed battery No. 2, which was to open the main breach by which the city was stormed. Here also is the Flagstaff Tower, to which the ladies of the station were first taken when the hope of speedy relief from Meerut was yet with them. It is a fitting and commanding situation for the red brick monument erected to the British and native troops who "died in action, of wounds, or of disease" during the mutiny "by their comrades, who lament their loss, and the Government they served so well." "The Ridge" is also celebrated for a well-known pacific measure of our times, for it saw the great Durbar of the 1st of January, 1877, when The Queen was proclaimed Empress of India. It and the surrounding plain presented a marvellous sight, covered with the tents of rajahs and maharajahs, and of the thousands gathered there, forming the largest camp that had ever been seen.

We left Delhi that morning. In the afternoon we had a very interesting meeting at Gaziabad with Syed Ahmed Khan, C.S.I., the founder and Honorary Secretary of the Moham-medan Oriental College, and who is looked up to by all the Mohammedans of India as their intellectual head. He came thus far to meet us, and travelled back with us to Allyghur, where the college is situated, as being most central for all parts of India. This allowed of C. having two hours' conversation with him, and learning much about the great Mohammedan community of India.

We reached Agra late that evening, about ten o'clock, when we made our visit to the Taj by moonlight.

CHAPTER VIII.

GWALIOR AND RAJPUTANA.

Friday, January 30th.—Left Agra at 7.30 on our way to Gwalior.

After crossing the Chumbla on one of the finest bridges in India, we came to a very strange bit of country. Every foot of the bare ground was gulched, upturned, upheaved, into conical mounds. We saw a quantity of curious little sugar-loaf cones, apparently of natural origin, and the whole represents a series of miniature valleys and mountains. This broken ground alone would form a formidable obstacle to the enemy's approach to Gwalior, without its celebrated fort.

Long before we reached Gwalior we saw the great ridge of rock some two miles in length, though only one in width, which rises up out of the plain. It is the Gibraltar of India, and, standing out of the plain instead of out of the sea, was called, before modern cannon brought the fort within range of neighbouring heights, the key of Hindustan. It is a grand rampart of nature, and the range of fortress walls

down upon the palace of Sindhia himself, lying immediately underneath, in mockery guarding his territory, for though the maharajah's standard floats from the flagstaff, British soldiers occupy the stronghold.

Sir Lepel Griffin, the Governor-General's agent to the princes of Central India, was on his annual tour, and in camp at Morar, the adjacent military station. He had asked us to stay with him at Indore, Holkar's capital, where he is permanently located, and now offered us the hospitality of his camp. But all our ideas of having to rough it melted before the Oriental luxury of the temporary town.

We drove through a neat "street" of tents, and were set down before a handsome pavilion. This was the entrance-hall with visitors' book, and where the scarlet-clad chuprasies are in constant attendance. Through this we passed into a drawing-room lined with brocade, thickly carpeted with rugs, full of easy-chairs and of tables covered with photographs, books, newspapers, flowers, &c. An ante-room, again, leads into the dining-room. The tents for the remainder of the party are ranged on either side of the pavilion.

Here we are in far greater luxury than in any Indian hotel, and save for the supporting-pole in the centre, and the pebbles crunching under the carpet, we might think ourselves in a comfortable room. All around there are the cheerful sounds of camp-life, the chattering of servants, the stamping of the picketed horses, or the whistling proceeding from your opposite neighbour's

adjoining ground, and their horses' feet resound as they scamper about on the hard earth.

All commissioners and collectors have to camp out for one or two months in the year on their tours of inspection, and so it comes to be quite a feature of Indian life. The rule then is for one set of tents to be sent on in advance over night. The *réveillé* is sounded at 5 a.m., or some such early hour, and the ten miles' march is accomplished before the heat of the day, and they sit down to breakfast on the new camping-ground, with the tents ready pitched. Not the least wonderful part of the camp is the kitchen. Everything is cooked out in the open, and there is but one tent for the culinary department. There are one or two mud ovens and holes in the ground filled with charcoal, and with this and a very few pots and pans a native cook manages to turn out a most elegant dinner for eighteen. Rarely, if ever, are the dishes or sauces smoked, even when a contrary wind is blowing.

We went to a small tennis party in the evening, and returning home along the "Mall," Sir Lepel stopped and took us into the club, where there is one room set aside for the use of the ladies. It is a most popular institution, and prevails at many of the stations. The ladies walk down here in the evening before dinner, and have a gossip, or read the papers, whilst their husbands are playing billiards in an adjoining room.

This reminds me also of another, but a very different kind of club,—the "Mutton Club," which exists at most stations. There are few butchers in India, as none are

on a station frequently join together and keep their own flock of sheep and a shepherd, which supplies them with meat twice a week, and they take it in turns for the prime joints. Some energetic member of the community keeps the accounts and collects the subscriptions.

There was a dinner party in the evening, and during dinner the band of the native infantry regiment, the Duke of Connaught's Own, played outside the tent, and afterwards conjurors performed some well-known Indian tricks. It strikes you as curious at first, when you step out of your tent into the moonlight in full evening dress, and walk across to the pavilion to dinner, to see the guests arriving up the "street," which looks so pretty with its row of lamps.

Saturday, January 31st. In camp at Gwalior.—Awoke at 7 a.m. to the merry noises of an awakening camp—bugles braying, horses neighing, a band playing in the distance, soldiers parading on the plain near by under their officers' shouts of command, and gongs sounding at intervals from all sides.

It was very chilly work turning out, for in the early morning and late at night the cold in the tents is intense.

At eight o'clock we started, muffled up in winter wraps, yet shivering much, and drove to the bottom of the Gwalior hill. Here we found one of the Maharajah's elephants waiting to take us up the very steep climb to the fort, which it is impossible to ascend in a carriage. Those who have been on an elephant know well the first sensation of fright that

his hind-legs, when his fore-legs bring us to a level ; and then we seem to be on a height which is dwarfing to all below us. The motion is a painfully uneven one, to which you never seem able to find a corresponding one for your body, and the howdah becomes anything but a comfortable seat, however pleased you may be at first with the novelty of the situation. I think the mahout, with his two-pronged fork, sitting astride the elephant's neck, and guiding him by the pressure of his knees under the flopping ears, has the more comfortable position of the two.

"The Little Fairy," as the elephant was poetically and inappropriately termed, was very slow, and our progress proportionally tedious. Our party must have presented a very picturesque appearance, as perched aloft on the red and yellow trappings of the howdah, our bell sounding out melodiously with the deliberate swaying walk of the elephant, we wound up under the walls of the old fort.

The strength of the position is marvellous, and we do not wonder that the chiefs of India would hardly believe when told that it had fallen into our hands, a little more than a century ago.

We passed through two gateways, and then were beneath the castellated walls, where under the protection of each battlement is a row of glazed tiles of bright colours, in blue and green. One wonders how the decoration, so strangely out of place, ever came there, and in other parts of the fort it appears again. In one place, yellow geese are re-

The whole of this narrow ridge is taken up with cantonments and barracks laid in parallel lines on its perfectly flat surface. It is so narrow that passing along the road in the centre you can almost see down on to the plain immediately below on either hand.

One beautiful bit of antiquity still remains inside the fort in a wonderful Hindu temple, surrounded by a museum of ancient outdoor monuments, stone mummies, Jain idols, and monstrosities of hydra-headed beasts, looking at each other from over a pillar. The temple is very high, square, and narrow—a peculiar kind of formation, and unlike most Hindu temples, which taper towards the top. It is built of small stones, which seem to form Gothic arches in out-of-the-way corners, and the whole temple presents an intricate mass of irregularities. To finish all, it is covered in at the top by a modern addition, a huge white stone semicircular roof, ending squarely, and looking entirely like a huge sarcophagus.

As we passed the parade-ground we saw the general reviewing a body of troops. The tramp of their feet, and their regular lines, with bayonets gleaming in the morning sun, was a cheerful sight.

The views from the fort are magnificent. There is old Gwalior lying away among its sprinkling of trees, with the open space where the large square of buildings shows the Maharajah's palace and gardens. The mud huts of the large village of Lashkar, the city proper of Gwalior, is at our feet, and away to the left is the defile of the Urwai Gorge, whose summit, on a level with the

We had breakfast on returning at eleven o'clock, a very usual hour, when chota hazri supplies all earlier wants, and from 12 p.m. a string of callers were coming and going. The Indian etiquette requires calls to be paid between the hottest hours of the day, from 12 till 2 p.m.

A combat of animals had been organized for that afternoon for us. The natives' squatting round formed a bright ring of colour, and somewhat against our will we were obliged to witness a typical Indian entertainment.

Some cocks were the first to appear on the arena, but, save one couple, were not at all "game." Then some little partridges were brought, loudly calling challenges to each other from their wicker cages; but when brought face to face they only showed us a succession of clever dodgings. They were followed by a pair of bul-buls, those fluffy-headed bullfinches whom we hear chirping in the trees in the evening with such a deafening noise. But the rams showed the best fight. Let fly from opposite ends of the circle, they met in the centre with tremendous force, the repeated dull thud of their horns echoing for days after in our ears. Provided that they meet with their heads well down, it is their horns that have the full force of the concussion, and does not hurt them. A white ram was produced, which was held back with difficulty, springing and showing fight to all the rams that came near him. He proved too strong and heavy for all the others, and they fled in terror before him, and could hardly be persuaded to meet him. Then he would take a mean advantage of their retreat and go after them, butting at their backs and sides, and turning them con-

We saw a snake pitted against a mongoose, but, curiously enough, little fury as the mongoose is, he refused to touch the very handsome spotted snake, and retreated at every hiss. The second and smaller one, however, he succeeded in apparently killing, flattening his neck, till blood poured out of his mouth. This was the signal for a wonderful exhibition. The man declared he could bring the snake to life again, and, making a hole in the earth, he laid the head in, and poured water on it. The effect was magical; the neck stiffened and moved, and gradually the serpent reared its head. Then the cure was completed by the sweet dirge-like music charming the snake, and making it wave its head in time, intently following each undulation—unconscious of all save the magic music.

A buffalo-fight was tried in another part of the camp, but it was evident that they, in common with the other animals, had no natural animosity for one another.

Later in the afternoon we went to the cantonment to see some tent-pegging by the Fourth Bengal Native Cavalry. This was a very different kind of tent-pegging to any performance of the kind that you see at the Agricultural Hall at Islington. Here the men were on a large open space, and flew by at full speed with a wild rush, balancing the long spear low, and carrying off the tiny peg (almost lost in such a space) by piercing it through.

The dress of the native cavalry is splendid: scarlet coats, or more crimson perhaps, with blue and white striped turbans; while that of the infantry is buff with dark-blue turbans and facings. We walked through the cavalry lines

tionally fine, either "country-bred" or "Australians." Each man is obliged to keep a grass-cutter for his horse, and a pony or mule is shared by two, which goes out in the early morning and returns to camp at night with the next day's load of grass.

We drove home through the bazaar, which is considered almost the model bazaar of India. It is hardly credible what order and brightness by whitewashing and a uniformity of red-striped blinds has been introduced by the encouragement of Brigadier-General Massey, of Crimean fame, when he commanded here. A great deal of the native-carved woodwork has been used with great effect in balconies and over gateways, particularly in that of the "serai," or the house of hospitality for native travellers, which you find in all villages.

We drove out to dinner by moonlight that evening in an open carriage, the usual way at "mofussil" stations, where a close carriage is so rarely wanted. The word "*mofussil*" sounded so funny to me at first, but it is very expressive of the station and up-country life of India.

Sunday, February 1st.—To church in the morning. The scarlet of the infantry in the nave, and the blue of the artillery lining the transepts, made a very effective addition to the congregation. The choir was formed of soldiers, and accompanied by a brass band.

Captain Robertson, First Assistant to the Agent, showed us to-day a kharita, or a letter to a native prince. The paper is specially made for this purpose, and is sprinkled with gold-leaf. Only the last few lines of the somewhat lengthy docu-

is made up of the usual roundabout and complimentary phrases. It is folded in a peculiar way, with the flaps outwards, and inserted into a muslin bag, and this latter into one of crimson and gold tint, with a slip-knot of gold thread, attached to which is a ponderous seal. The superscription and address on a slip of paper is passed into the bag between this latter and the muslin one. I have given these details in full, because they are important to Indian epistolary art, as, should any of them be omitted, it would be thought that an insult had been offered to the person addressed.

It may not be generally known that the native States still extant in India are 800, though out of them only 200 are of any importance. The Nizam of Hyderabad, the Maharajahs Sindhia and Holkar, each have an income of over a million sterling a year; and the kingdom of the first named is as large as Italy. This gives us some idea of the importance and power which still remains in the hands of the native princes—added to which, many of them maintain their own army, consisting of several regiments. This is the Maharajah Sindhia's great pride—the strength and efficiency of his army; and we were so sorry to have come a few days too late to see the review which he had just held, when he commanded his troops in person, and also to have missed the durbar, when his Highness was received in state by Sir Lepel. Since then he has been laid up with fever, and we were, therefore, unable to see him or his palace, which contains one of the finest durbar-halls in India.

We left the camp at daybreak the next morning, and this

able of our many early morning starts, collecting our things, and leaving as we did in the dark. We returned to Agra for the third and last time, where we spent the night. Again all the next day we were travelling on the Rajpootana State Railway to Jeypore, which we reached at six in the evening.

The country around Jeypore is of that peculiar formation which presents a flat plain of untold limits, interrupted at frequent intervals by conical-shaped hills that often attain to the height of mountains. Surrounded by a semicircle of these mountains, lying in the hollow of their midst, is Jeypore.

The white walls and towers of the great Tiger Fort, accessible only from this one side, stands guard over the city. Beneath it, on the rocks, has been painted in gigantic letters the one word "Welcome," inscribed there for the visit of the Prince of Wales.

Jeypore, the city of victory, as its name implies, is considered the model city of a native State, and it also carries off the palm for picturesqueness amongst all those artist-loved cities of India.

The native quarter, surrounded by a wall, forms a city within the city. The broad streets of its bazaar are wider and different to anything of the kind that we have seen before. The low shops are surmounted by a trellis carving, uniform throughout the long street, and all are coloured that soft Eastern pink, deep enough here to be a terra-cotta colour. The square market-place, with its marble fountain in the centre, and flocks of pigeons,

that it was built to please the Italian love of one of the Maharajahs of Jeypore. In keeping with the cleanliness and the air of brightness that generally pervades Jeypore, are the painted horns in red and green of the bullocks, the spirited and caparisoned horses of the Maharajah's attendants and messengers, and the bullock-carts and smartly curtained ekkas, with their magnificent yokes of trotting-bullocks. A more than ordinarily large number of sacred bulls seem to be lying or wandering about the streets. There is the unusual sight of familiar rows of lamp-posts once more, for Jeypore is the only city of a native State that is lighted with gas, and presently we pass the smoky chimney of "His Highness the Maharajah's Gasworks," as the inscription over the gate tells us. It is the late Maharajah who has made Jeypore what it is.

Jeypore seems too more advanced in art, education, and culture, looking at its school of art, where the native manufactures of pottery are sold, the public library in the square, and the museum. This latter is formed by the specimens of native manufactures, such as kincob, Benares and Moorshabad work, Multan and other potteries, exhibited at the Jeypore Exhibition two years ago, and which owes its origin and tasteful arrangement chiefly to Dr. Hendley, the Civil Surgeon.

At the end of a long street is the "Palace of the Moon," which is attractive from its name, but not from anything in its interior. There are the usual ranges of courtyards, and two durbar-halls, gaudy in the extreme, of a glaring mural decoration of flowers and fruit. We were taken to the

Tiger Fort, and were rather disgusted to find it was only to see a billiard-room in the pavilion. The zenana, a palace in buff and blue, in the form of a roof of terraces ascending and diminishing towards the gold moon at the summit, is the prettiest thing about the Palace of the Moon. Adjoining is the large courtyard with the tower in the centre, round which the maharajah's 300 horses are stabled.

Facing the palace at the other end of the long street is a cage, where seven magnificent tigers are kept for the amusement of the public. Bars not as thick as the little finger are alone between us and these ferocious animals. They crouch and glower in the furthestmost corner, and then spring forward as the keeper approaches, with a wild roar that re-echoes down the street, making the cage quiver with its reverberation. The grandest tiger of all alone has double bars, having once broken two with a forward spring.

Then we drove to the "Palace of the Winds," a charmingly poetic name, in keeping and resembling the fantastic façade in pink and white. A series of little turrets, with trellis-work windows filled in with green gratings, allow of the wind passing freely through. The palace ends with a succession of steps, each one being crowned with a flag on a golden staff, till they meet in the crowning step, the keystone of the façade. It stands at the top of a hill, and is used as a summer residence. There is nothing to see inside; the whole idea has been exhausted on the

what romantic. Formerly living in exile on an allowance of 1*l.* per month, he one day found himself raised to the throne and the possessor of an income of half a million sterling. His predecessor only settled the succession three hours previous to his death, a usual custom among these Eastern potentates, on account of the fear of poison from a rival for favour, and out of some hundred relatives with equal claims, to the surprise of all, he chose the present one, who is now only twenty-three years of age. In addition to the annual income there was found in the treasury half a million sterling in solid silver, which took Dr. Hendley twenty-three days to count over.

It has been our usual fate throughout our Indian travels to find commissioners and officials of all sorts away in camp on their inspections, which have to be got through just after the cold weather and before the advent of the hot; maharajahs and rajahs have been absent on pilgrimages or a visit of welcome to Lord Dufferin.

So it is in the present instance. The Maharajah is at Calcutta, performing this duty; and it will be remembered that Sindhia was ill, the Maharajah of Benares returning the day after we left Benares, and later on we were destined similarly to miss seeing the Nizam of Hyderabad.

In the afternoon by special arrangement Miss Joyce, the lady superintendent of the girls' school, kindly took me to see a zenana, in fulfilment of my great wish. There had been a death amongst the rajputs or great nobles at Jeypore—that of a promising young lad, educated at Mayo College—and the elder ladies had gone to pay a visit of condolence

were not permitted to receive; added to which, until the twelfth day was over, mourning or very plain dress would be *de rigueur*.

It was not in ancient days the custom for the Hindu women to be kept in the zenana, or to be "in purdah" (literally behind the curtain). The Hindus first began to adopt the plan after the Mohammedan invasion in imitation of their harem, and now all the castes keep the women in purdah, save those only of the very poor class who cannot afford it.

The house we went to was that of Sri Lachman Dat, the high priest of the Court. We were received in a small room on the ground floor of the palace, which, in true oriental fashion, was so much out of repair as to be tumbling down. This room was soon crowded with the brothers, sons, sons-in-law, and the numerous poor relations who are always hangers-on in the house of their richer kin. Altogether they were a family of fifty, and with over 100 servants it brought up this one household to 150 persons, who all found shelter in the palace. Miss Joyce acted as interpreter, and a desultory conversation was maintained. The priest inquired our names, and C. handed him a visiting-card, whereupon he called for paper and pen, and had his name written by his chaplain in exact imitation. The shastri said "that there were several members of his family ill, but that our visit was better than any doctor's, and would make them well," &c., &c.

At last a move was made, and the room cleared, the shut-

on the roof of the house by the gentlemen of the family—a position where he would be sure to be well out of sight, one after another, the ladies slipped in to us. They were all dusky, dark-eyed girls, some beautiful and others that would have been so with their lustrous eyes, but for coarse lips and thick noses. You would almost think they had arranged their dresses so as to form a pleasing contrast, for one was dressed in pale-yellow with silver, the other in orange with scarlet, and another in pink and gold—gorgeous gowns they were, with the most extensive skirts. Miss Joyce pulled one of them out for me to see, and they are so finely gathered that an infinity of yards of stuff are compressed into one breadth, and this makes them project, at the bottom, and swing like a crinoline. All wore the sari over the head, completely covering the neck and shoulders, and the short-sleeved bodice underneath, which just crosses the breast and nothing more. They were laden with ornaments, and only too delighted to take off each one separately to show me—their bead necklaces with gold fringes, their amulets, their bangles on the ankles, the arms, and above the elbow; their earrings, two inches long, weighed down with gold tassels; their nose-rings, as large as a bangle-ring, and which one took out of her cartilage, allowing that it hurt her. Their feet gave the appearance of being covered with a silver toe-piece, so massive were the rings and ornaments on each toe. The rings for their hands were made joined, for two fingers to pass through at once. Families of children and babies were brought and gathered into the room by degrees

and it was becoming very crowded when an adjournment was suggested by Miss Joyce.

We were each taken by the hand, and led upstairs to the zenana apartments; here the rooms were small, but very neat and clean. The floors were all wadded, and covered with linen, to enable them to sit comfortably cross-legged on it. There were a few pictures on the wall, and they showed me a common cottage clock in a corner, which they evidently considered most curious, and of priceless value. They took me into their sleeping apartments, and made me sit down on their bed, lifting up the curtains and showing me their curious little cheek pillows laid against the bolster. And then they went up some narrow flights of stairs, and passed a courtyard being repaired, whence the men had been carefully cleared by the eunuch, and only fled when warned of C.'s existence on the top of the roof!

All this time left alone, he had been carrying on a conversation by means of animated signs, and they had been examining his watch, hat, and gloves with interest. In descending we were shown the Durbar hall, and one of the living rooms—such a bare, dirty dungeon.

On returning to the room the usual ceremony was gone through of the presentation of baskets of fruit; the garland of flowers being thrown over our heads, and the sticky paste of sandal-wood and otto of roses smeared on the hands by the host, and returned by the guest.

The zenana women are allowed very occasionally to drive out in a gharry with the shutters closed, and with muslin again hung before these, but none of the servants or men of

only they have brought from their father's house. It takes a long time before a chief can be persuaded to allow his zenana to be visited by a European lady, and the present Maharajah refused entrance to his zenana to the Duchess of Connaught, because several of the other rajput maharajahs have not allowed their zenanas to be seen by any European woman.

Here then, I say, is the opportunity for the lady doctors of England. When tired of struggling against the blind prejudice that continues to bar their way to advancement at home, here is the wide field of usefulness, the work of charity for their suffering and imprisoned sex—these poor zenana women.¹ When the European doctor is called in (and it is only in very bad cases) he feels the pulse of the patient through the purdah, or sometimes through three or four. The women suffer terribly, and die from the want of ordinary skill and care, particularly in their confinements, when no doctor can be called in.

We visited the Raj school, established for girls, and which corresponds to that of the college for boys. Miss Joyce has enrolled on her books pupils who are classed as follows, "Unmarried, married, or widows!" The Hindu girls are married as early as ten years of age. The education is supposed to be entirely secular, but she has a class for religious instruction—a Sunday-school at her bungalow on Sunday.

We drove home through the Zoological Gardens, which are extremely pretty and well-laid-out. At their entrance

¹ Since this was written, Lady Dufferin has founded a society with

is the Mayo Hospital, dedicated to Lord Mayo by the late Maharajah, who was his personal friend, and further on is the Albert Hall, or Town Hall, the memorial of the Prince of Wales' visit. Jeypore is celebrated for its marble quarries, of which so many of the beautiful buildings in India are built, notably the Taj.

We left Jeypore that evening, and arrived at Ajmere at the inconvenient hour of midnight. This did not prevent Major Loch, the Principal of the Mayo College, in his kindness, coming to meet us at the station, and driving us to his abode inside the grounds. He has a most charming "*house*," for bungalow it cannot be called, as it possesses the remarkable feature for India of a staircase.

Mayo College was founded by the late Lord Mayo for the education of the sons of rajahs. It was a grand and statesmanlike idea, this scheme for the education of the native ruler, under the immediate guidance of English master minds, thereby engendering a patriotism and attachment to England as a mother country, raising and elevating the tone and domestic life of the native prince, who in his turn was being prepared to wield power humanely, and make the influence of his bringing up felt on those around him. It was the stone dropped in the pool, with ever-widening and concentric influence.

The College is very happily situated under the lee of an amphitheatre of hills, that rise, like all those in this part of the country, sheer out of the plain. It is a very charming feature of the College, the ten houses, of such very varied architecture and style, that lie about the compound, for each state has built and endowed its own college

for the use of the sons of its nobles. There has been a certain amount of rivalry exhibited in their erection. Some have marble cupolas, others arches, and others towers; some are of pure white marble, others a mixture of white and red stone; all are tasteful and uncommon. In the centre, and holding them together as a mother university, is the College Hall, with its clock-tower, entirely built of white marble, but rough hewn and unpolished. In the centre hall stands the statue of Lord Mayo; the class-rooms lie around it. The white, green, pink, and black marbles used for the decorations of the hall are all quarried within a radius of fifteen miles around Ajmere.

These colleges are really boarding-houses, where each prince brings his own establishment of servants. One lately admitted brought twenty-two retainers, which, with some difficulty, Major Loch reduced to eleven. They ride, play cricket, tennis, and football, and are encouraged to be as European in manners and habits as possible. With all this Major Loch does not approve or encourage their being sent to England when their education is complete, as they return impressed with a sense of their own importance; of the number of their servants, their jewels, their state and magnificence compared to that of the same class in England. The native states represented by their colleges at Ajmere are as follows:—Jeypore, Alwar, Bhurtpoor, Ajmere, Tonk Bikanir, Toohpur or Narwar, Kotah, Thallawar, and Udaipur. It is often observed that the College of Jeypore stands apart from the others. The late Maharajah of Jeypore was very angry with Dh'olpore being allowed the first chair of

is only lately that Major Loch has succeeded in smoothing his vanity, and been allowed to include Jeypore, thus completing the circle.

After seeing the College we drove through the walled city of the native population, as Ajmere bazaar is particularly picturesque and dirty. It lies on the hill-side, and the glimpse of mountains as a background to the narrow streets adds to this effect.

There is a very curious tank here, filled with slimy green water, which lies in a natural hollow on the hill-side. Houses lie above it; and the marble courts and gilded minarets of a mosque overhang it on one side. The only access to the tank is by innumerable flights of irregular steps running up and down in all directions. Up and down these steps are always staggering innumerable bheesties, bent under the weight of their bursting skins, and disappearing through the archway of the passage tunnelled through to the street.

Then we drove on to the Adhai-din-ka-Ghompra, which is very interesting, on account of its being a Hindu Temple, with the facing of a Mohammedan mosque. The signification of its long-drawn-out name literally is, "the screen of two and a half days," which is generally supposed to mean that it was built in that short space of time; but Major Loch and others take a more practical view, in suggesting that it meant compulsory labour from every man of two and a half days. The lofty arches are most splendidly carved, and verses of the Koran are introduced among the bold design of the tracery. Inside you see irregular rows of

gods of Hindu religion. These pillars are easily detected to be in three separate pieces, and were doubtless piled on each other to give the necessary height for a Mohammedan mosque, by comparison with the low, intricate structure of pillars of a Hindu temple. General Cunningham, the archæologist, considers this mosque the most interesting piece of antiquity in India.

We are much struck, as are all new arrivals in India, with the ridiculous number of servants required in one establishment. All say it is unavoidable, as each servant will only undertake one duty, and the wages given are extremely small ; and there is another thing, you never know what your servant eats, nor where he sleeps—he “ finds ” himself in a very comprehensive sense of the term. The caste compels the first institution, and the second is in accordance with the habit of all natives. I thought it very strange at first to see the verandahs full of recumbent figures wrapped in their quilts and striped blankets, and looking like so many corpses. They sleep on the mats outside the door, under a tree, or on the road—it is all the same to them where it is, so long as they may sleep long and heavily, for all natives are very somnolent.

I think it may perhaps be interesting to give a complete list of servants necessary for the *smallest* Indian establishment :—

One sirdâr-bearer (body-servant and valet).

Two maté-bearers (under-bearers, one to wait on child and ayah).

One or two ayahs (maid and nurse).

One khansamah, literally “ Lord of the stores ”, butler

Two khitmutgars (under table-servants).

One coachman.

Two syces, or grooms for one pair of horses (the allowance being one syce and one grasscutter to *every* horse).

Two ghasiaras (grass-cutters).

One chuprássi (literally badge-bearer), carrier of letters and messages.

One sirdar-mati (head-gardener).

One or two mâte-matés (under-gardeners).

One bheestie (water-carrier).

One masátchi (literally torchbearer), scullion.

One cook.

One mihtu (sweeper).

One mithráni (sweeper-woman).

One dhobi (washerman).

In all twenty-three, and it must be remembered that all are absolutely necessary, as, for instance, no khitmutgar or máti-bearer would take a note or message in place of the chuprássi, and above all, one native in a garden or elsewhere would do a fraction only of the work of the same man in England.

Anglo-Indians are inordinate "grumblers." There is much to be said on their side; the exile for the best years of their life, the return then to England to be looked down upon as a "dried-up Indian official," the separation entailed from children, the same imposed upon wife from either husband or child, the exigencies of the climate, &c.; but on the other hand it ought to be remembered that the salaries are very large, the pensions fairly so in proportion,

than they could possibly hope for at home—abundance of horses and carriages, superabundance (I had almost said) of servants, at any rate sufficient to enable no Anglo-Indian ever to do or move for himself, and horses enough never to walk. I found a few, but yet a very few who took this view of the case, allowing that at home they would keep two, or at the most three, servants, and have no carriages or horses.

In the afternoon we drove to the lake, which is a beautiful feature of Ajmere. It is a lovely sheet of water—an Italian lake in miniature, with its marble balconies and platforms, with its white houses hanging over the water on the city side, while the other is formed by a range of mountains. It looked particularly smiling this afternoon, with a declining sun, as we toiled up to the Residency. This bungalow has a most perfect situation, built high up on a rocky platform, with broad verandah-rooms overlooking the lake. It seemed a pity that Colonel Bradford, the Resident, is only able to reside here for two months in the year.

In returning we passed the handsome stone building of the offices of the Rajputana-Malwar Railway, whose headquarters are at Ajmere. The adjoining bungalows of officials and clerks form quite a "line" to themselves. In the evening we performed the customary programme of going to the club for an hour, and then the drive home in the dark was made romantically beautiful by the illumination of the tomb of an old saint on the mountain-side, the lights seeming to glimmer and twinkle in mid-air in the density of the darkness.

We left Ajmere that evening, catching up the mail train

night and through the day, till we reached Ahmedabad at five this afternoon.

Saturday, February 6th.—Chota hazri after the usual Indian custom, and then a morning's sight-seeing before breakfast at 10 a.m.

Ahmedabad ranks in population as the second town in the Bombay Presidency ; and the native quarters, as usual enclosed within a city wall, entered by no less than seventeen gateways, is very large. There is very little of interest to be seen at Ahmedabad. We drove first to the Mogul Viceroy's palace, that of Azim Khán, which has two massive Norman towers flanking the gateway. It forms now a very suitable entrance for its present purpose, for the *ci-devant* palace is now the jail of the district.

On the other side lies the European quarter, the jail thus forming the boundary-line between the native and European populations. By the side of the walls, hidden away in a corner, are the celebrated windows of the Bhadar. They represent the trunk, branches, and foliage of a single tree in each window, in the carved and fretted stone-work. They are exceedingly beautiful, so much so, that copies of them are in the South Kensington Museum.

The Kankariya Tank is very pretty, and, with its raised causeway leading to the garden island in its midst, has become a favourite evening resort. Near here are seen to rise the beautiful minars of the mosque of Shah Alam, the spiritual adviser and friend of Sultan Ahméd, the founder of the city. Within the court lies the tomb, with double galleries of fretwork—its chief beauty—and it is

in a different pattern and device. The canopy is of oak, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, precious now, as it has become a lost art to the workmen of Ahmedabad.

They have the uncomfortable custom here of covering the marble sarcophagi with precious stuffs; thus, on entering one of these tombs the effect produced is as of a row of coffins covered with palls, more especially when, as frequently, wreaths are laid on them.

Then we followed the usual round of mosques, tombs, and temples, of which we, as well as my readers, I am sure, are wearying—the mosques being represented by the Jamma Mosque—a Hindu temple with Mohammedan arches and network of pillars (date 1567); the tombs by those of Ahméd Shah, the aforesaid founder of the city, and those of his queens; the temples by a purely Hindu one, now called the mosque and tomb of Rani Sipri. Monkeys swarm in the city, and look upon these temples and tombs as their rightful inheritance.

We notice a great difference amongst the lower orders now that we are in the Bombay Presidency as compared to that of Bengal. The natives look more well-to-do, are more clothed. There are fewer of those “savage-clothed” coolies, with their single strip of muslin around the loins. The neatly-plaited Hindu turban supersedes the hitherto more common loosely-wound Mohammedan one.

We left Ahmedabad by the ten o'clock train, and reached Baroda at 4.30 in the afternoon. Here we stayed five hours to catch up the mail train in the evening to Bombay.

We were reduced to taking a curious native cart at the

ekka, nor yet quite a tea-cart, but a cross between the two; and the small plank seats were put crossways and not lengthways, one behind the other. We jolted about in this for two hours till we suffered severely from a feeling of dislocation in many of our joints.

Baroda is a small and pretty city without any pretensions to special interest, save as the capital and residence of the celebrated Gaekwar of Baroda. We drove first to the pretty garden where stands his summer-house, and his cage of wild beasts. The native quarter is very large—more than usually picturesque, and the four main streets meet in the lines of a cross at a gateway, a lofty structure in white and yellow plaster. Here the guard keeps watch, a single sentry on the lofty platform of its tower commanding the whole view of the city. From his post of observation we saw a sight unequalled for the artist-loving eye—for at the moment a wedding procession was slowly threading its way from under the gateway below us, streaming away down the street in gay ribbons, narrowing with the perspective, and finally disappearing through a grey gateway further away. The block in the streets occasioned by the motley procession of ekkas and bullock-carts, and the acclamations of the crowd, further added to the striking scene.

Just beyond this gateway is the grand, grim, grey old palace of the Gaekwar. A covered gallery leads to the blue and yellow quarters of the zenana, seeming to tell of the “airy-fairy,” do-nothing life of the zenana ladies by comparison with the sterner duties of the men—as if the

the light pleasures and recreation of the gay-coloured zenana. The green buildings of the barracks are near, and the orange and yellow verandah of the police-station lower down, together forming a vivid collection of colour. The Gaekwar's cavalry paraded the streets in twos and threes, and a guard was in waiting outside the palace gate to accompany his carriage. We drove on further to see the gold and silver cannon. There are four gold cannon mounted on silver carriages ! kept in a yard, where many *white* horses are stabled round, for in the prince's stables none but white horses are found.

In returning to the station we were fortunate enough to see another curious sight, during our few hours' stay only at Baroda. Heralded by a mounted body-guard, and a running, shouting escort, the ladies of the harem passed swiftly by. The barouche was carefully closed and curtained, with a *duenna* standing up with the eunuch behind. The guard from the guard-house turned out to salute, bugle, and beat a tattoo.

We passed repeatedly leopards being paraded through the streets by their keepers, the pariah or "pi" dogs barking furiously at them. The animal strained at his chains, and walking with stealthy, springing step, glaring cautiously around for his prey, but the people do not fear their escaping, and are very proud of their Gaekwar's wild beasts. There is an arena at Baroda where he occasionally holds a wild-beast fight.

We came back to the station by a beautiful and stately avenue of banyan-trees.

the next morning we found ourselves stopping at the various stations along the great Queen's Road of Bombay, bordered by the sea.

We drove to Watson's Hotel on the Esplanade, kept by the same proprietor, and a counterpart of the discomfort and dirt of the Great Eastern at Calcutta.

We spent a quiet day driving out to Government House at Parell, six miles away from the town, and a far from pleasant drive through some native quarter. Sir James Fergusson is away at Calcutta, paying a farewell visit to the Viceroy, as he leaves India early in March.

We went to the cathedral in the evening for service, as following the usual custom of always "thinking it hot," the morning service is held at 7 a.m.

It is to be observed that all Anglo-Indians labour under the idea of a perpetual and unabated heat in India. They always suggest you should start in the morning at some very early hour, "to be home before it is hot," and at all stations, and in Calcutta and Bombay, the habit prevails of never going out driving in the evening till just before sunset and darkness, as there is little twilight in these southern latitudes. For ourselves we have suffered more from the cold than the heat in India, but travelling in the winter gives, I am willing to allow, an erroneous idea of the climate, and gives you also no appreciable idea of the heat. Suffice it to say, oh ! Anglo-Indians, that it is *not* always hot in India.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HOME OF THE PARSEES.

Monday, February 9th.—Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeeboy very kindly called for us in the morning with his break and magnificent pair of English carriage-horses, undertaking to show us something of Bombay.

Sir Jamsetjee is the well-known and respected head of the Parsees, whose home may be said to be in Bombay. The Parsees claim to follow the oldest religion in the world, that of the Persian religion of Zoroaster the Fire Worshipper, and of the 100,000 which their sect numbers, 60,000 live in Bombay.

“Rampart Row” leads to the banyan-bordered avenue of the maidan or park, but leaving this to our right, we drove on to the Esplanade, the broad open space facing the sea which contains such a magnificent series of public buildings. Here are the Secretariat, the University Hall and Library designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, the post-office, the Clock Tower with its carillons, the municipal offices and the High Court—all pretty edifices in architectural fancifulness of colour and design—of buff brick with red, of interlacing arches and pillars. We surveyed

this fine block from the parade-ground, where a small body of troops were being exercised, and some young ladies enjoying their early morning canter, for it was as yet but 7 a.m. Then we drove along Queer's Road, the fashionable evening drive. I was going to say it bordered the seashore, but, unfortunately, the line of the railway intervenes between it and the sea. This is the road which might be paved with gold, so great was the amount of the funds sunk by the company formed for the reclamation of this strip of land. It was the scene of ruin and despair for many of the Bombay citizens whose fortunes disappeared with the progress of the road.

We looked into the Crawford Markets for a minute, and were surprised at the order and cleanliness, the exception to the rule that "where the native reigns there, there is filth, disorder, and uncleanness." Then Sir Jamsetjee took us to the Art School, founded by his grandfather, the first baronet, by the gift of a lak of rupees (10,000/). Mr. Griffith, an old South Kensingtonian, showed us through the various rooms where, beginning with freehand drawing up to modelling from their own designs, we saw classes of pupils receiving lessons here at the nominal fee of one rupee per month. Then we went across to the pottery works where "Bombay ware" is manufactured. This is a specialty of the city. The antique shapes of the vases and pots are often designed from the frescoes found in the Caves of Ajunta, and they are coloured in rich and peculiar blues, browns, and greens. It is very interesting to watch the pupils at work, for each article is drawn and coloured

We drove through and in and out of the native quarter, which is much broader and cleaner than that at Calcutta. Hindu temples abound, with their throng of worshippers passing constantly up and down the steps, and touching as they enter the deep-toned bell ; thus keeping it ceaselessly tolling. One street was quite blocked by an immense crowd streaming down a narrow by-way. They were Hindus going to pay their daily visit, rarely omitted, to present a customary offering in kind to their bishop, a fat old man who sits almost naked in the court to receive their homage. Remains of the enthusiastic admiration for Lord Ripon on his departure from Bombay, still remain in the "Long live, Ripon!" "Dear Empress, send us another Ripon!" "A grateful people admire thee, oh Ripon!" inscribed over the doorways of the native houses. They say that no sight has ever equalled the extraordinary enthusiasm, the enormous crowds that lined the six miles of road from Government House at Parell, to the Apollo Bunder at Bombay. Not even on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' arrival were such masses of human beings seen.

Then we went to the Hospital and Home for Animals, a very novel institution, also founded and endowed by Sir Jamsetjee's father, for a sum of ten laks of rupees. To understand its full use and the benevolence of its purpose, it must be remembered that, according to the law of their religion, no Hindu is allowed to kill an animal. It may be tortured in agony, it may be blind and lame, or if unable to work, turned out into the streets to be ill-used, starve, and die, but never must it be put out of its misery. A pious

to be slaughtered by the butcher, and will afterwards bring it here to the Home. All animals lamed or maimed are received into this "general hospital," and attended to by a veterinary surgeon. In the stalls full of oxen, we saw some with a foot amputated, others with sore backs, or skin diseases, others blind, or otherwise injured. Horses, oxen, dogs, goats, cats, fowls, ducks—even two porcupines and a tortoise are sheltered in this "refuge." There is the hospital where those are sent who are very ill, and it is quite pathetic to see the poor animals here turning and looking dumbly at us, as if asking for compassion. When convalescent or the case is pronounced incurable they are sent up to the "mofussil," or country home, for change of air, or else to pass the remainder of their natural term of existence, leading an easy, pleasant life in the compound. Those cured are sometimes given to people who are known to be humane, but never sent back to work.

Such are the peculiar provisions and working of the Hospital for Animals.

We are certainly very much pleased with Bombay when compared to Calcutta. There is so much more to see, so many more places to drive to. How charming we thought the quaint little corner by the sea, the well-known Apollo Bunder, jutting out in three-cornered fashion from the wharf! How familiar we became with two characteristic features of Bombay, the Arab horses, that are used almost exclusively, and the high cones of the peculiar Parsee "helmet!" There is always Back Bay to look at, with the quiet expanse of water at high tide, the slush with mussel-

wards, between the projecting promontories of Colaba and Malabar, or between the Government House on the latter point and the lighthouse on the tongue of the former. The Queen's Road, with the high walls of the Burning Ghât, whence at night issues a lurid flame, runs round to the bottom of Malabar Hill.

All the Europeans reside on Malabar Hill, and the many handsome bungalows (hardly bungalows they can be called, considering that they are nearly all two storied) lie about among the palm groves facing seawards, and overlooking the harbour. The sea surrounds Malabar Point, thus from both sides they catch stray breezes wandering about in summer time. At the prettiest bungalow on Malabar Hill, that of the Commissioner of Police, Sir Frank Souter, with whom lives the Chief Justice, Sir Charles Sargeant, we were destined subsequently to spend a very pleasant evening. The ladies' gymkana is a special feature of "the hill," and here tennis and badminton in covered courts is played every evening, whilst the children hold their own reception amongst the swings and merry-go-rounds, arriving on their donkeys and ponies with their numerous attendants.

When seen, as we did this evening, with the crimson sunset over the sea, the light just appearing in the clock-tower of the Secretariat away down in Bombay, with the single bright lights dotted along Queen's Road,—Malabar Hill looked very beautiful. And then as we came down the steep hill, and met all the residents returning home in the dusk after listening to the band on the Es-

which have just been placed at the summit of the hill with such striking effect.

Wednesday, February 11th.—At 10 a.m. we embarked in the police launch, kindly lent us by Sir Frank Souter, for a visit to the “Caves of Elephanta.”

Ten miles’ quick steaming across the harbour, navigated by the smart crew in the pretty uniform of navy-blue with scarlet sash and fez, brought us to the so-called jetty. It consists of blocks of stone run out some distance into the sea, but with large spaces left for it to wash between. Hopping over these interstices we landed, and were carried up the hill in a dandy.

These wonderful Caves are in the hill-side, that is to say, they have been sculptured out of the solid wall of rock in its side, having a roof several hundred feet thick. The pillars seem to support the upper mass, but they do not really do so, as in several instances, capitals like huge stalactites are left suspended, the pillar beneath having entirely disappeared. On entering we find ourselves confronted by monster figures, mythological giants carved in relief on the wall, and in the recesses of the cave.

One group represents the Amazon goddess, Durga, the wife of Siva, with a single breast. She is riding on the sacred bull, and the face of passive endurance, the large meek eyes of the animal, are very characteristic. In a recess apart we see a god and goddess, with arms close together, the hands broken, but showing that they were joined. The goddess stands at his right hand (in ancient



The Caves of Elephanta, Bombay.

beaming with a smile, that it leads one to believe they were in the act of being united. • There is a crescent concealed in a corner here, while a cross, probably unintentional, can be traced in the bas-relief opposite. In this latter there is a beautiful allegorical picture. The upper part represents a fresco of angels or beings employed in doing good—this is immortality, the higher and better part of life ; whilst below on earth stands Durga in revengeful attitude, holding the bowl for the blood of the victim being sacrificed to her—that is the mortal, the cruel, the lower representation of the Hindu religion.

The preservation of these caves is most remarkable ; you see palm-trees, demons, skulls, the beads of a necklace, the protruding bumps on the forehead of a god, all distinctly preserved, while, on the other hand, pillars, and legs and arms of the figures are entirely wanting. One wonders how, and by what means the one was destroyed, and the other preserved.

Two inscriptions have been discovered, but are at present undecipherable, and the exact date of the cave remains therefore in mystery. They are, however, generally supposed to be about 4000 years old, and without doubt were originally joined to the mainland. •

In the afternoon Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeeboy took us to the Parsee Towers of Silence.

Many think the rite of burial as performed by the Parsees by exposing the body on an open tower to be devoured by vultures, is not only wanting in respect to the dead, but is a revolting and disgusting feature of their

cordially participate in the latter feeling. For ourselves, whatever we may have thought or heard previously, after visiting and having explained to us the Tower of Silence, we came away greatly impressed with the beauty of many of the thoughts it suggested. It can hardly be believed what living significance each act has, nor what tender and solemn thoughts rest around the poetic name of the "Tower of Silence."

Five round white towers stand in different parts of a garden, situated amid the palm-groves of the hill-top. It is surrounded on two sides by the sea, and the fresh salt breezes are for ever blowing over the peninsula, and rustling among the palm-trees, sighing in the utter stillness and silence of all around.

According to the Zoroastrian religion, earth, fire, and water are sacred, and very useful to mankind; and in order to avoid their pollution by contact with putrifying flesh, the faith strictly enjoins that the dead bodies shall not be buried in the ground, or burnt, or thrown into the sea, rivers, &c. Therefore, in accordance with these religious injunctions, the Towers of Silence are always situated on some hill or eminence away from the city. No expense is spared in their construction, that they may last for centuries without the possibility of polluting the earth, or contaminating any living beings dwelling therein.

No single soul since the consecration and use of the towers has been allowed to go or see inside them, save only the corpse-bearers. These latter are men kept sacred for the purpose, and they are divided into two classes,

through certain religious ceremonies, are alone privileged to carry the corpse into the towers, whilst the latter act as bearers at the funeral.

The model of the tower in the garden shows us their construction. There is a circular platform inside about 300 feet in circumference, which is entirely paved with stone slabs, and divided into three rows of shallow open receptacles, corresponding with the three moral precepts of the Zoroastrian religion, "good deeds," "good words," "good thoughts." The first row is for corpses of males; the second row is for corpses of females; the third row is for corpses of children. They diminish towards the centre in size. Footpaths are left for the corpse-bearers to move about on.

The clothes wrapped round the bodies are removed and destroyed by being cast into a pit of chloride of lime. "Naked we came into this world, and naked we ought to leave it," the Parsees maintain.

A deep central well in the tower, the sides and bottom of which are also paved with stone slabs, is used for depositing the dry bones. The corpse is completely stripped of its flesh by vultures within an hour or two of being deposited, and the bones of the denuded skeleton, when perfectly dried up by atmospheric influences and the powerful heat of the tropical sun, are thrown into this well, where they crumble into dust—thus the rich and the poor meet together on one level of equality after death.

To observe the tenet of the Zoroastrian belief, that "the mother earth shall not be defiled" this well is con-

inner sides of the well, through which the rain-water is carried into four underground drains at the base of the tower, for it must be remembered that the well, like the rest of the tower, is all exposed and open to the air. At the end of each of these drains pieces of charcoal and sandstone are placed to act as a filter, thus purifying the water before it enters into the ground.

The vultures (nature's scavengers) do their work much more expeditiously than millions of insects would do if dead bodies were buried in the ground. By this rapid process putrefaction, with all its concomitant evils, is most effectually prevented.

Along the straight white road, up the steps, winds the procession, always on foot. The mourners and friends are all clothed in pure white, wear "flowing full-dress robes," walking in pairs, and each couple are hand in hand, and joined together by holding a handkerchief between them in token of "sympathetic grief." The body is carried on an iron bier by the appointed bearers.

At the gate of the garden it is borne away out of their sight to the chosen tower, where generally some other relative has been previously laid. The mourners may follow it no longer, and turn towards the room kept for that purpose, where a religious service is held. It is within sight of the temple, where the sacred fire of Zoroaster is eternally kept burning, glimmering out in the silence and darkness of the night to the towers of the dead, shadowing forth the glimmer of truth, which is yet found in this ancient religion.

Quoting, as I have previously done from the description

able Parsee secretary, he sums up their religion in the following simple words: "According to the Zoroastrian religion the soul is immortal. Men and women are free moral agents, and are responsible to the great Creator for their acts and deeds. In proportion to their good or bad acts and deeds, they meet with rewards or punishments in the next world. Pious and virtuous persons meet with happiness, but the wicked and sinful suffer pain and misery."

Thus, as will be seen in the Parsee Towers of Silence, each act, each form of ceremony shows forth some Scriptural type—some moral reason, suggests some holy truth. Apart from these there is the other important consideration of the benefit thereby obtained to the living.

In these latter days when over-crowded cemeteries and the levelling of graveyards in the midst of our metropolis have called forth the cry of "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," by some new means, and some means quicker than the old; when even cremation has come within the bounds of possibility, surely the Parsee mode of burial will commend itself to many foreseeing minds. True that we do not like to think of the vultures hovering around the funeral procession for the last few miles, nor of others awaiting it, perched on, and greedily gazing down into, the tower; but is it so much worse than "the millions of insects of the ground" of our burial, of which the Parsee speaks with such horror? All morbid feelings, aggravated by frequent visits to the graveyard, are thus avoided. We are told that one hour

no mouldering, scarce any remains. It is known that, according to the Parsee burial, each body is reduced to one handful of dust. Thus, within the last half-century, more than 50,000 persons have been buried in these towers, and yet there is no end to their capacity for room.

The Parsees, as a body, are most enlightened and civilized, and not to be named with the Hindus. They are European in comparison. And, without doubt, it is in great measure owing to their true and moral religion, of which the rite of burial—the Tower of Silence—is the most beautiful feature.

Thursday, February 12th.—C. met a large and influential gathering of representative natives and editors of the vernacular press at the Native Public Library, called together by the Hon. K. Telang. They explained to him their views upon the leading Indian questions of the day, and dwelt strongly upon the urgent necessity of education for their women.

We had a drive in the evening out to Byculla, where many rich Parsee merchants have houses. It was one of those beautiful seashore drives, with salt breezes and waving palm-trees, that makes Bombay, I think, such a pleasant place of residence.

Our last day in India had come. It was our farewell remembrance, and India has been by far the most interesting country of our travels hitherto. Who could help being charmed and engrossed with the multitude and antiquity of the monuments of the past? It is not the intention of this volume to give more than a simple account of our travels ;

religion that is interwoven with the history of the wild tribes who, horde after horde, race after race, pierced through the passes of Afghanistan and from Central Asia, "that breeding-place of all nations," poured down upon this vast country, there is literature enough already.

• It is truly said, "India forms a great museum of all races, in which we can study man from his lowest to the highest stages of culture. The specimens are not fossils or dry bones, but living tribes, each with its own set of curious customs and rights."

I have, however, been very unfavourably impressed with an Anglo-Indian life, not so much from a man's, perhaps, as from a woman's point of view.

If of active temperament, health will in time suffer from exertion during the hot season, and, if otherwise inclined, it is a life of such utter laziness as to unfit any one for life at home afterwards. The social life at civil and military stations is, and must always be, *cliquée* in the extreme.

We had grumbled ceaselessly at the atrocious hotels, with their cold comfort; at the life and habits in general; at many things, Indian and Anglo-Indian, and yet now turning homewards, our feelings were softened, and we were sorry to think of leaving another of the new countries seen, and to think that another period of proscribed time had slipped away so quickly.

Henceforth our travels were destined to be on beaten tracks.

With a sigh of pleasurable regret we stood on the deck of the P. and O. steamer *Peshawar*, and steamed past the

favourable impression on new arrivals to Bombay; looked our last on Back Bay and on Colaba Lighthouse, on Malabar Point and Malabar Hill. We stood out to sea, and lost sight of Indian soil in the growing dusk of twilight.

CHAPTER X.

THROUGH EGYPT—HOMEWARDS.

LIFE on board the well-known decks of the P. and O. is too familiar to require much record.

“A swell from the coast,” on the first day, is the usual experience, and ours proved no exception. Few were ill, but all, including ourselves, felt more or less uncomfortable.

Fortunately we are too early for the swarm of Indian mothers who, with their tribes of spoilt and sickly children, will be setting homewards next month, before the heat begins; for seventy children is no uncommon number at that season of the year.

Five days slipped by thus pleasantly, and on Thursday morning, the 19th, at 5.30., we were lying off Aden.

I looked out of my port-hole and saw the jagged, smoke-coloured peaks of Little Aden, dull against the rosy-flushed clouds. Presently, when I could get dressed, and escape through the clouds of coal-dust, outside my deck-cabin door, I saw the yet grander and picturesque peaks of the

and smeared with sand, and everything in a pitiable condition from the coaling operations. On a very dull, cloudy morning, Aden looked more than usually dreary.

C. had gone ashore to find out 'the latest news on the reopening of Parliament, as upon that depended whether we should continue homewards in the *Peshawur*, or disembark and await the Messageries' boat for the Cape, *via* Mauritius, at Aden. He returned reassured, and we gladly accepted the kind hospitality tendered to us by General Blair, the Resident.

To the passing traveller, from the deck of the P. and O., Aden presents the appearance of a small station, with some white, low-roofed buildings and military lines—utter sterility, utter desolation, exposed to the baking heat of tropical sun, reflected in tenfold intensity from the rocks around.

Yet the magnificent rough-hewn boulders of rocks piled up into mountains behind Aden, have a certain stern beauty and wild grandeur of their own. It is like what one imagines Mount Sinai to be on a near approach, only darker, and more awe-inspiring—less humanly attainable.

Among the deep clefts and along the bold crags of the sky-line, you can trace strange profiles of unknown faces or the outline of an animal, and the longer you look the more distinct and life-like they become. On the sombre purple-blue colours of these mountains are reflected the glowing colours of the sunset, changing them to warm madder, brown, and pink.

There is no sign of vegetation. No green thing will

Nature, she gains from her in artificial means. The glory of the sunset and the sunrise over the Indian Ocean is unparalleled.

Again I say Aden has beauties of her own, which, like others, we had imagined very much absent. The formation of the peninsula is a very puzzling bit of geography, but the cliffs and capes formed of those loosely-bound masses of boulder, jut out strikingly and unexpectedly into the sea. Their blue-grey tints dip into the turquoise-coloured ocean, and with a strip of yellow sand, form the only three colours that can be found at Aden.

It would hardly be believed what natural signal-stations are ready to hand. The mounds, not of earth, but of rocks, seem naturally to taper into the crowning flagstaff. A grand command of the Gates of the Red Sea, the Coast of Arabia, and the Indian Ocean, has the signal-station on the summit of the highest point, 1300 feet sheer up.

In the afternoon Mrs. Blair took us for a drive—the one drive it must be confessed—along the Bunder, or seashore, to the military depôt at the Isthmus.

Descending into the hollow, we saw the sapper and miners' lines, the barracks and the hospital, the church, and the bungalows of the P. and O. and Messageries' agents, who form the civilian community of Aden; then driving along the seashore, the "town," with its hotels and shops, contained in the one sweep of the Prince of Wales' Crescent.

Camels striding over the sandy desert by the roadside,

We saw sturdy Arabs with their thick legs and short-se frame, Persians, Indians, Somales, Soudanese, and Nubians—the two latter tribes as black as soot—Jews, whom we knew by their funny little corkscrew curls, bobbing on either side of the face, and who are still here the down-trodden race of the 12th century, degraded and trampled upon by the Arab. Then there are a tribe of fishermen called the Eastern Pirates, and most romantic-looking with their wild, dare-devil faces, and long, smoked-yellow robe, the colour of one of their own weather-worn sails.

The Arabs have their heads plastered with white clay, found along the coast, which turns the colour of the hair to a bright yellow, making it at the same time stiff and frizzy. The Arab women have their faces covered with a thin spotted handkerchief, but even without this you would single them out by their easy swinging walk. Women of other tribes wear their hair *en chignon*, covered with black muslin, and red or orange saris crossed over the chest, to leave their black arms free.

We drove along the rocky rampart, which reminds me much of a smaller, a very much smaller range of Rocky Mountains. You soon grow accustomed to expect nothing but rocky surfaces and sand at Aden, and are quite surprised at the suspicion of green under the lee of the range; a little wild mignonette, snapdragon, or lupin—a pretty flower with a terrible odour—which are trying to exist there.

We pass several unenclosed and disused Mohammedan cemeteries by the roadside, and at last see the end of the three straight miles of Bunder in the rock fortress ironically

five steps lead up the face of the rock to its isolated summit, where provisionless, though impregnable, the fortress would quickly surrender. By the side of this fortress we pass under a gateway, and are in "The Camp of the Isthmus." The regiment of British infantry and the native troops quartered at Aden are divided into three camps, that at the Isthmus, the camp in the Crater, and the camp at Aden itself. This foolish separation gives rise to much inconvenience and consequent grumbling amongst the officers; where the community is so small, it seems a pity they should be so unsociably distant. We watched the cricket match that was being played by the sons of the military against the sons of civilians. The ground was curiously white and glistening, from the salt which exudes after rain from the earth, and which makes it very slippery.

The stillness when driving home again was quite extraordinary, not a breath to stir a ripple on the water.

Friday, February 20th—Every afternoon at three o'clock the danger flag is hoisted opposite the Presidency, and a great bombardment commences. The fortifications, so long needed, are in progress, and every day the entrenchments are blasted away by gunpowder. From the one nearest, the first explosion is heard, sending up clouds of smoke and a shower of stones into the air, which rattle and roll down a rocky ravine on to the beach. One report after another follows quickly, and then when these begin to decrease and die away, those from the opposite fort take up the roll of artillery, the smoke, the rattle of hailstone-shot

side the crater, a unique position in the world for one I should say. From the inevitable drive along the Bundesstrasse we turned off, and made our way up a zig-zagging hill of great steepness, towards an archway very far above us, built into the rocks. The road ended in a wall of rock, and the entrance under the gateway was not seen till you reached it, because it was immediately on the right-hand, at a sharp angle. Here then we found ourselves in "The Pass," a very grand and striking one, from the vertical height of the crags and the depth we were sunk in below them. The arch we passed under was formed to bridge over the gulch and connect the two lines of fortifications running up on either mountain-side. This pass was pickaxed out of the mountain rock, and very beautiful is the blood-red granite and the green serpentine colours it has exposed to view. Here and there we see a vertical strata of lava embedded in the rock.

We are inside the crater now; a wonderful scene it is. Black rocks of lava and scoria, irregular and jagged at the top like the mouth of a crater, rise up all around; and down in the hollow, in their midst, lies the camp and village, a collection of white buildings. The dull red colour of the scoria gives one the impression that the flames have been of very recent date. There are the caverns, the caves, the cones of lava left by the eruption, the formation of a volcano but active the other day. The heights are bristling with cannon pointed seawards. A tunnel connects with the camp at the Isthmus, which really is only on the other side.

Here we see the Aden white sheep with black heads, and the lumps of fat protruding from each haunch.

Far up in the side of the crater lie the wonderful tanks, the one object of interest in Aden. Supposed to have been made somewhere about 400 B.C., their existence was never suspected till 1851, some twenty years after our occupation. A freshet of water after the rains coming down the side of the rock, led to their discovery.

The tanks are on a platform, and there are six of them, mounting higher and higher into the gulley in the crater. They are all enormously deep, and communicate by channels, and all have been cut out in the rock. They are capable of holding 4,000,000 gallons of water when filled during the rainy season.

The water is then gathered up behind a sluice, and a native climbing up by the rail and ropes we saw, opens it and lets the water down with a rush, which generally fills the first three or four tanks. At this season of the year they are dry, and we saw the yellow chunar-mortar that the tanks are whitewashed with, and the natural formation of rocks, rounded and worn by the action of the water.

Not the least charming part about these tanks is the green peepul-tree, looking, oh! so fresh and green, growing in its crevasse by the tanks, and shading a well. It is the one green spot in the midst of scoria, dust, and ashes.

I remarked how healthy the children in the camp looked, having lately come from India, but was told that it is a fact that troops coming from there are always known to

so of such a climate, for we ourselves found the heat and breathless stillness at night very trying. I believe the good health of the station is attributable to the water which is all condensed, and therefore very pure, and very precious also, being doled out in an allowance of three gallons per person daily.

The storm-clouds gathering round the crater at sunset produced a wonderfully grand and gloomy effect, and then the drive home by moonlight, with a last glimpse back at the "Camp in the Crater" from the Pass, the swift gallop along the Bunder behind the pretty Arab horses, brought us quickly home.

At last! After being for four days in that most uncomfortable of all conditions, viz. unable to make up one's mind, our plans have been decided for us by the arrival of the Messageries' boat this afternoon.

The question appeared simple enough—should we go one day south to the Cape, in the Messageries' boat, or the next day north, through the Red Sea homewards, in a P. and O? In reality it was very complex. We longed to complete our tour round the British Empire, to see the last of our great ruled dominions, the Cape; but then, on the other hand, the political horizon was cloudy, and a vote of censure on the Gladstone Administration pending.

We should have, we found, to wait twenty-five days at the Mauritius, to which there is no cable, before getting a steamer to take us to Natal and Cape Town. This would sever us from telegraphic news, and effectually prevent any

as was the disappointment at the time, events have so far justified our decision that we cannot wholly regret it.

At 5 p.m. the next afternoon the P. and O. *Brindisi* was signalled, and soon afterwards we saw her from the Residency windows, anchoring in the bay. It was not long before we rowed out to her and were on board. Coaling operations, added to the disorganization always attendant on a ship in port, gave us rather an uncomfortable evening.

At nine o'clock we saw an Italian man-of-war, bound for Massowah, stealing out to sea, so noiselessly she moved, as the huge ship loomed black in the dusk to our starboard. The heat was very great downstairs in the cabins, and we got no rest till eleven o'clock, when we cleared away from Aden.

Wednesday, 25th.—"The captain's compliments, and we are passing Perim," shouted at my cabin door at 7 a.m. the next morning, summoned me hastily on deck to see that rocky island at the mouth of the Red Sea.

The morning sun shone brightly and brought out in full relief its excessive barrenness. We ran up our flag in response to the salute from the stone fort which looks appropriately cold and ugly. The two ships wrecked on the rocks around Perim tell how inhospitable are her shores. The Italian war-ship of the night before was just disappearing round the corner of the island to take the broader channel. I prudently refrain from mentioning the two well-known little stories of the capture of Perim and

disadvantages, Perim is destined very soon now to rise into importance as a port of call.

From the map in early childhood we are taught to seek the Red Sea as a narrow strip of blue against the yellow outline of Egypt and Arabia. It is difficult then to realize you are in such a well-known spot when on neither hand is there any coast-line. We only know we are on the great highway, and that its limits are confined, from the numerous ships we are constantly passing. One day four P. and O.'s were actually in sight of one another, an almost unprecedented event, I believe.

We have a good sea running, but the ship is splendidly steady, and there is a following wind, the one most dreaded in the Red Sea, but it is too early in the year to be very hot.

We passed the "Three Brothers" in the afternoon, and the "Twelve Apostles" in the evening. All these islands are covered with white sand, which glistens in the sunlight by day and the moonlight by night.

Thursday, 26th.—Passed Suakim (unseen), whither transports without number are hurrying at this moment.

At five o'clock this morning was sighted Mount Sinai, but to my intense disappointment I had forgotten to ask overnight the time, and when I came up on deck at eight o'clock, I could only see the range. It is forty-five miles away, and rarely seen clearly, but had been to-day.

On this quiet Sunday morning the service on deck seemed peculiarly appropriate, when almost within view of the Holy Mount and those sandy shores of Arabia, that are fraught with such holy memories.

either hand : the pale yellow sand of Arabia against the faint blue of the sky, gives a look of such atmospheric heat, so like what we have always pictured to ourselves the Holy Land. On the other are the more rugged mountains, bare and rocky, of the coast of Egypt—mountains that have a very purple hue—that are grand and solemn in their outline, which occasionally open out to show a glimpse of the desert beyond.

Narrower and narrower grows our channel, the land is closing in as towards 5 p.m. we approach Suez, and see in the distance the few buildings, with the large storehouse, which marks the entrance to the canal. We anchor opposite a *Messagerie* vessel, and, soon after we have taken up our position, are followed by another P. and O., the *Ballarat* from Australia.

Who could conceive the loveliness of the sunset tints that evening? I for one have never seen, nor could imagine that such heavenly shades in such inextricable harmony could have existed in nature.

On the “fair coast of Arabia” there was seen the most delicate electric blue, with just such a suspicion of mauve that you knew not whether it was there or not, with a distinct dash of pink,—distinct because it clashed with the streak of yellow sand. It was sublime.

The usual indecision followed as to whether to land at once or not, but being hastily decided in the negative we spent a moonlight evening on board. Sleep came with difficulty that night, for, strange as it seems, we missed

It was at five the next morning that we got up, in the middle of the night, as it appeared, and dressed hastily for the steam-launch which was to come at 5.30. The captain was weighing anchor and preparing to go into the canal. At daybreak we collected our goods and stumbled, cold and sleepy, into the launch.

As we crossed the harbour we saw sunrise over the Egyptian hills, and watched it gradually eclipsing the moonlight.

At Suez there were sixty ships hired as transports by the Government—ships of all sorts, rusty, paintless, and out of date, but pressed into service for this emergency. Two thousand camels, whose humpy backs in the dawn at first gave the appearance of a line of sandhills, were waiting on the Isthmus for transportation to Suakim; and the wharf, covered with tents and military stores, showed the bustle and activity of war.

At this wharf we waited for two weary hours and a half, cold and breakfastless, till a train, dirtier than any we have ever previously seen, arrived to take us to Suez.

“Old, familiar Suez,” say some of the passengers; “just the same as ever,” with her awful wastes, her salt marshes, strewn with rusty bolts and ends of iron, her mud huts and pariah dogs,—the dreary desert scene.

At Suez we looked forward to breakfast. Rejecting the offer of the donkey-boy, pointing to his donkey with a persuasive “Quite a masher,” we walked through the road, ankle-deep in sand, when “Bond Street” led us to the “Hotel de Suez,” on the quay. Small chance was

arrived of getting anything like a comfortable breakfast, and the scramble for food that ensued was a painful sight. We felt glad we had not left the ship to sleep at the hotel last night when we heard that a few nights ago three generals had been "doubled up" (as it was expressively told us by a soldier) in one room, and three colonels in the next. The place was swarming with soldiers, military chests, tin cases, bundles of bedding, &c., just landed and awaiting orders to proceed to Suakim.

At length we started in the train over the line which gives us our first impression of the desert. The vast expanse of waterless, wasteless sand, parched and glaring, weary even unto death, where life can have no attraction left for man or beast, where all is desolate and dead to life. How intense then must be the longing for the "shadow of the Great Rock in the weary land!"

Yet under the influence of the late Sir Herbert Stewart's brilliant march through the desert, yet under the excitement of our hard-won victory at Abu Klea, and later, that at Metammeh, we think with a realizing anguish of the horrors of the prolonged marches, the deadly thirst our men must have endured.

Here our eyes find some relief in patches of bulrushes and the blue strip of water of the canal, where we see the line of steamers slowly passing along in single file, each appearing to chafe at the slow progress of the foremost one. The *Messagerie* leads the way, followed by our *Brindisi*, in its turn followed by the *Ballarat*—in the order in which

Again our hearts are stirred as we approach the scene of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir—as we see the roughly thrown-up entrenchments behind which the Arabs lay hidden as our troops came ever onwards, cautiously and noiselessly, for it was the night of the now famous “Silent March.” We could hear the British cheer, the maddening rush, the wild swoop which carried all before it. We saw the bridge over which the frantic retreat was made; we saw, too, the green cemetery by the line, where a few white stones mark the graves of those who were left still and cold on that battlefield.

There are no remains to be seen from the railway line, no carcasses or bleached bones, no skeletons of camels or broken weapons, but only the long, long rows of low entrenchments, like a sandbank, extending for two or three miles.

At Zagazig we had luncheon, and a very dirty journey brought us to within sight of Cairo, whose first and distant view is disenchanting. It looks little more than a large native village, with a citadel and a few minaret towers. My husband’s brother—the Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, met us at the station and we drove to his house—made beautiful by his splendid collection of embroideries that have been drawn from the wealth of such stores in the bazaars of Constantinople, Broussa, Egypt, and Arabia.

We feel in the world once more; we have returned to civilization.

The almost historical balcony of "Shepherds" is peopled with a military throng—with officers eager to go to "the front," with others awaiting "further orders." All connected with "the service" have additional importance in their own and every one's eyes just now. Wives and relations are in Cairo, as nearer the seat of war, and within earlier reach of news, though, as a matter of fact, the news of the fall of Khartoum the other day was known a day earlier in London.

Rumours and panics of defeat—repulse—surprise—are rife, and all is excitement and anxious flurry.

Colonel Swaine, C.B., Military Secretary to Lord Wolseley, came here early this morning on his way home on sick leave; he will be the first to arrive from the camp at Korti in London. He gave us some interesting particulars about the battle of Abu Klea.

Cairo strikes me as being so French in tone, with the parquet floors and the French windows, with its French population, with Parisian fashions. But after all one must disillusion oneself from the natural idea that Cairo is now English. Cairo is above all things an international metropolis.

During our week's stay there we saw most of the principal sights, but I have not the smallest intention of "boring" my readers with attempting any minute description (save of the Pyramids and the Dancing Dervishes) of what has been told in glowing, life-like pictures by other writers of name and fame.

I will not write of the streets, with their motley crowd of

Cairenes proper, with their thousands of donkeys and accompanying hâmmars, handsome animals cruelly bitted



Cairene Woman.

and curbed, ridden alike by grave official in Turkish bags, embroidered jacket, and fez, or by Arab ladies with balloon

of silk, and feet tucked up in front. Nor of the pretty street cries, "God will make them light O! lemons," "Odours of Paradise O! flowers of Henna." Nor yet even of the bazaar, where are spread out the treasures of gold and silver of Arabia, Persia, and Syria, of Damascus and Bagdad—the Cairo Bazaar unique in the world.

It is terrible to see the number of those afflicted with eye-diseases in Cairo, and the many blind men led about the streets, crying, "O! Awakener of Pity, O! Master," or "I am the guest of God and the Prophet;" and then the answer comes, "God will succour, or give thee succour." It makes one's heart ache, too, to see the babies with the flies—the proverbially persistent fly of Egypt—settled black on the child's eye, and with no attempt being made to brush them away, causing the eye to close by a process too frightful to describe. The children are always sucking sugarcane, and it is the sticky sweetness which causes the flies to settle so thickly on their cheeks, I suppose.

We were much struck with the fineness of the mosques in Cairo after seeing those of India.

As Mohammedanism was only a later introduction into India—a faith struggling in a new land—so are its mosques but a feeble reproduction of those in the land of the Prophet—the home of Mahomet.

The mosque of Sultan Hassan is a grand spot for worship. It is not beautiful, nor curious, nor interesting, but it is simply majestically imposing, from the height of its walls. They present an immeasurable surface, pierced only by

modern we proceed as we go to the alabaster mosque of Mahomet Ali at the citadel, where all is gaudy and modern : Turkey carpets, coloured-glass windows, and rows of glass globes.

We look lastly at the celebrated "view from the citadel," which is certainly most beautiful.

Thursday, March 5th.—At six in the morning we started on our expedition to the Pyramids. Passing the enormous square of the Kasr-er-Nil barracks, and crossing the lion-guarded bridge of the same name, we soon distanced the town.

Coming in from the surrounding country, all along the roads, we met trains of camels and troops of donkeys laden with the day's forage for Cairo. The green grass looked rich and succulent, swaying in mountainous stacks on either side the camel, and balancing across the donkeys in loads that hid all except their four legs walking underneath.

Sandy and barren as is the desert of Egypt, where irrigation is brought into use, the crops are extraordinarily rich and luxuriant—added to which, they cut with impunity crop after crop of clover and green food, without dreaming of allowing the ground to lie fallow during any part of the year. Thus it is that around Cairo, though really only the desert, it looks a green and cultivated plain. The canals are cracked and dry, but will fill with the rising of the Nile which, irrigating the land and overflowing with its muddy waters, leaves that rich alluvial deposit of fertility.

The last four miles' approach to the Pyramids is over a road shaded by an avenue of tamarinds so straight that you

We read, we imbibe unconsciously, we listen eagerly to the account of impressions of some world-wonder, some object of exceptional beauty or interest.

We cannot help longing to see "that" object, we cannot help feeling some excitement when we are nearing "that" wonder which we have been picturing to ourselves for so long—when we are nearing the realization of an oft-expressed wish since childhood.

Thus it is. And thus it is that we often realize *some* disenchantment. I had often done so, but nothing will ever come up to the keen intensity of my disappointment, or the bitter revulsion of feeling as we approached the Pyramids and obtained a good view of them.

"They may grow grander as we come nearer," I said. But no ; I think they really diminished rather than increased on a nearer approach. The Pyramids stand on a natural platform of rock. The three are in a line : the second, or Pyramid of Chephren, touches the angle of the first, or that of Cheops ; and that of the third, the Pyramid of Mycerinus, that of Chephren.

Thus, as you draw near, it becomes a line of perspective, in which each pyramid recedes and recedes behind the greater one, till only Cheops is left in solitary glory.

But even thus he does not seem stupendous ; he does not seem to crush you with his size, to be ungraspable from height, to be immeasurable for width. He does not impress you with a feeling of your own insignificance. He is *very* large—that is all.

Even when we had driven up the last steep ascent and

There was a peculiar effect of following with the eye some way up, and then suddenly feeling that the pyramid was receding from your sight—when you saw that you were looking at its cone.

You must gaze upon the Pyramids, bearing in your mind's eye all the time the grand idea that called them into existence; the despotic monarch who thought to build for himself an everlasting monument, who thought, by the stupendousness of the work, to preserve his body when all others should have perished, to perpetuate the memory of his reign to worlds of generation.

The vanity of all human aims and desires! The tomb was opened, sacked for the treasures of gold and silver that so great a builder would surely have interred with his remains. And the bones of Cheops—where are they now? Consigned to the sand of the desert, to the dust whence he came.

It is wonderful to think that this outer pyramid is only the covering for a number of similar ones inside; how many, is only conjectured by the size of the outer one. When the building of a pyramid was commenced, a piece of rock, it is said, was taken as the centre to form the support of the apex of the first tiny pyramid, and then a space was hollowed out in the rock wherein the sarcophagus would rest some day. The pyramid grew with the length of the reign of the royal builder. Year by year its growth increased, and at his death it was finished off at the point it had then reached.

Various theories have been advanced as to the purpose of

purposes. One, that it was simply a meteorological monument, large enough to serve for all kinds of measurements ; but Egyptologists are now agreed in thinking they are tombs "hermetically sealed everywhere, the for ever impenetrable casing of a mummy."

There are many who will share in Lord Lindsay's beautiful but mystic idea of their origin, but I for one do not.

"Temples or tombs, monuments of tyranny or of priestly wisdom, no theory as to the 'meaning' of the Pyramids, those glorious works of fine intelligence" has been broached so beautiful to my mind as old Sandy's, who, like Milton and the ancients, believing them modelled in imitation of "that formless, form-taking substance, fire," conceives them to express the "original things." "For as the pyramid, beginning at a point, little by little dilateth into all parts, so nature, proceeding from an individual fountain, even God, the Sovereign Essence, receiveth diversity of form, effused into several kinds and multitudes of figures uniting all in the supreme head from whence all excellences issue."

We are soon surrounded, and the prey of the body of Bedouins who squat in a group at the corner of the Great Pyramid ; but at the bidding of the all-powerful sheik, six men are singled out for the ascent.

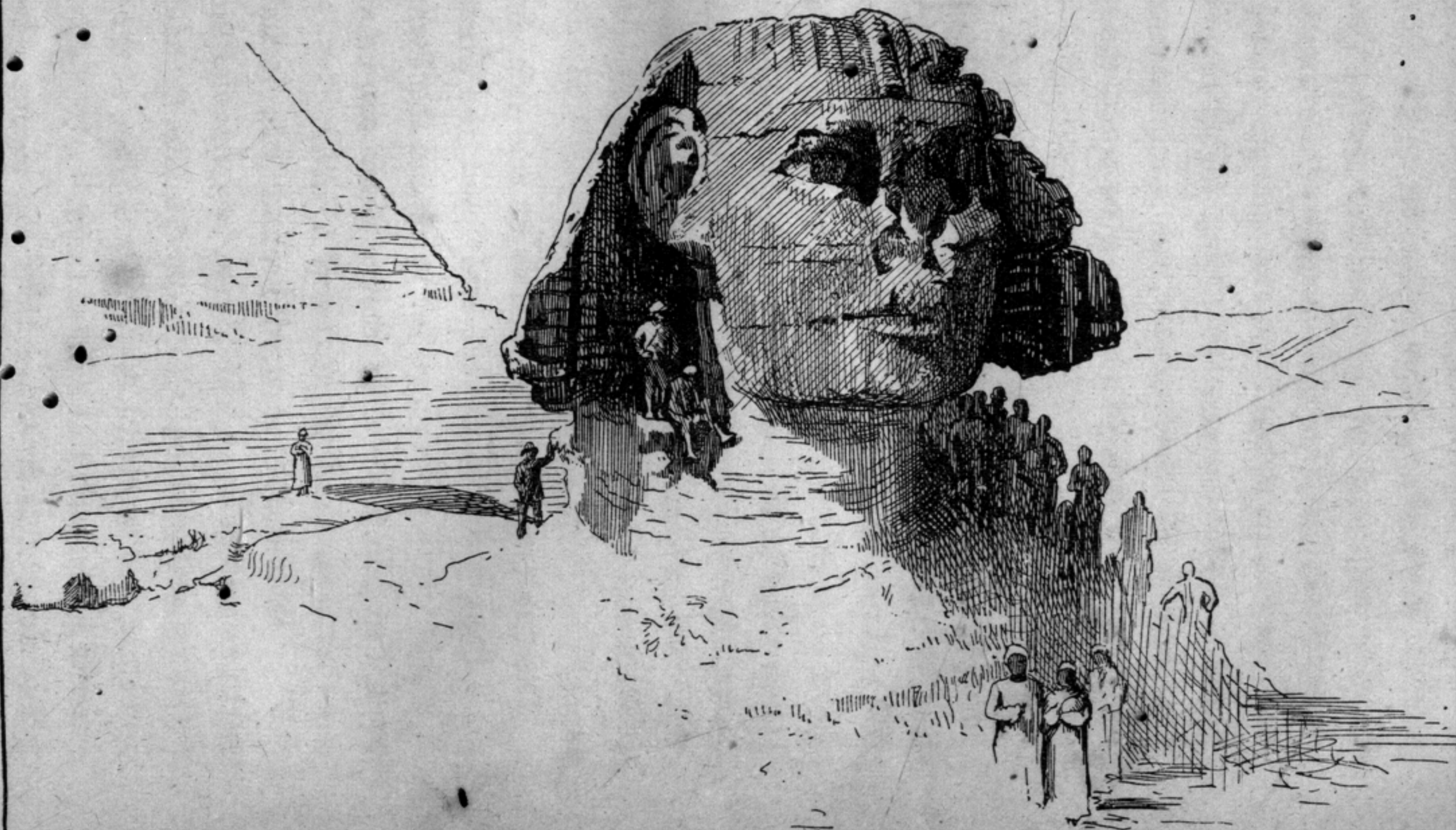
The steps, if such they can be called, are blocks from two to four feet high, and come nearly up to the waist, of such a small person as myself. Therefore you stand and look doubtful as to how to ascend the first one ; but there is no time for much thought before the

mark, and by main force you are lifted and dragged up, while at some of those still higher, the guide behind gives a heaving help and push. The exercise is violent; the sockets of your arms feel elongated; the muscles of the legs, particularly at the back, are aching; you feel that the disposal of your petticoats is getting higher than you like; but there is no time to stay, you scramble on somehow, hardly knowing how you are going to reach the next step, before you *are* there.

The Bedouins take you up at a tremendous pace, and hardly give you time to breathe in occasional halts; but it is a good plan, in that you have no time to hesitate whether you will turn back, daunted. It is very dizzy work looking down on such layers and layers, such rows upon rows of yellow steps below—added to which, the sudden change of temperature 500 feet higher makes respiration more difficult. When you arrive at the summit, on the platform, you are too breathless and exhausted to enjoy the view much.

The fertile valley of the Nile is on one side, but on the other there is that huge, vast, arid desert, the Great Sahara. It is that which determined me to ascend the Pyramids. I wanted to gain the idea of what a desert can be when that and that alone is seen. *It is very terrible.*

The Bedouins clamoured around me, including the Sakka, or water-carrier, who always accompanies the ascent, for backsheesh and the sale of coins; and as C., having been up before, had stopped half-way, I was alone at the top, and



the system of jumping from step to step is very trying, and it is really best to sit down on the step and slide over, however inelegant.

The entrance to the pyramid is a little way up in the centre of one side. The steps here are sunk in sideways, so as to form a slanting platform to a small aperture. Over this there are two enormous blocks of marble laid pent-ways, to form an arch in the pyramid, and to support its weight on the roof of the passage. You slip and slide down the steep passage, feeling you are going down into the bowels of the earth, "the entrails of the Great Pyramid," and a last long slide brings you into the chamber. Here you see the material of which the Pyramids are constructed, a rock called nummulite limestone, often containing fossil remains. In one place it is rough and glistening, in another smooth and polished, as if worn away—by what means is not known. In the roof there is a recess, where the sarcophagus is supposed to have stood, but none was found when it was opened for the first time, as was supposed. In reality the tomb had been opened and sacked, probably not such an untold number of years after the death of Cheops.

Then we walked ankle-deep in sand a quarter of a mile away to the south-east of the Great Pyramid, to where the Sphinx stands. Her whereabouts is only decided by a mass of rock that looks at first sight (please excuse the familiar simile) like the Toadstool Rock at Tunbridge Wells, for it is only a mass of rock supported on a column. As we approach, however, and finally stand under the Sphinx, we begin to understand the fascination she exercises.

are the protruding ears, so very distinct. Then we notice the eyes, the forehead, the broken, flattened nose, and the thick lips. It is in the lips lies the expression of the Sphinx, the disdainful, haughty look, or anon the smile that parts them. The remainder of the face follows the mood expressed on the lips. But at all times the Sphinx is unsympathetic, cold as the stone she is carved in. With face turned towards the rising waters of the Nile, she changes not with the ruddy glow of sunset, nor the blush of morning, reflected from its waters. She is human, but relentless. The animal body of the Sphinx is *again* buried in the sand—for once, a century ago, excavation revealed it. Between the front paws it was then found there was an altar, where sacrifices must have been offered under the very head of the Sphinx herself, and a sanctuary with some tablets was discovered under the breast.

Stanley said, "Its situation and significance are worthy of the Sphinx; if it was the giant representative of royalty, then it fitly guards the greatest of royal sepulchres, and with its half-human and half-animal form is the best welcome and the best farewell to the history and religion of Egypt."

Connected as it was supposed to be with her worship, the Temple of the Sphinx is peculiarly appropriate to her in its massidity. The enormous blocks of granite and alabaster, laid lengthways across other blocks, on which we look down, gives to it the appearance of the crypt of a cathedral.

The two remaining pyramids have no special interest, nor yet the two or three others, very small ones by com-

of a very short reign, or perhaps were only intended to serve as a monument of sufficient height, to ensure their never being sunk or overwhelmed with the sand typhoon of the desert.

On Friday afternoon, the Sabbath of the Moslems, we went to see the religious service held by the sect of Howling Dervishes.

Passing through a quiet court where the musicians were taking their places, through an outer room, we came into a whitewashed mosque, whose unornamented dome, as we shall presently see, has a splendid echo. A goat-skin mat is arranged round in a circle, on which the twenty or thirty worshippers enter one by one and kneel. The sheik squats in the kibra or niche, and we sit on chairs ranged round the wall.

The priest or sheik intones some prayers, to which they all respond, the echo lingering and repeating the sonorous tones of the response, till it forms an accompaniment to the following prayer.

Then they begin repeating the same word or phrase, Allah, Allah, Allah, with a gentle inclination of the body. This action gradually increases with the rise of the voices, which, if they unconsciously flag for a minute, are vigorously taken up and maintained again. At a given sign from the sheik they cease. All stand up.

Then the same recommences with increased exercise, and an occasional howl from some more devout worshipper, while soft wild music is heard outside. Gradually you are fascinated by this circle of men, all bowing at the same

noise they make, and it grows and grows, till the raising of the sheik's hands stops it once more.

Then they take off their clothes, their turbans, and undo their long hair, and the real work of worship commences. The sheik touches a man on the shoulder, and singles him out to stand in the centre. The swaying recommences, but with the violence where they left off as the first stage, and the dervish in the centre leads, swaying, bending, all in time. Music strikes up, the tom-tom of large tambourines—a deafening, discordant pandemonium, to which they are moving in time, urged on by the increase and swell of the music faster, ever increasing, louder the music, deafening its sound. A circle of wild magnetic creatures tossing their locks of hair, unconscious, mechanical, holding a mesmerized look on the dervish, who with closed eyes performs with ecstasy the exercise of his salvation. Another steps into the circle, and begins, with arms outstretched, slowly to turn and twirl round and round and round—never moving from the exact spot of ground where he first took his stand—gently at first, increasing slowly, becoming fast, faster—a whirl now. All is utter confusion. Chaos has come. The scene swims before your eyes; the wild fanatical little body of surging, swaying dervishes is becoming indistinct, when a sudden raising of the finger brings it all to a close in an instant; only one last resounding thud of the tom-tom, one prolonged howl lingers on the echo. The spinning dervish sinks exhausted to the ground.

Saturday, March 7th.—Lady Baring took me to the

Palace. We entered by a private way and back staircase, and were shown through a succession of reception-rooms to a small drawing-room or boudoir, where her Highness sat.

She is still young and has pretty features—all say she is most pleasant and good-natured ; but she has grown, and is growing, enormously stout.* The Vicereine was arrayed in a Parisian toilette of black, and, save for the representative feature of a bunch of red roses and diamond ornaments, looked completely European. The slaves, too, were dressed in English materials of old gold, blue, and pink silks, with gilt waistbands and bunches of roses, and not as one had looked to see them, in some graceful Oriental costume. We all sat round in a circle for the prescribed time, and cigarettes were offered and coffee brought, that nasty, bitter Arabian coffee, in tiny cups with Turkish stands.

The same afternoon we called on M. Camille Barrère at the French Agency, the most beautiful house in Cairo, just purchased by the French Government. There are some very unique ceilings and mosaic dados in it, and a great quantity of the pretty mushrebeeyah.

We dined in the evening with Nubar Pasha, the Prime Minister, and Madame Nubar ; and after dinner went to a Turkish piece at the theatre. Quite half the galleries were curtained for the ladies of the harem, behind which, we could see, they were crowded ; and when everybody left the house between the acts, it was from thence came the clouds of smoke that filled the theatre. Nubar Pasha is a very charming and courteous man.

* *Sunday, March 8th.*—The Premier very kindly lent us his

One always has a very mistaken idea about the beauty of the Nile. It is an exceedingly ugly river, with shoals and sandbanks lying about in its course. Going up only a little way from Cairo, there is a fine view of the Mokattam Range, the citadel, with the mosque of Mahomet Ali, whose slender minars tower as high again above the hills. Warehouses and manufactories, followed by mud villages, render the banks utterly hideous and uninteresting. The nuggars, with their sharp-angled sails and enormously tall, slanting masts, are alone pretty and picturesque. We returned to Cairo as the sun was setting.

Wednesday, March 11th.—Got up early, packed, drove to the station, took our seats in the train for Suez, to embark on board the P. and O. *Tasmania* for Malta, Gibraltar, and Spain. Three minutes before the train started, bag and baggage we bundled out again. I saw in the paper there were fresh earthquakes in Spain, and particularly at Malaga, where we must have landed from Gibraltar.

We spent the day in Cairo, and left again in the evening by the mail to Alexandria, to go *via* Brindisi to Cannes.

We drove through the streets of Alexandria by gaslight, seeing the remains of the bombardment on all sides. What a national reproach are the ruins and the houses partially riddled with cannon-shot, the neat piles of broken brick and stone by the road. They are only just beginning to rebuild Alexandria after the lapse of two years.

We got on board the P. and O. mail steamer *Assam* at eleven o'clock, and weighed anchor.

Friday.—The shores of Crete and Candia in view, the bold outline of her mountains covered with snow.

Saturday.—Within sight of beautiful Zanté, an island of the Ionian Group.

A very rough night on board, half a gale blowing, and the next morning we are at Brindisi. Dear little Brindisi (though few will agree in this term of endearment), desolate and dreary as she is, greeting us with a snowstorm as she did, looked homelike and sweet to us, if only because she was so near home—a distance of no account after what we have done. The trees about the harbour were budding and breaking into blossom, notwithstanding the grey north-easter blowing.

All day we were travelling along the leg of Italy, by the storm-swept ocean breaking in angry breakers along the shores, across the fertile plains of Tuscany—Bologna reached at one in the morning. Left the next day, to arrive at Genoa the same evening. Then a day spent in crawling along the beautiful Riviera, its orange-groves, olive-yards, and flowers smiling us a sunshiny greeting. Cannes reached at length that evening. Hearty welcomes. Home-like feelings. Renewing acquaintance with our little daughter Vera.

A fortnight's pleasant rest after our long journey, a gathering up of the thread of events, domestic and otherwise, since we left England in July last, and London reached on the 1st of April. Home at last.

We had been absent not quite nine months, had travelled rather more than 40,000 miles, visited America and Canada,

Peninsula, India, and Egypt, gained useful information without end, and laid up stores of knowledge that will never cease to be precious till our lives' end ; had many and many a pleasant recollection left of little adventures, anecdotes, and incidents such as happen in common to all travellers, and made not a few interesting acquaintances.

Let me finally take this opportunity of expressing to all the many kind friends, particularly those in the colonies, our gratitude for the hearty welcome and cheery hospitality extended to us by all.

Should any one wish for nine months, or, better still, a year of perfect enjoyment, of rest and relief from the weary round of duty and so-called pleasure, which is the life and lot of so many of us—I say, Go a tour, *not* round the world, not mere globe-trotting, but a complete tour of study through the glorious British empire, such as we have tried to do, and failed only in that the Cape was, for circumstances already mentioned, impossible for us.

In Greater Britain, all who are countrymen or women, all coming from the mother country, are sure of the same kindness and warm reception we experienced ; all are sure of great enjoyment, all are sure of a wealth of bright, pleasant memories for the future. Such has been our experience. To all I would say, "Go and do thou likewise."

Written under circumstances of some difficulty, chiefly on board ship, in cabins close and dark, tossed and swung about, this journal has been put together. Poor little journal as it is, the first production of an unskilful pen, I

It is up to date now, the last entry has been made, and, with a sigh, it has been confided to the hands of the printer and publisher. May they and the public be merciful to it !

THE END.



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